MAY
1936

# Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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(COVER)

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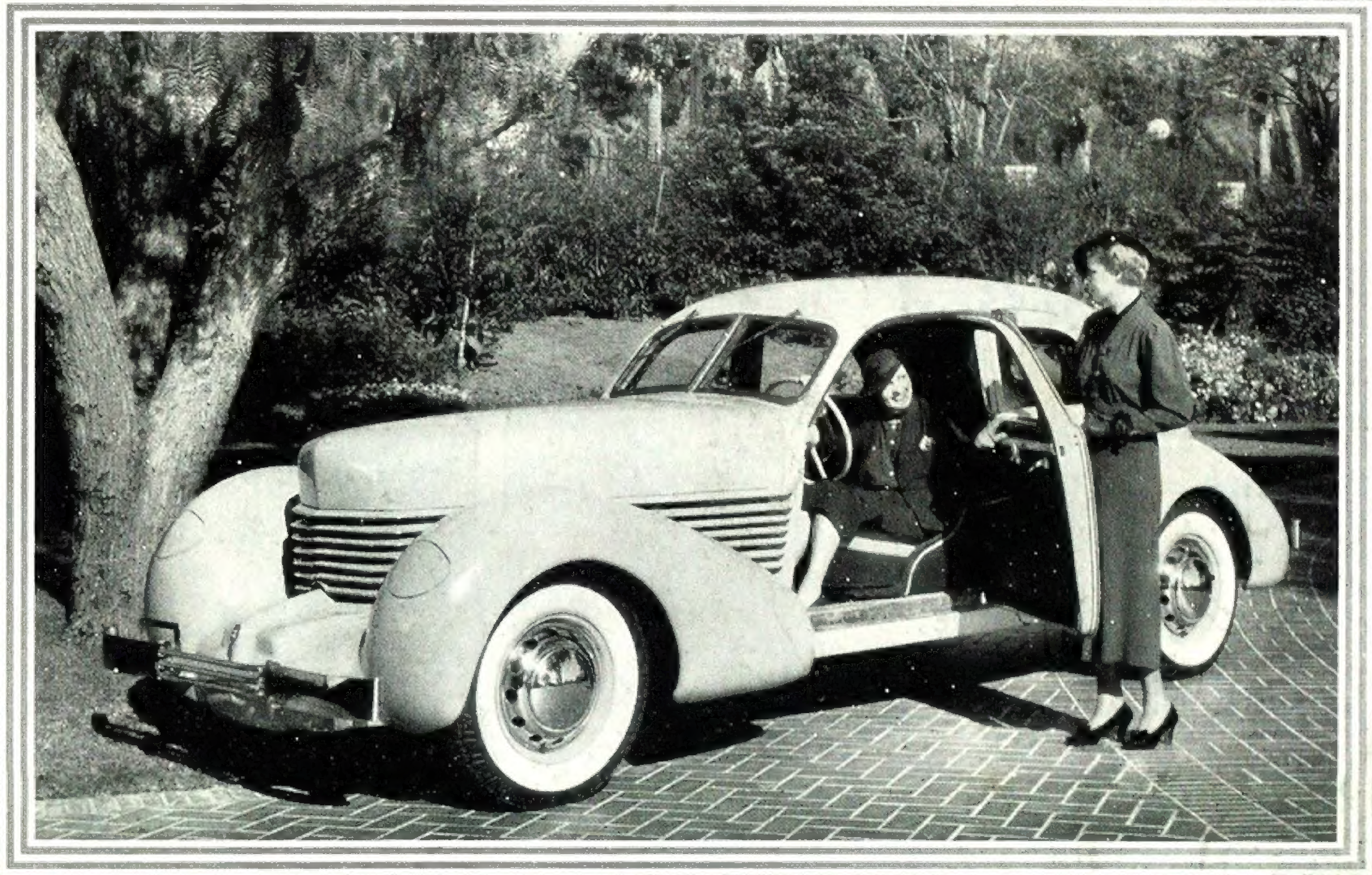

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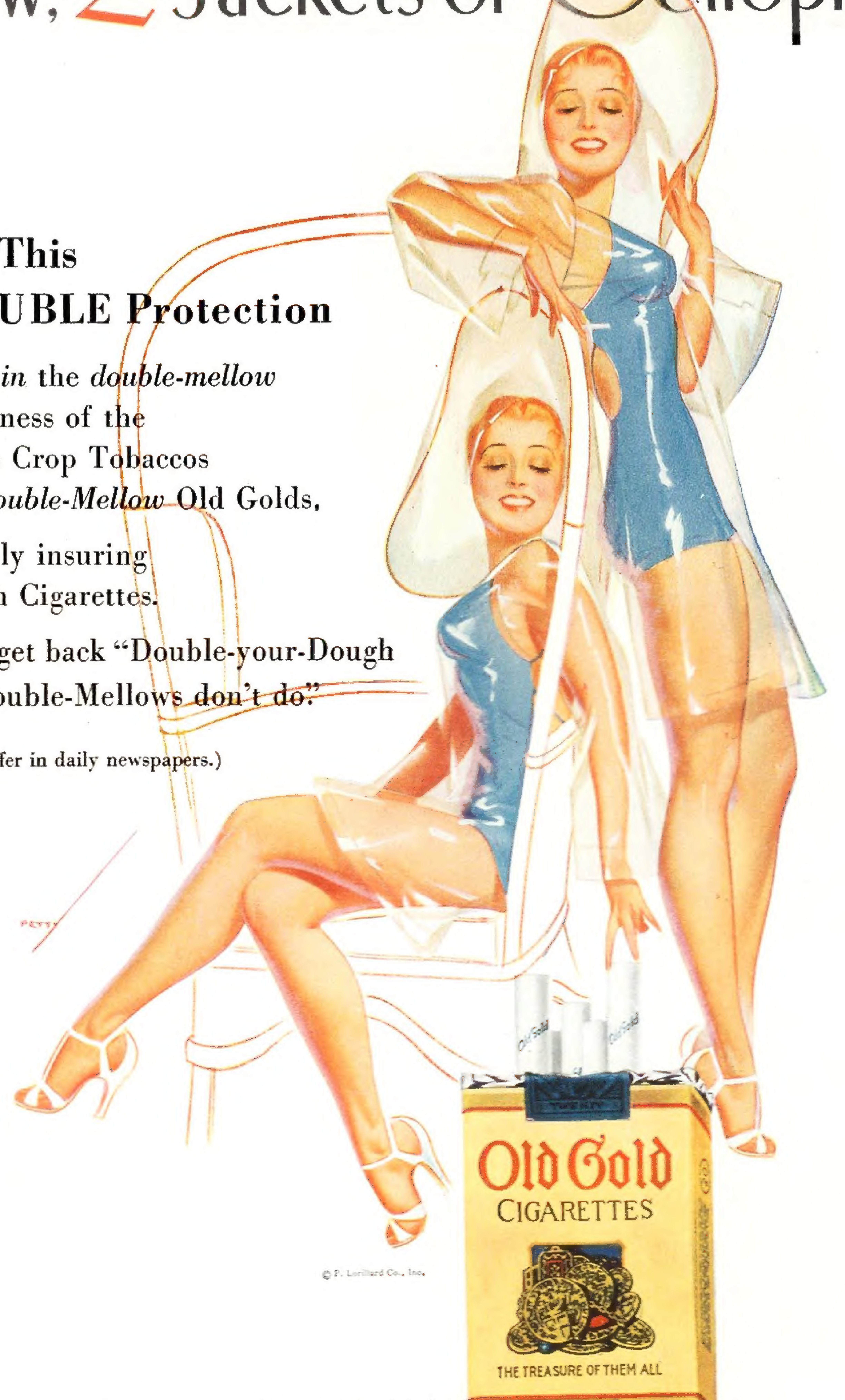
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Edited
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Esquire
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*Art Director:* Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

### *Tune of Home Sweet Home*

The time is approaching, if it is not already here, when civil freedom will be confined to the English-speaking world. France soon or later will be scared into Fascism. Spain vibrates between dictatorships of the Right and Left. The neighbors of Germany and Italy, always excepting doughty Switzerland, must soon be forced to curtail individual liberty to its wartime minimum, whether war comes next week, next year, or next decade, so long as the dictatorship nations are not gelded of their war-making potency. That this needed sterilization-surgery has not been performed, and is unlikely to be performed in time, may be laid to the fact that the liberty-loving peoples are made passive by their privileges. A free country is like home, "the place where we grumble the most and are treated the best." And what have these sober platitudes to do with laughter-loving Esq, least political of magazines? Well, they arise out of reflection over the fact that our March issue was confiscated in Austria as being personally offensive to Prince von Stahremberg. That same month, on the other hand, *The American Mercury* was not barred in the United States, though it contained an article by Mencken that must have approached the zenith in being personally offensive to Roosevelt.

Esquire, as an American magazine, reflects the American belief in every man's right to go to hell after his own fashion. We believe in a private life, to be misspent if desired, as opposed to an ordered existence as a mere cog in the machinery of an almighty State. We hate war, fascism and communism equally and alike, because each of these three things regiment us out of our present reasonable and relative right to do as we please. This attitude, natural to those who have never known oppression in their lifetime, is strange and incomprehensible to European extremists of both Right and Left. It is as hard for a Stalin as for a Stahremberg to understand what a Roosevelt has known since knee-pant days: that we treat our politicians like our pugilists, and that we boo both of them the loudest after they have reached the championship class. The right of the razzberry—that's civil liberty, and that's something that an Austrian prince could hardly be expected to understand. But an English prince could. The right of the razzberry is implicit in that very paradoxical phrase, "His Majesty's Loyal Opposition." And the Eighth Edward can consort with Communists, as he did in Scotland recently, without fear of force. No dictator can do that. But we are wasting good white space to labor the point further. Because no dictator can have a sense of humor. It would incapacitate him for his work.

Certainly we mean no offense, ever, to lovely Austria, pathetic remnant of a proud empire, most mistreated Cinderella of the family of nations, war-ravaged and treaty-robbed, worst crippled of the war countries. And if the Austrian banning had been brought on by an affront to Austria itself, then our regret would be sincere and our apology abject. We mean no offense, ever, to a people, but we are rather bucked up than otherwise when we turn out to be personally offensive to a dictator. That's mutual.

### *Another salute to the living*

We had intended to devote our "salute to the living" space this month to Clarence Darrow. But by the time we got to it the space was gone, so we squeezed some of it in as a sort of editor's note on page 36, along with his article, *Attorney for the Defense*, which is a must-read of this issue. Another Must-of-the-Month is George Antheil's *Glandbook for the Questing Male*. But Johannes Steel's article on Kemal Ataturk isn't. At least not in Turkey. We can't go losing all our far-flung foreign circulation.

ESQUIRE
May, 1936
T. M
Reg.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Departments, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Central America and South America, $5.00; Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.00. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Vol. V, No. 5
Whole No. 30
T. M.
Reg.

# THE SOUND AND THE FURY

### HAIL AND FAREWELL OLD CURLY TOP

I'm very much afraid that I've bitten off much more than any six men of my size could possibly chew. I've answered the first 94 letters but give the next 940 this standardized reply before Advice to the Locklorn becomes my life work which it isn't—

Wash the hair thoroughly, using liquid tincture of green soap. After washing out the soap, let the hair dry naturally and completely, without using a towel or any such means to hasten the drying. When dry, rub in well with the fingers, a small quantity of an ointment consisting of between 15 and 20% pure precipitated sulphur in a base of eucerin. Allow this to remain on the scalp at least twelve hours, preferably longer. The next day, at the same time, if possible, shampoo the hair with the green soap again, and repeat the operation as above. The treatment should extend over a period of three months at least.

Probably the most important feature of the procedure is that the application be made *every* day. To those who would shy off at the idea of a daily washing of their hair, I can only say that I have at least a dozen friends all of whom have shampooed each day for about a year, with no harmful results whatever.

Don't be disappointed if success does not greet your first few efforts. From the letters received, I have gathered that most of the "hair-conscious" correspondents have tried in vain various treatments, and "systems," and without success. I think that if you follow through on this procedure that not only will you never be completely bald, but in all probability you will never have much less hair than you have at present, probably a good deal more. But remember—it's *every day*, or not at all.

Best of luck,

New York, N. Y. Old Curly Top

### BANG! YES! WHAM!

Yip-peeee! for Mr. Vanity Wycked Potter-Shotter! America has reclaimed America! He's rounding the corner. Roar! Tuck-tuck-tuck-tuck! Bang! Zoom! Sputter! Whoooom! Here he comes! Quick, Author, old pal; come on, Bill Critic, scram for cover! Roar! Sizzle! Pot-pot-pot! Wham! Chicago muscles in on Broadway! Run for your life, Mabel Actress! Hide, John Actor, hide! He'll make cheesecloth of you! Gangland columnist! Hoodlum reviewer! Boy, is he tough; is he dangerous! What a Titan! Get your head down there, Producer; stand back there, Peter Public; keep low, Joe Editor; come back here, Playwright! Get out of the street, Bill Critic, you fool! Scram for cover! Roar! Crash! Tuck-tuck-tuck! Zinnnnnng! Bang! Uuuuuugh! Oh, God! I can't bear to look—he's got poor Critic! His lifeless body pulverized like hamburger; smeared all over the gutter; done for! Poor Bill didn't know what hit him! God, is there no Law and Order! Roar! Salvo! Whoom-whoom! Barrage! He's running amuck between Forty-Second Street and Columbus Circle! He'll level the town! He's stopped. Shhh. Cripes, what a hoodlum; he's armed to the teeth; what an arsenal; what a mug, full of ugly scars; jeez, what a growl, what teeth. God, look! A gentleman of the press is approaching him! What guts! An interview, by God! What does he say? "Nertz! Yaaz, I'm plenty tough, see. Tell them yaller rats to keep low. Tell 'em I got the American T'eatre between me sights; it's my racket, see. I got a rotten-tomato grenade for Fluzzie Actress, a stick of dynamite for Ham Actor, a bowl of zoup fer Joe Editor, a Howitzer fer Pinkie Playwright (I'm the Santa Claus from Chi, see), and a supercharger Sub-Thompson that will fire 600 lethal invectives per minute for Dick Public; nuts to 'em all, seeeeee! What? Nah, I was educated at Harvard (yanh, send that to Ripley, you rat); I've had bitter experiences in every department of the theatre; I've been to Europe (nah, on a cattle boat); I'm the only man in America qualified to blast the theatre to where it ought to be; maybe I don't know nothing about criticism, but I'm honest, and loud, see—and if youse guys don't like it, mud in yer gills, you suckers; and if the reviewers don't like it, nuts to them, the squirrels; and if the editors don't like it, bugs to them, the bozolos; and if *S. & F.* doesn't like it, ticks and lice to him, the chimpanzee; and if the Devil himself doesn't like it, God boil him, the Miltonian lobster!—I'm plenty tough, see. De T'eatre is me racket and I'm leader of dis mob, savvy. George use-ta lord it over these guys, but his vanity weakened him—yanh, I'm a punk-punster, but youse gets me, see. So I opened up on him wit' me Tommy-gun. And he hit the boards, see. So I hereby awards meself the Phewlitzer Prize for Rotten Tomato Sniping. Yanh, because I can sit in the back row of the fifth and let 'em have it in the teeth over me left shoulder—nanh, no mirrors. Tha's all. Now go back and tell yer Ed to go jump in de lake and take a deep breath of muddy water. Scrammm!" Armistice over. Lookout, folks, here he comes! Roar! Tuck-tuck! Bang! Whoom-whoom-whoooooom!

Now, Esq., I ask you, do you intend to feed us bilge-dipped muck designed to make middle-class illiterates laugh and vagrant wenches giggle in wide-eyed wonder; or are you going to give us reviews that are instructive and worth reading? Potter may not be a phony, but he packs a lot of phony stuff in his equipage; he may not be a bum, but he appears to have the training, manners, and intelligence of one; and he may not be a smart-aleck, but he's certainly as smart as several classical Alecks I've known. Van may have been to Harvard, but he certainly does not show that he learned anything about dramatic criticism while there; nor does he show that he learned much of contemporaneous or historical criticism while "studying" in Europe. It is regrettable that you went back on your rule to "pay no attention to anonymous letters."

Sincerely,

Durham, N. C. William B. Lyles

### POTTERPETTING

In my opinion, Mr. Van Wyck Potter had better stick to the S. Choirboy role, that is if he wants to go on living. I like him, but what does that mean? Nothing. He certainly takes the well-known and much discussed cake for being the foremost tearer-downer of tearer-downers. Now that we have established his unquestioned superiority as a dramatic critic, let's have some constructive criticism, huh? The vitriol is swell and amusing reading, but how about a couple of gems from the pen of Mr. Van Wyck Choirboy? I know if I am patient he will start munching on the current dramatic offerings as soon as he wipes the bloody remains of Mr. Nathan, *et al.*

Eagerly waiting for the next round of ammunition from the hot guns of Mr. S. Potter,

I am,

Hollywood, Cal. Frank Joyce

### POTTERPOTTING

Let me introduce *myself*, Mr. Potter. You've never heard of me; but then, I never heard of you before you blossomed forth in all your studied vulgarity in the March Esquire. You might just as well get to know me now, for if you continue in your current disagreeable vein letters from me are going to pounce on your desk regularly each month.

First of all, I am a young man, "a chicken" as you would probably put it. Secondly, I am intensely interested in the theatre and I pride myself on knowing something about it, though I have played neither in the company of E. H. Sothern nor Ann Sothern. Further, I don't like professional wise-guys; men of forty-nine who consider themselves intellectually superior to *anyone* younger than they; and writers who, because they are writing for a men's magazine, try to make themselves so painfully masculine that they ignore good taste and the English language and fall back on cheap, crude and abusive verbiage.

It is obvious you are attempting to draw attention to yourself and your department by shouting in loud and blustering tones. You desire the theatre-conscious world to know that this Potter fellow has arrived on the scene, and that no matter what he says, whether or not it has any worth, he says it in straight-from-the-shoulder, slangy fashion. He doesn't mind calling Brooks Atkinsone "Brooksie" and "a cluck," or pointing out to John Mason Brown, William Lyon Phelps and George Jean Nathan that they have a good deal to learn about the American theatre.

Your predecessor, Mr. Weaver, was just about as popular with the accredited members of the stage as a one-night stand, and you are well on your way to rivaling him in this regard. It is not sufficient to yell your head off; you have to be saying something at the same time.

Yours very truly,

New York, N. Y. Cyrano II

### HELL HATH NO FURY LIKE THIS

Of all the crosses between a jackanape and a skunk, Carleton Smith is it. I give myself credit for jilting a few males who were in love with themselves, but how I would love to be the woman to take this animated bag of carpet tacks off the high horse of his own appeal.

Mr. Smith seems to have acquired a species of intrinsic intelligence that is slightly warped. He and many other narrow-minded males don't believe in equality. They are afraid that their attenuated stream of asphyxiated thought would be lost if they gave women their just reward. So, Mr. Smith, with your sociability of a boa constrictor and your mental attitude of a frozen prune, would be just the type to take a crust away from a starving baby girl just because you're a man. May I suggest to you that neither sex should dominate, but share in all alike.

America, more than any other country, is putting women's terrestrial qualities on a par value, and we are not the vindictive superior kind of C. Smiths to insist on being the "Mistresses of the subject and the situation."

Women are now thinking for themselves, getting more than one college degree, giving concerts and lectures and proving their equality. Before they were forced to the background by cowardly, egotistical males, and never encouraged in the finer arts. Today, women get better jobs than men and higher salaries.

So, Mr. Smith, if I had to choose between you and a little common pup to spend the remainder of my days, my lifelong companion would be wagging a tail.

Pardon the laxity of colloquial speech, and thank goodness all men are not alike.

*Damnant quod non intelligunt,*

New York, N. Y. Janet Swanson

### TWO AGAINST SMITH

The Five at Smith are obviously burdened with that popular collegiate misconception that the entire adult population of the country attends college, that all men wear Norfolk jackets and pork pies, "shag" in their tails be they midnight blue or mauve and spend their nights in avid perusal of Apparel Arts instead of *Mark's Handbook.*

The Smithies want men with intelligence, strength and responsibility—and what do they offer in exchange? A large percentage would corral the first panted creature they could inveigle into that time honored and dubious state of matrimony.

Why should these or any females request an opportunity to express their opinions of masculine attire when it seems that men don't give a tinker's dam anyway?

As for the "line," we are shocked to hear that this outmoded institution is still in vogue among campus tramps. A man with *intelligence, strength and responsibility* need not resort to such underhanded conniving to lure our Nell within eye-shot of his etchings.

Every little girl, since the time she was able to read the King Arthur stories, has walked through the haze of maidenhood breathlessly awaiting the descension from the clouds of the knight on his snow-white charger, reeking strength and responsibility—and Mitcham's lavender.

If the Five want to make something of it, please forward them our address.

Washington, D. C. Larry Macauley-Bob Howe

### OBVIATING ERROR

In an article entitled *What Makes Musicians Wild,* in the January 1936 number of Esquire, occurs a reference to Christian Scientists which in its context might give the reader the impression that they practice hypnotism. It tells of a noted musician who submitted to hypnotism for relief from nervousness; and then refers to Christian Scientists as acknowledging the sovereign power of thought.

Christian Science acknowledges the power of thought to be sovereign only when it rests upon and proceeds from God (Mind). Hypnotism relies on matter or material thinking and is despotic in its control, and often destructive in its effects. Christian Science, utilizing the law of God (Spirit), is a spiritual power and is unerring in its good effects.

Sincerely yours,

Harold Molter
*Christian Science Committee on Publication for Illinois*

Chicago, Ill.

*Continued on page 8*

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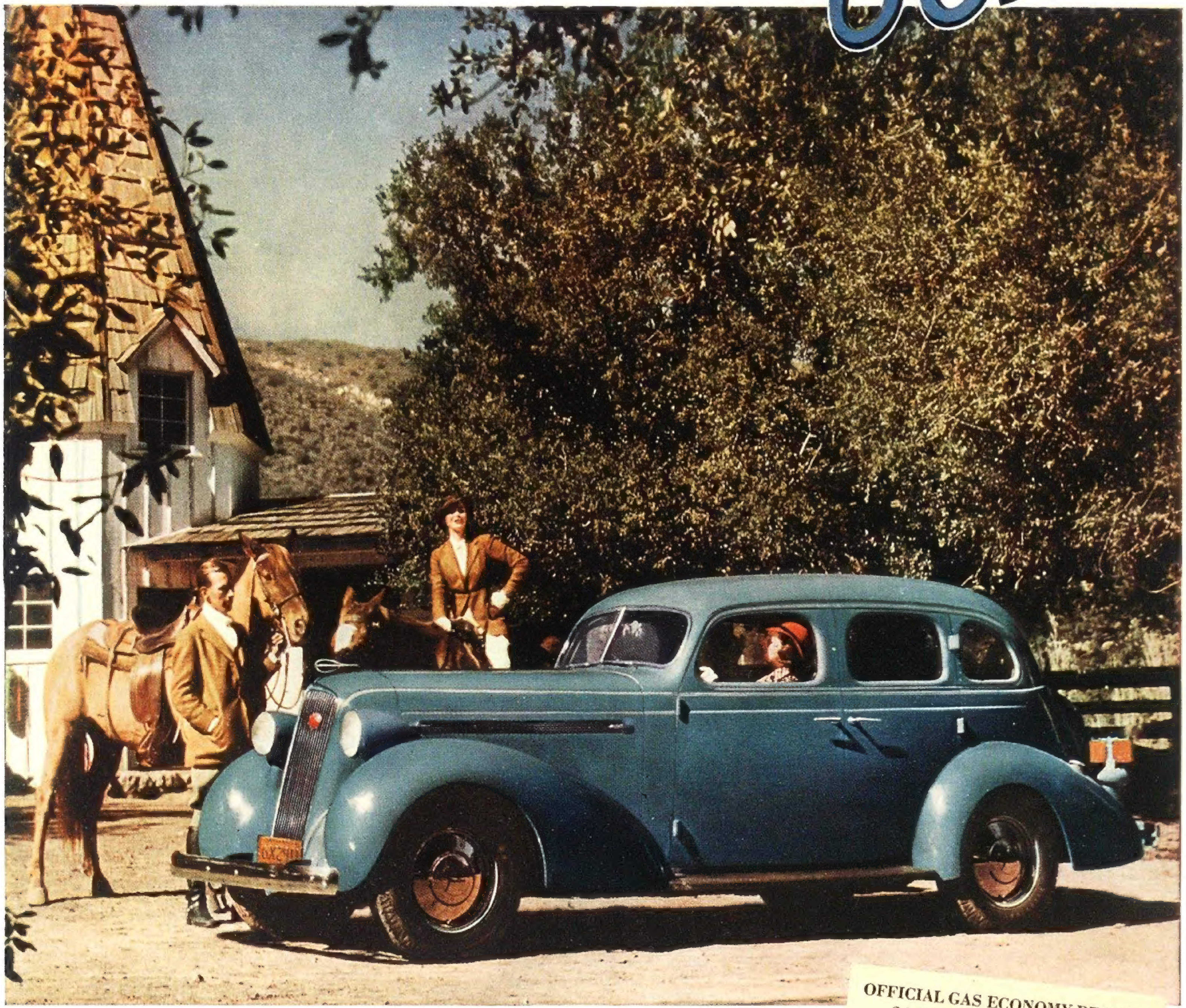

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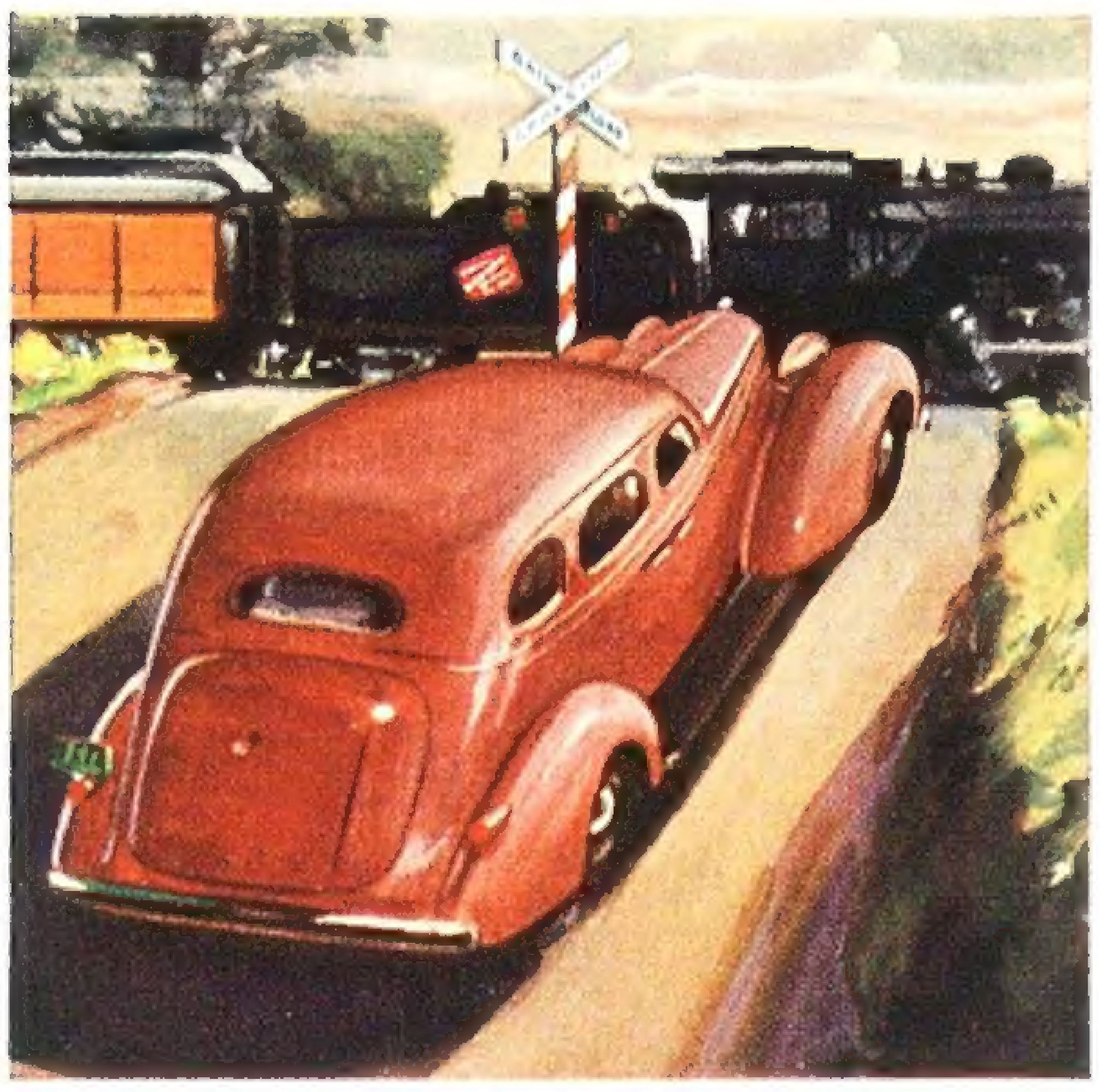

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# THE SOUND AND THE FURY

## FAIR HARVARD

The last stronghold of man has been violated! Our own dear Editor has held the scepter that cut the string, that allowed the check to fall into the traitor's hand—Paul W. Kearney—who wrote the article that would have us believe man no longer held Supremacy of the Wheel. Was it not bad enough that women crashed our ads? Ah, yes, this is the *Et tu Brute* of the play. Come to the front and fore gentlemen! Wear your fingers to the bone if need be, but dig up statistics to prove we still can wear the crown even though it be of thorns. All might be forgiven if Kearney thought he was writing for the *Woman's Home Companion*, but alas I'm afraid he had no such lapse of memory. May this be but the beginning of our defense. Quote from *Science Service:*

"Dr. Harry R. De Silva of the Harvard University Bureau of Street Traffic research reports after years of psychological study, those who come closest to perfection and thus can be called very good drivers are nearly always men, not women—Women drivers, Dr. De Silva finds, are consistently lower than men in the skills and mental agility which make for good driving. Not only are they harder to teach to drive, but the average woman, after she reaches 25 or 30, finds it almost impossible to learn. Among the tests used to reach these conclusions Dr. De Silva studied a driver's reaction time to a red light, the speed of moving the foot from the accelerator to the brake pedal, ability to see in glaring light, and the ability to estimate the speed of moving cars."

Very truly yours,

Kalamazoo, Mich. HARRY E. WARD

## S. CHOIRBOY: A MASQUE

Personally, I think this S. Choirboy stuff is a lot of crap with a capital Q. It was all beautifully timed and beautifully executed. In fact it was too, too dee-vine. But, in the words of the wise old maid who knew that her dough was the big reason for the sizzling attentions of a breathtakingly handsome guy, "It's fun to be fooled. Besides I like it. So sue me!"

Not one of your to-your-astonishment-over-400,000.6 subscribers would do more than strangulate a polite yawn if this Choirboy guy had just merely marched into his office the first day, hung up his hat on the rack, taken his rubbers off, wiped the Lake Michigan fog off his glasses, sat down on his royal seat, cleared his throat with all the dignity and solemnity that went with the new job, and lapsed into his trance on The Lousy State of the Drama in America.

Instead, you chose to cloak the whole danged thing in deep-dyed mystery and fire-cracker ballyhoo and got all the customers so steamed up they were walking around in circles. Up to the time of the grand dénouement, John the Greek was plunking down 8 to 5 that S. Choirboy was a parlay of Charlie Ross, Judge Crater and Sir Basil Zaharoff. Just a bunch of wise guys, that's all!

And if all the stink-bombing both out front and back stage isn't enough, the curtain rises to the tune of that heart-throbbing, soul-searing ballad that goes, in part " . . . for they're hangin' Johnny Weaver in the mor-r-nin'!" and the show is on.

S. Choirboy is discovered on the scene. He has a beatific smile on his face. He is dressed in the ecclesiastic robes of a choirboy. His fingertips meet over his slightly rotund abdomen. His eyes look heavenward. He is standing in the middle of a sombre room decorated in purple and black, relieved only by a small barred window through which a strong light enters the room and plays on Choirboy. About him are grouped a number of statuettes on pedestals. They are labeled, "Dramatic Critic No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, etc."

As the last strains of the opening melody die down, horns are seen appearing on S. Choirboy's head and he begins sprouting a spear-pointed tail. An axe appears from nowhere (hidden in his robes) and he grasps it firmly. There is a moment's ominous silence. Suddenly a shrill whistle blows. The orchestra, composed mainly of kettle-drums, bellows forth *The Ride of the Valkyries* and S. Choirboy goes to work. With the speed and motion of a whirling dervish, he demolishes every figure of statuary on the stage with studied thoroughness and neatness. As an added dramatic touch, he is so consumed with his work of destruction that he chops down the curtain-backdrop and is starting on the walls of the theatre; he is about to apply a match to the surrounding drapes when the house manager and his staff rush in just in time to save the edifice. The curtain comes down with a crash and knocks Mr. Choirboy for a loop.

(Note: As a further suggestion to the stage manager desiring to get a most authentic picture of the final scene of the above devastation, he is referred to that master director-showman, Mr. Jimmie Durante, who in the early hey-hey day of his night-club and vaudeville popularity rendered, in collaboration with two fellow madmen, a touching number entitled, *Wood*, wherein he extolled the virtues of wood, and each time said word *Wood* was mentioned in the song, would drag in an object made of—you guessed it!—wood, which was thrown one on top of the other, until it made a pile that reached half-way to the ceiling. The objects included such diversities as a piano, a wagon, a fence; etc., and the grand climax of the stirring number was reached when an unashamed potty-seat was thrown on the heap.)

In conclusion, I hope I'll be around to watch the fun when Mr. Choirboy lets slip some fox pass in his own drammer-critting. Will some of those boys whose writing he has microscoped be lying in wait for him and will they tear into him with a verve and a gusto and a zowie!

And in further conclusion, I hope this here new white-haired boy wonder is going to yap about the drammer itself rather than the guys who make their living condemning it. Otherwise, the first thing you know, we'll have regiments and regiments of choirboys who pan critics who pan critics who pan critics; etc. This thing has got to stop somewhere, you know. Think of our children!

Very truly yours,

Brooklyn, N. Y. ALBERT COLEMAN

## IN DEFENSE OF VIRTUE

Your new dramatic critic, Mr. Potter, says, in the March issue, harsh words against Professor William Lyon Phelps as a critic. Now, Esky, I think that it is about time for someone to take up arms against a sea of unwarranted anti-Phelps criticism. When I was at New Haven, I took every one of Billy Phelps' courses. And do you want to know why? Because I enjoyed spending a restful hour in the company of a true gentleman. I enjoyed hearing about his meetings with the near-great; I admired his genuineness, yes—even his "sweetness and light philosophy."

You know, Esky, one gets damn sick of warmly nude bodies in deceptive darkness, of stale scotch and sodas enveloped in stinking cigarette smoke, of sex. It is no longer smart to be dirty. Thank God there is still sentiment, romance, and deep and fine feeling in this world of ours.

A man should not be handed "gold cups full of prune juice" for preferring *The Old Maid* to *The Children's Hour*. It should not be against a man if he refuses to like to spend an evening listening to two neurotic brats whisper about the sexual relations between two older women. Life is rotten enough, and you go to the theatre to get away from it all.

Lord, Esky, I am not a bigoted Puritan, either in belief or private life. I couldn't throw the first stone on any ground. But I insist a man should not be condemned for preferring the finer things of Life.

Billy Phelps is one of the greatest figures that one of the greatest universities has ever produced. I am proud that I am a Yale man, but I am also proud, Esky, of the fact that I was once a student of Billy's.

Yours for continued success,

Washington, D. C. RICHARD FREEMAN PRENTIS

## STUDY IN RESTRAINT

Your new theatrical revues column, written by one Van Wyck Potter, is the first column, paper, review, or anything of the sort that has drawn from me any criticism, either for good or bad. I am always amazed that such columns as *Vox Populi*, or others of this type exist, since it seems nonsensical for people to write in their opinions.

But—

I feel compelled to write you—with my blood boiling and being almost in a state of apoplexy, I am sure that anything I say will be an understatement, so, I will only quietly say that it is the worst piece of insulting and revolting writing I have yet read.

Disgustedly yours,

Culver City, Cal. EDMOND MCINTYRE

## (F) IT'S A GOOD THING

VanWyck Potter certainly can bite. I enjoyed his article immensely; there is something I should like to know. Is that his real name? The reason I ask is that in the article he mentions living in Westchester County, N. Y. I looked in the phone book and his name wasn't there; therefore the following conclusions:

(a) He doesn't live in Westchester.
(b) He hasn't a phone.
(c) If he has a phone it is not listed.
(d) Van Wyck Potter is not his name.
(e) He just moved and his phone isn't in the 1935 book.

Maybe you can clear this up. I hope ESQUIRE will keep Van Wyck Potter for a long time. I think Meyer Levin is swell too.

Port Chester, N. Y. HANNAH A. JONES

## MODERN TIMES

An old grad read the paper and sadly shook his head,
"The good old days are gone, boys, the good old days are dead.

We once went up to College to have a little fun,
But the five little girls from Smith, boys, prove that those days are done.

"They teach them well at Smith, now, their coral ears pay heed.
They teach them how to write now, so he who runs may read.
You must prove yourself a man now, not just a rustic male,
Or the little girls from Smith, boys, put you beyond the pale!

"We've got to wear our garters, the ads all tell us so.
We *must not wear a bow-tie, if we want to be a beau.*
Our hair must all be clipped off short, nor wave up in a curl,
The girls at Smith have told us that a sleek head means a churl.

"Your ties must match your hose, boys, or else you won't look nice,
You cannot have a line now, or Smith won't date you twice!
Your shirts must all be blue now, or at least a virgin white,
Or the five little girls at Smith, lads, won't date with you at night!

"Don't ever wear a derby, always wear a British 'mac,'
Or the insulted girls at Smith, boys, will make a nasty crack.
Don't let your beard get bristly, you must shave three times a day,
Or your five little girls from Smith, boys, will always say you nay!

"They're young and wise and snooty, I do not give a hoot.
Let 'em look to their own laurels, before they start to shoot.
Let 'em catch their man and train him (poor fellow! ain't it sad?),
And let the rest tramp onward, uncouth, perhaps, but glad!"

Balboa, Canal Zone DAVID HAWKINS

## FIGURES AFFECT THE FIGURES

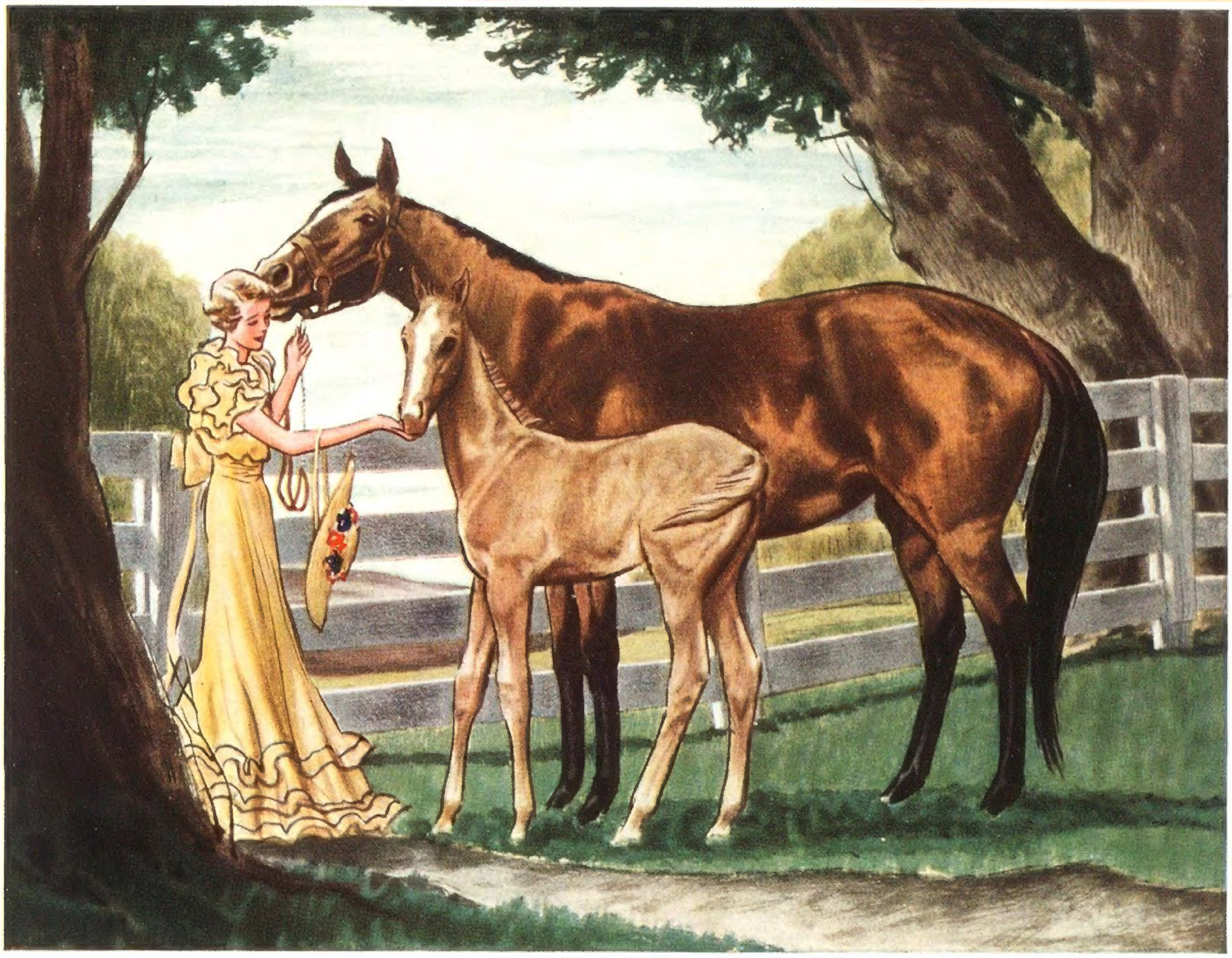
I want to sound good and furious about this *Women Are Good Drivers* of Mr. Kearney. Well, about a couple of points in it anyway. Women get proportionately fewer tickets than men. And why? When some handsome or unhandsome defender of the highways stops a car will his inclination to scribble on a pad weaken if the driver is a charming girl? And how it will! I know my own total of tickets has certainly been kept down by the presence in my car of someone to prettily offer a cooing objection at those crucial moments.

And this stuff about women being able to act as well in emergencies as men. Of course they can! But do accidents occur in so-called "emergencies" or during the course of a normal traffic load when someone just "lets go?" It's usually the latter and many's the time I've seen the females swishing along the road with their radiator ornaments right over the center line. And what's tough is that they are perfectly oblivious of it! Ask a guy why he has been driving in the middle and making wide turns and he probably will reply he's ready to cut in when necessary. But ask the same question of a woman and she'll say, "Oh, was I over too far?" Women are good drivers—like hell!

Very truly yours,

Woodside, L. I. CHARLES M. LUNZ

**Continued on page 186**



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In 1939, at the age of three, this colt will win the Kentucky Derby. For he is the result of generations of careful selection and mating. In him is blended the blood of many champions—*blended to bring out the best qualities of each.*

We don't know the name of this coming champion—but we do know the name of another thoroughbred champion of today. *Its name is Four Roses.* It, too, hails from Kentucky and Maryland. *And it, too, is a blend.*

For Four Roses is not just one straight whiskey, but a combination of several. Each is a noble whiskey in its own right. But each has some *special* characteristic.

And, blended as only Frankfort knows how, these whiskies combine to give their best qualities to Four Roses. Together, they produce a whiskey of surpassing richness —a whiskey we sincerely believe is superior to any other regardless of type, age or price. That's a big statement—*but a single sip of Four Roses will prove it!*

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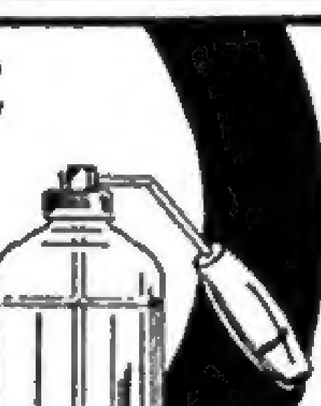

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Whether it's for skiing or bathing or both, the new watch size thermometer, which pins on the lapel or bathing suit, is a handy article. With it, you'll never be at a loss for a topic of conversation.

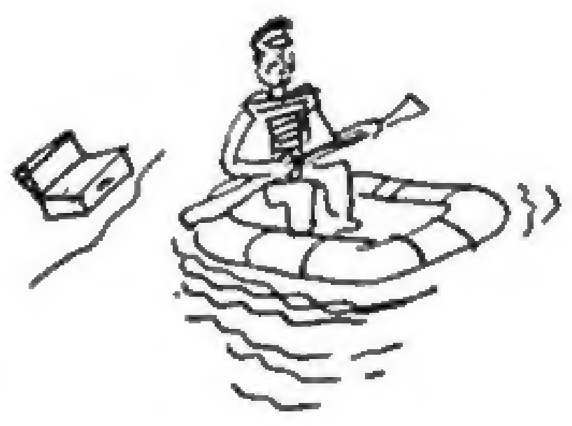
If your chesty appearance has started to slide down a bit lower in the old frame, you'll be particularly interested in a new combination abdominal support and supporter, which promises all the protection of the old time elastic affair plus the fact that the waistband is considerably wider. This feature broadens its use figuratively and actually. It's ideal for the active sportsman, and it could be used to push the old tummy back into place—if you're that way about your figure.

There's a man in town who guarantees to teach the old shell game—three walnut shells and a pea under one—in an hour. He also drops 50c pieces into pop bottles, which is no mean feat. His new magical contrivances are no end intriguing.

The latest palate teasers to serve with cocktails are Mexican corn chips which are tougher than potato chips, and have an elegant, individual flavor. Another fancy of the canape tycoons is green or red potato chips, and toasted corn provides a change from the more conventional popped variety.

If you don't like advertising matter all over your book matches, you can switch to those that bear sporting motives. They have fox masks, hunting scenes, sporting dogs and other grand designs. The inside cover has the latest contract bridge score, and tin-lined cartons make it possible for you to post them anywhere.

The nautical-minded will appreciate the latest development in portable boats. It's made of canvas and folds to suitcase size. It is inflated for use, and mounted on a light wooden frame.



There are a lot of things that come in tins that get little or no notice. Among them are canned terrapin, canned frogs' legs, and last but not least, canned rattlesnake meat. The latter is minced and ready to spread on canape biscuits. This delicacy should startle the most sophisticated of guests.

A pair of slip-on slippers, having light, sponge rubber soles and ventilated tops are now available. They're impervious to water, so you can keep them on while you take your shower. They reduce the danger of slipping on tile surfaces, and protect you against athlete's foot. They're also useful for beach wear, and are practical for traveling as they come with a small case into which they fit compactly.

For those who like the flavor of garlic in their salad but are unwilling to pay the penalty of breath, a new, odorless, garlic oil is a godsend. Besides leaving no trace, it's more economical than the fresh variety.

Camel bells are plentiful in Arabia, but they're hard-come-by in America. There is one place, however, that carries a limited number of these. They make excellent dinner gongs that vie with the most mellifluous of chimes.

And while we're on the subject of brass, you may be interested in a door-knocker in the shape of a woodpecker. This should give the thousands of spread eagles, on doors throughout the country, a run for their money.

If you're a mint julep enthusiast, there's a new steel and aluminum alloy tumbler that has been especially designed for this delectable beverage. It frosts beautifully, and has the general feel and quality of glass. With your eyes closed, you couldn't tell the difference, and after three mint juleps, you couldn't tell the difference with your eyes open.

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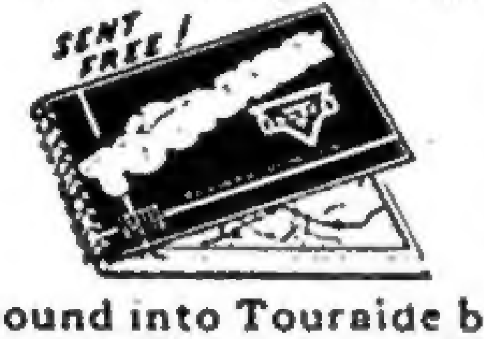

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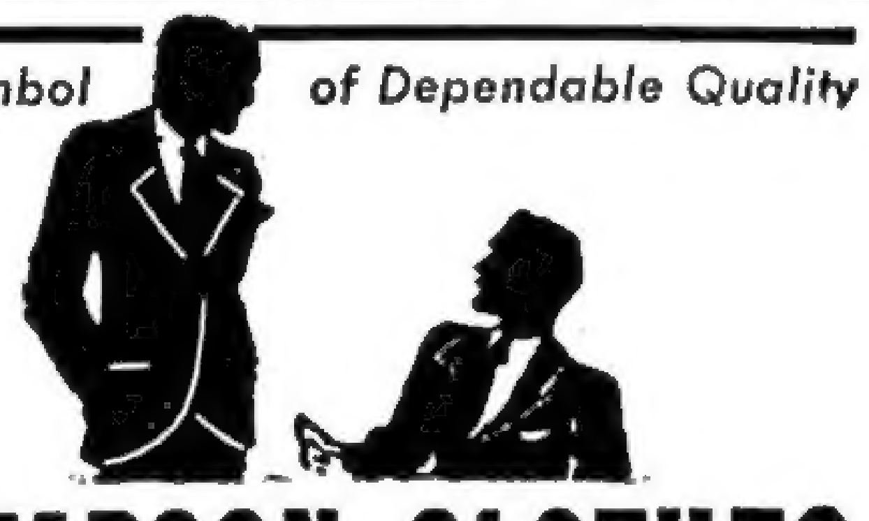

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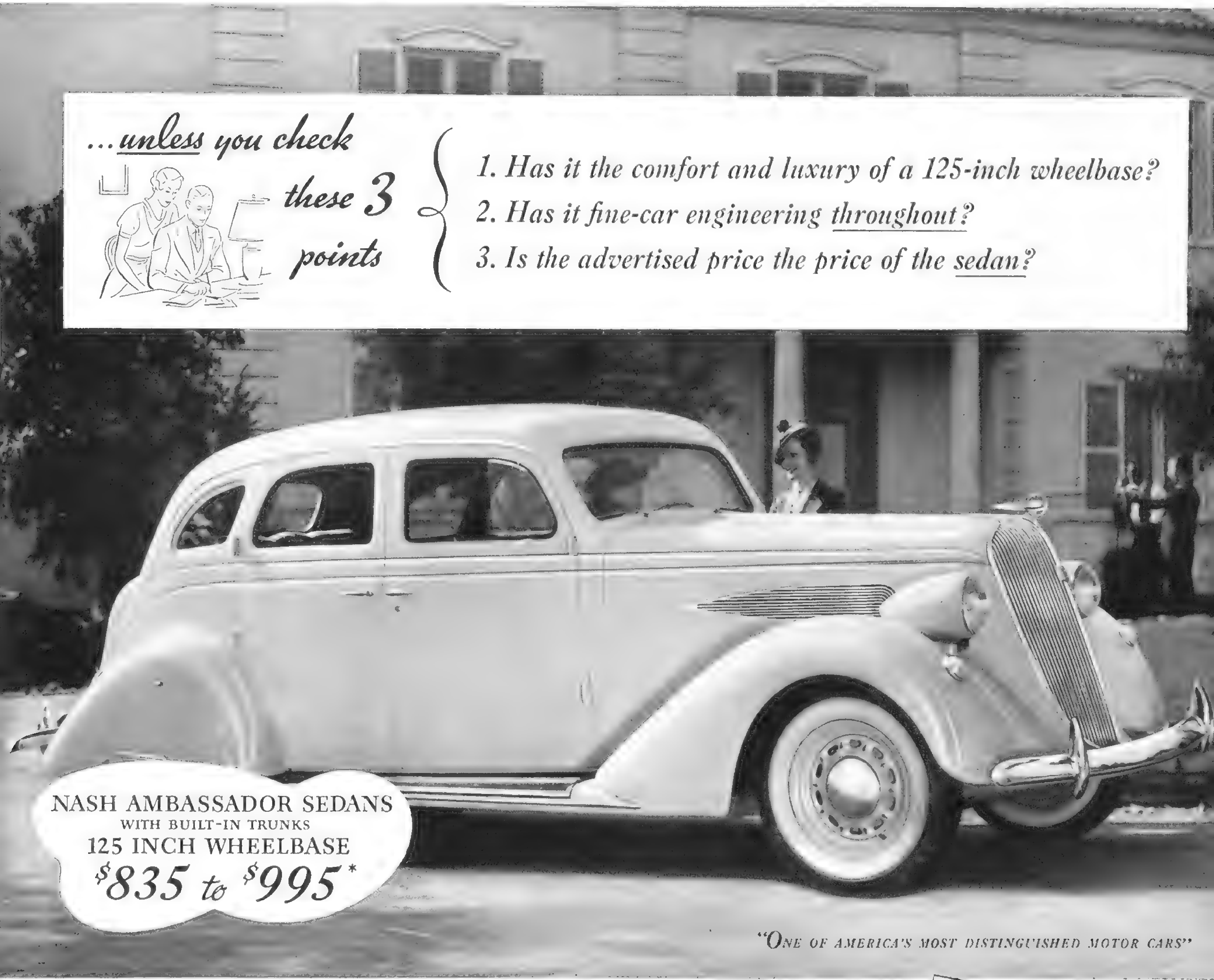

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*"One of America's most distinguished motor cars"*

When you buy a car in this price class you have every right to expect a really big, a really luxurious car—with genuine, *fine*-car engineering throughout. To insure that you get all of these things, Nash suggests that you check the three key points above.

As the chart at the right will show you, the Nash Ambassador offers you so *much* more value for every dollar that you cannot afford to overlook it.

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The Ambassador is not a "scaled-down" model in any sense. There has been no "skimping" in upholstery or in fittings. You get the famous Nash Twin-Ignition engine, for example, a motor noted for its smooth, effortless performance and its long life. You get big, super-hydraulic brakes, a rugged all-steel body with steel top, and many other expensive-car features.

And, at very slight additional cost, you may have your Ambassador equipped with the sensational Nash Automatic Cruising Gear. This newest contribution to automobile efficiency minimizes wear—saves up to 25% in gasoline; up to 50% in oil!

Yet the prices of these luxurious, big Ambassador sedans, *including* built-in trunks, range from only $835 to $995*. See the Ambassador at the nearest Nash-LaFayette showroom. Or better still, drive it! The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

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**STAMPS AND COINS**

ARE YOU PROUD of your U. S. stamps? If you are, if you hope to be, give them a good home. Scott's 1936 National Album is handsome and impressive, and has spaces for practically everything. Complete to Jan. 1, 1936. See it at your dealer's or write to Scott. Two editions, $15 and $5.

SCOTT STAMP & COIN COMPANY
1 West 47th St., New York

A picnic outfit that contains not only all the elements for properly serving the inner man, but gives a thought to outer physical comfort as well, seems to be the answer to Spring's irresistible call to the countryside. It is equipped with a collapsible table and six folding chairs, all of which stow away in light-weight, airplane type cases.

Life continues to grow more and more complex. Cocktail shakers, although conceived in every shape, form, and of every practical material, have, up to now, withstood all but some slight improvements. Now we find one that is equipped with vacuum bottle advantages and an ice container that prevents dilution, which may be interchanged with one that will do some gentle diluting, if it's desired.

There's also a globular shaped cocktail shaker available, which you can knock over in your unsteady moments, without denting the wooden table top.

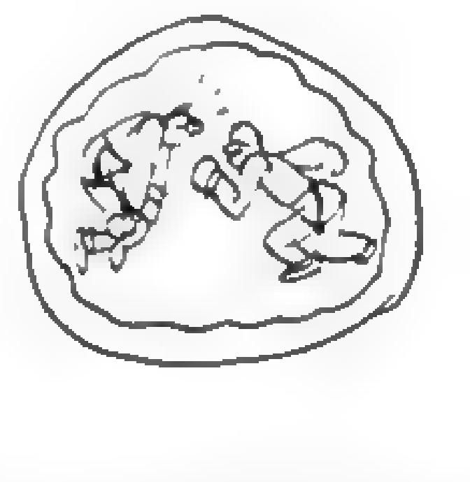
A new essence for men stands no chance of being mistaken for one of the lady-like, sweet-scented perfumes. It might best be described as something reminiscent of fine leather, the first few puffs of a freshly filled pipe, and the scent of the fields that give Harris tweeds their unmistakable and characteristic odor.

A new home, draught beer, dispensing outfit has arrived just in time to take advantage of the opening of the Bock Season. This mechanical growler may be had in gallon size, made either in aluminum jugs or glass bottles, at the top of which is a typical dispensing spout and a small pump. You have it filled at a convenient bar, screw back the top, give 'er a little pressure with the pump, and file in the refrigerator for further reference.

Black bean soup, properly put together, is a two-fisted, mouth-watering dish. A special edition of this epicurean delight, to which has been added just the right amount of aged, imported sherry, is to be had. It comes canned and ready to serve, except for the essential heating, and a slice of hard-boiled egg.

After assiduously avoiding any mention of confections in this Department, we've been forced to drop our guard. A highly novel bon-bon is the cause of this momentary lapse. A non-fattening caramel, concocted of vegetable extracts and honey has done us in. Made and colored with beets, spinach, corn, carrots and peas, they vie for vitamins with a vegetable dinner.

Bachelor breakfast-makers, or, for that matter, anyone who enjoys a lonely cup of coffee, have had their needs recognized. A coffee-maker that fits over a cup and is electrically heated is a boon to these java imbibers. You fill the cup with water, and the gadget with your idea of the proper proportion of coffee, plug it in—and the public utilities do the rest.



Any undecorated surface seems to be a menace to the artists' peace of mind, and sends them running for their brushes and palettes. Porcelain plates have always been fair game, and while we've seen horses, dogs, yachts, and sundry other sporting subjects portrayed, for the first time we find the manly art of self defence used as subject matter. A dozen famous pugilistic encounters decorate a set of twelve plates. This should be highly inspirational to those happily-married folks who go in for a bit of china-slinging.

Conserve your energy for playing your hands, by using a mechanical card shuffler and dealer. Place this device in the center of the table, turn the crank, and it will distribute four bridge hands.

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A wonderful selection of English Bone China, featuring white embossed for luncheons. New Dinnerware Booklet sent on request.
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**SOCIAL SECURITIES**

Do you ever have to SOBER UP in a hurry? SOBROSAL saves you from embarrassing situations. Sobers quickly (15 minutes in most cases), harmlessly, insures against "morning after" hangover. Served at bars, sold at drugstores, or send 50c for 3, $1 for 7. *Explanatory leaflet free on request.* SOBROSAL, 2926 Ave. L, Brooklyn, N. Y.

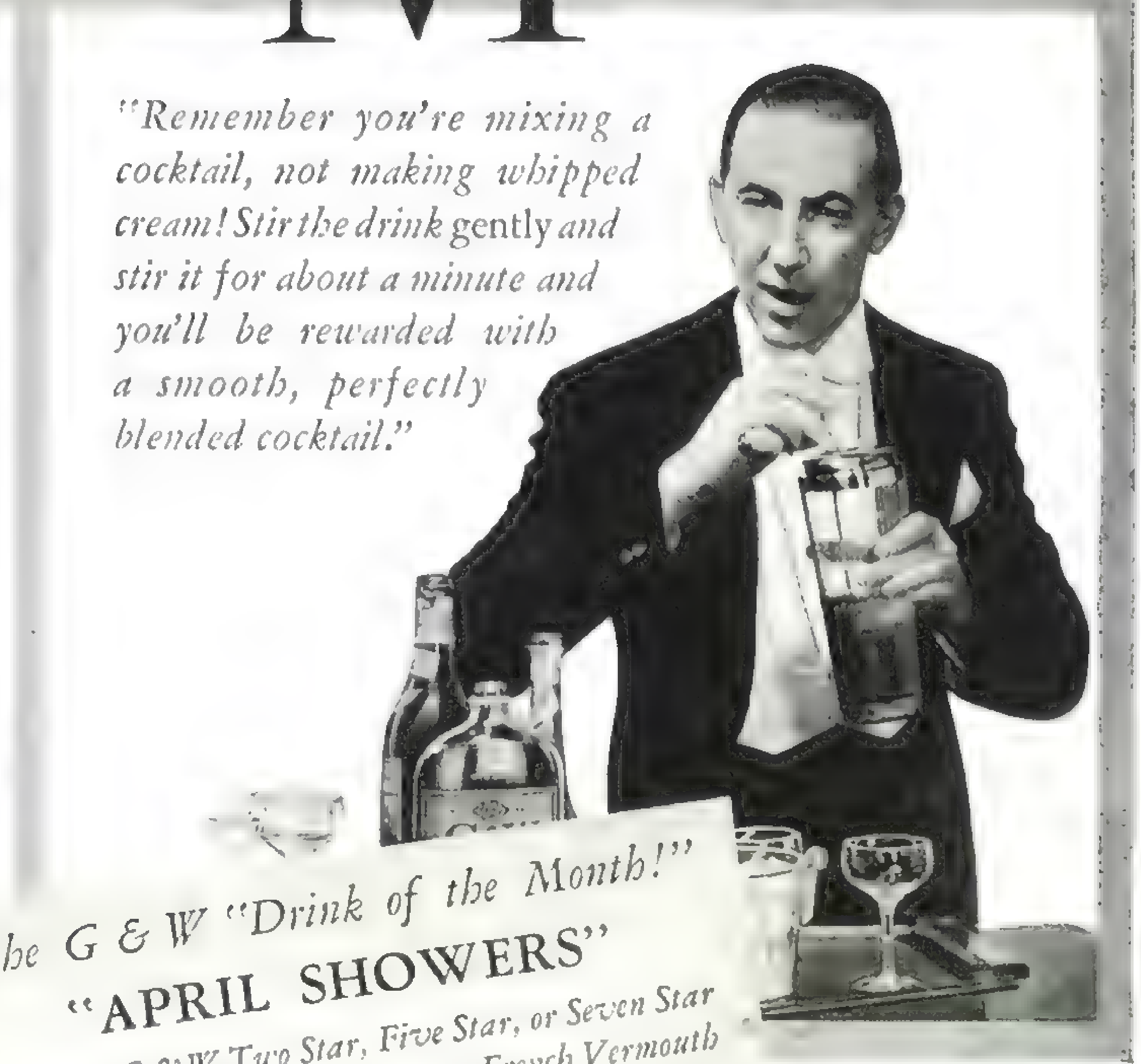
**TELEPHONE ACCESSORIES**

The "HUSH-A-PHONE" safeguards the privacy of phone conversation; prevents phone talk from disturbing others; Improves hearing in noisy places. Model for either phone. Over 100,000 in use. Write for booklet *"Make Your Phone as Private as a Booth"*. HUSH-A-PHONE CORP.,
45 West 16th Street New York

# HAL KEMP *broadcasts "April Showers"*

## "G&W'S GRAND NEW Drink of the Month..."

*"Using too much or too little of the ingredients will spoil any recipe. Better use your jigger and measure carefully—unless you're a professional bartender and can mix your drinks by eye!"*



*"Remember you're mixing a cocktail, not making whipped cream! Stir the drink gently and stir it for about a minute and you'll be rewarded with a smooth, perfectly blended cocktail."*

*The G & W "Drink of the Month!"*

**"APRIL SHOWERS"**

*⅔ jigger G & W Two Star, Five Star, or Seven Star Blended Whiskey • ⅓ jigger French Vermouth • 1 dash Grenadine • 1 dash Bitters*

*Stir with cracked ice according to Hal Kemp's advice ...and pour yourself a cocktail that's as exhilarating as spring!*

YOU'LL thank Hal Kemp, popular radio star and orchestra leader at the Hotel Pennsylvania, New York, for his mixing hints when you make this delicious new "Drink of the Month." And you'll thank G&W for its full, satisfying flavor when you taste it!

For remember—it's the whiskey that counts in a cocktail, just as it does in a highball. And G&W whiskies are so rich that you can't drown out their flavor no matter what you mix them with. You'll marvel at their extra smoothness . . . whether you choose one of G&W's seven-year-old treasures, a Star blend, or a low-priced straight whiskey. It's G&W's 104 years of fine liquor distilling experience that makes the big difference in *taste!*

**FREE**—*This Handsome Cocktail Shaker*—Made of frosted glass—13 inches high—this is an attractive and practical shaker for your cocktail parties. And you may get one FREE! 500 shakers will be given away this month for whiskey and gin recipes accepted for use by G&W. Send in *your* favorite recipe now to Gooderham & Worts, Ltd., Box 887, Detroit, Mich.

G&W
SEVEN STAR
BLENDED WHISKEY

STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
PRODUCED IN CANADA
STRAIGHT
RYE WHISKEY
PRODUCED IN CANADA

**G & W GOLD LABEL STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY.** A taste-treat that's been aged in wood for 7 years in Canada. 100 proof.

**G & W GOLD LABEL STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY.** Rich and full-bodied. Mellowed in wood in Canada for 7 years. 100 proof.

## G&W STANDS FOR *Good Whiskey*

GOODERHAM & WORTS, LTD., DETROIT, MICH. . . . Established 1832

# TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

**CIGARS**

BE YOUR OWN IMPORTER
By dealing directly with the Havana manufacturer you not only save money but are also assured of fine quality and greater freshness. PIERROT CIGARS, hand made in Havana, Cuba, by C. del Peso y Cia., for ninety years one of Havana's leading makers of quality cigars, are mailed in small quantities with all postage and customs charges prepaid. Money-back guarantee. Write for description of service, prices, etc.
C. DEL PESO Y CIA.
4 & 6 Dragones St., Havana, Cuba

**CUSTOM SHIRTMAKERS**

THE SMARTEST TUXEDO SHIRT
for summer is also the most comfortable Gives negligee comfort with supreme correctness. Collar attached, turndown, semi-stiff; cuffs starched; bosom pleated, unstarched, of non-crumpling special fabric. A warm weather necessity. $10 to measure.
MACHIN SHIRT CO.
Shirtmakers & Importers
Los Angeles and Beverly Hills, California

**DANCING SCHOOLS**

A *New* Method of
DANCE INSTRUCTION BY MAIL
Waltz, Fox-trot, Tango, or Rumba
Single charts 25c—Folder of ten $2
DONALD SAWYER DANCE STUDIOS
637 Madison Ave., New York—Plaza 3-8639
*Sample Chart Gratis*

**FISHING TACKLE**

Since 1822 practical anglers have managed our business. The advance in angling practice and equipment has been largely due to their ingenuity and efforts. Besides our line of high grade goods we offer moderate priced goods of unusual value. Our 1936 catalog (128 pp), containing much of interest to any angler, sent on request.
Sole agents for H. L. LEONARD Rods
WM. MILLS & SON 31 Park Pl., N. Y. C.

**MAGIC**

DON'T BE FOOLED, FOOL OTHERS
You'll be amazed at the ease with which you can completely baffle your friends. You need no skill to start. We furnish everything. Prices 25c to $50. Free catalog.
Stuart Jules' HOUSE OF MAGIC
Hotel New Yorker, 8th Ave. & 34th St., N. Y.

**DAMAGE REWEAVING**

That SNAG, TEAR, BURN or
MOTH-HOLE in your valuable garment
Vanishes for ever when re-woven by
BERGER DAMAGE REWEAVING CO.
Prompt service. Call or mail to Dept. E.
Caledonia 5-0101 251 - 5th Ave., N. Y. C.

The latest contribution to the more abundant life is an electric clock that adds even greater convenience to other electric equipment. In your absence, this minute-robot will switch any electric appliance on to the job at an appointed moment and turn it off at any later predetermined time.

Brow-mopping will be in order momentarily, and what appears to be an intelligent and practical idea of a fan makes its debut. The blades are of flexible, molded rubber, rigid enough to do their duty, but otherwise harmless. The usual fan-guards are unnecessary, and it presents a smart, modern appearance when running or still.

Pouring a drink by tipping a bottle may yet become—just an old-fashioned custom. A drink-server that fits into the top of a liquor bottle is the modernized method of this elegant activity. You push a plunger down, and out it comes in proper proportion.

A fireplace screen, cleverly designed of glass rods and chrome, will complement a room decorated in the 20th century period style.

If your numerous keys are confusing, the three most often used may be clearly designated. Blanks are obtainable for office, home and car, upon which are embossed an office building, a country house, and an automobile.

If you do a lot of card playing, here's an idea that should prove an economy. Washable playing cards are obtainable that will assure you of always having a clean deck on hand. However, we don't recommend that you send them to the laundry.

The shop in which we found the "No, No" panties has shown us one of those negligee things as diaphanous as anything Petty has ever used to drape his gorgeous gals. The flimsy stuff of which it is made boasts of high visibility, cellophane threads having been used in its fabrication.

Apparently the bagatelle and slot machine game makers haven't yet run out of ideas. A six place poker table, the product of these pin ball Edisons, is being offered for private divertisement. Card-marked chips, visible to the respective players through glass-covered apertures, replace the standard playing cards. You can discard and draw in the correct Hoyle manner. It's all done with levers.

The engineers have again turned their attention to the production of a contrivance that will facilitate the process of rolling-your-own. For those whom the cigarette makers have failed to satisfy, please, lift, soothe, or cool, this may prove the solution. It looks, works and acts very much like a domestic meat grinder. You buy the paper tubes ready-made.

E. Maclay Gearhart, Jr. wrote a thrilling account of Siamese fighting fish entitled "Battle of the Bettas", which appeared in our December 1935 issue. These finny Joe Louises are to be had for as little as one dollar the copy. You can put on your own Battle of the Century for a lot less than the cost of the usual half-mile distant ringside seat.

Tennis shoes with sponge rubber inner soles will give you foot comfort which may take some of the lead out of the legs, softened up by the winter lay-off, and help your early season form.

A citified conception of the village handyman seems worthy of mention. This service may be called upon for treatment to any of your household goods and chattels that may be in ill repair. These fixer-uppers claim they'll mend anything. Well, practically anything.

**CUSTOM TAILORS**

PAT CARUSO, Inc.
580 5th Avenue, at 47th Street, New York
Now showing new materials of choice British importations, for those who desire the best because they realize that in the matter of fine made to measure clothes, quality is economy. Prices start at $115.

**DELICACIES**

Fresh Russian Beluga Caviar per lb. $10
Stilton Cheese in Port Wine, 12 oz. $1.50
Green Turtle Soup with Sherry, qt. tin $1
Brandied Pears, Peaches, Figs, Plums, or Apricots ....................qt. jar $2.25
Largest assortment of delicacies.
Gift Baskets from $5. *Free Catalogue S*
VENDOME
WIckersham 2-2224 18 E. 49th St., N. Y.

**LEATHER GOODS**

You too must have many articles you want made of leather. Billfolds, tobacco pouches, cases of all descriptions—all hand made (to order only) in the very finest of leathers. Articles can be hand tooled, carved or stained with monograms, single initials or any designs. If it is to be made of leather I can make it. Correspondence solicited.
EDWARD J. SYLVIA
*Leather Craftsman*
35 Briggs Street New Bedford, Mass.

**MAY BIRTHDAY GIFTS**

A little gift that flatters BIG business and professional men—the NORMA 4-in-1 Pencil. Writes Red, Blue, Green, Black, at will. Makes his o.k's, memos, etc., stand out! Fascinating mechanically. Beautiful finish. Weighs only 1 oz. At Jewelers, Stationers, Department Stores. 14 kt Gold Filled $12.00. Sterling $8.50. 10 kt Rolled Gold Plate $5.00. Chromium Plate or Silni (nickel silver) $3.50.

**SCALP SPECIALISTS**

OPENED FOR MEN EXCLUSIVELY is the new *Ogilvie Method* Salon at 50 E. 42nd St., N. Y. C., to better our service to the many men who have been coming to our salons for years. Here is the same complete and scientific equipment and personnel that have made *Ogilvie* world-renowned as scalp specialists—here men only are admitted. Come in for consultation without obligation or write for *free* booklet on methods and preparations for the hair.

**TENTS, PACKS, SLEEPING BAGS**

You'll soon be going "under canvas"—but not until you see the 69 types of Diamond Brand Canvas Camping Equipment; covers more than the general line of pack sacks, sleeping bags, tents, and duffle bags. Send for our free CANVAS CRAFT Catalog.
NEW YORK DROP CLOTH MFG. CO.
148-150 Greene Street New York City

*"I only have eyes for one!"*

Once a man has found *the right one,* be it a girl or a job or a motor car, he is inclined to hold fast regardless of how others may clamor for his attention! Chevrolet owners have found *the right car,* and they have become the most enthusiastic owner-group in the entire low-price field. Talk to these owners about the 1936 Chevrolet, and they will make you envious of the many exclusive features of this only complete low-priced car. They will tell you that its *New Perfected Hydraulic Brakes* are the safest brakes they have ever used . . . that they wouldn't be without Chevrolet's *Solid Steel one-piece Turret Top* . . . that there's nothing to compare with its *Knee-Action Gliding Ride**. . . that they consider *Genuine Fisher No Draft Ventilation* absolutely necessary to healthful comfort . . . that Chevrolet's *High-Compression Valve-in-Head Engine* gives the finest performance at the lowest cost . . . and that you will never know real driving ease until you experience *Shockproof Steering**! These owners are one hundred per cent satisfied with their cars. They have tried others, just as they will invite *you* to try Chevrolet. And now *they only have eyes for one!*

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

**Available in Master De Luxe models only. Knee-Action, $20 additional*

CHEVROLET

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

*The only complete low-priced car*

* Celanese Knitted Swim Tops, $2.50

* Celanese Knitted Swim Briefs, $2.50

* Celanese Slacks, $7.50

* Celanese Sport Shirts, $1.95

* Celanese Swim Trunks, $4.00

# *It's a*

* Celanese White Tuxedo for Summer $25

* Celanese Suit and Topcoat Linings.

* Celanese Summer Suit, $30

# CELANESE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

* Celanese Shirts, 75c and $1

* Celanese Shorts, $1 and $1.50

* Celanese Foulard Robes, $12.50 and $15

* Celanese Bombay Shorts, $1

* Celanese Briefs, 75c

# *Summer for men*

*Celanese Foulard Tie and 'Kerchief Sets, $1

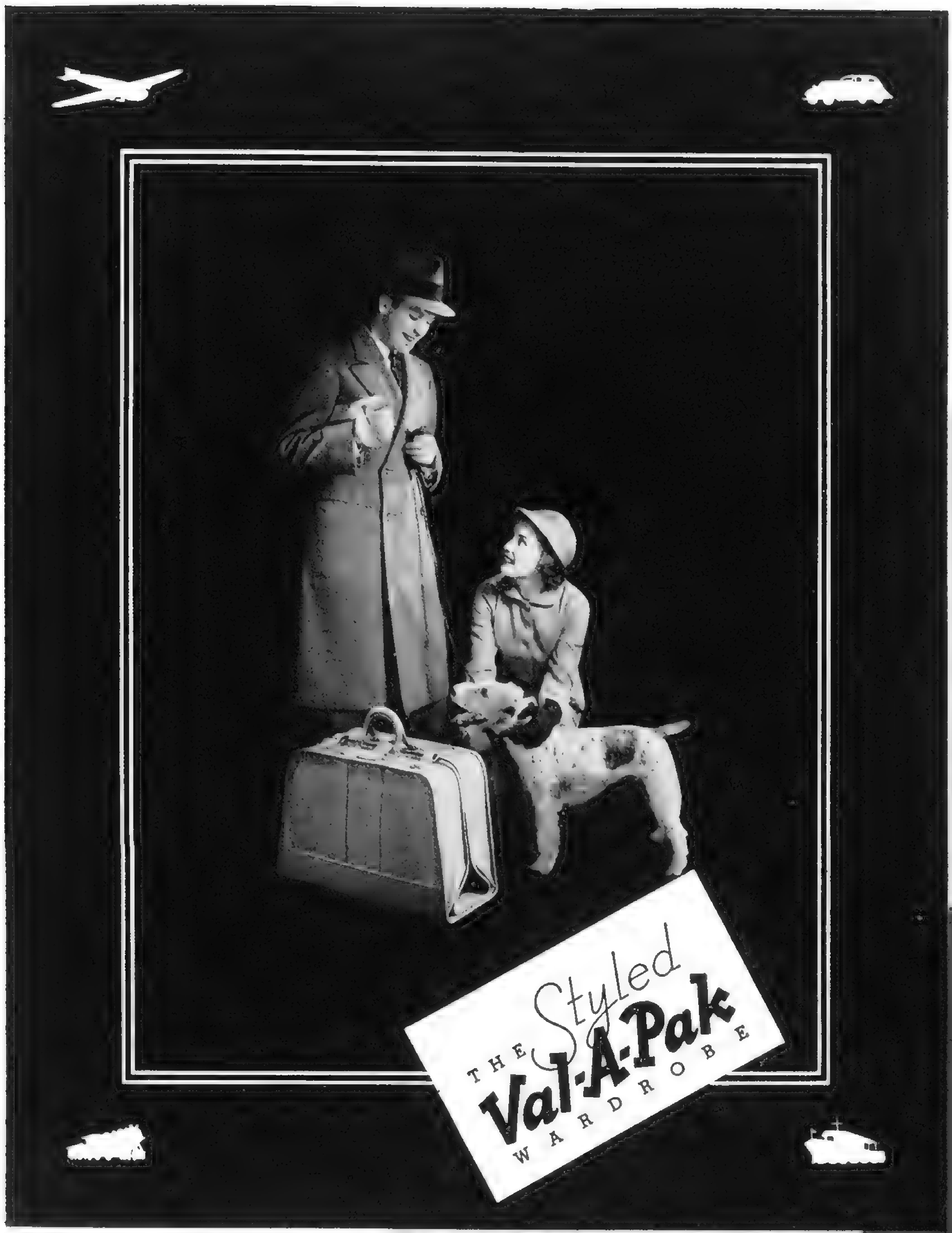
* Celanese Sport Caps $2.50

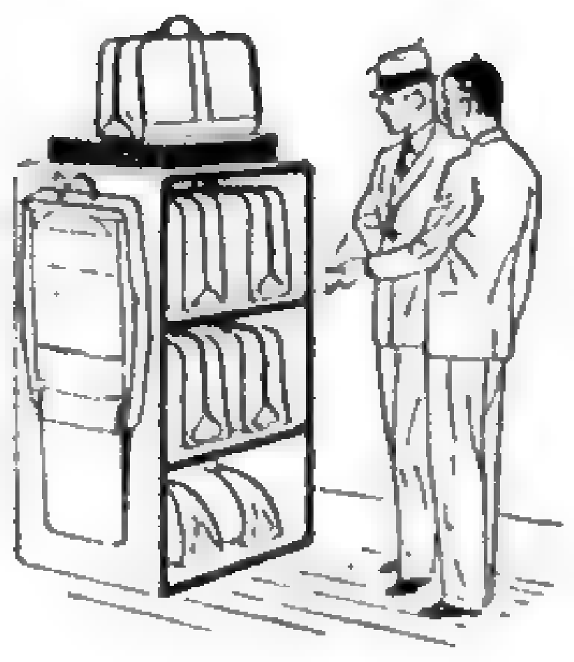
Summer, 1936 finds authentic fashions in Celanese ready for service in better men's stores everywhere. Smartly styled, Celanese apparel now clothes a man from head to foot . . . for both sport and formal occasions . . . *Be sure to ask for Celanese by name.*

**CELANESE CORPORATION of AMERICA**

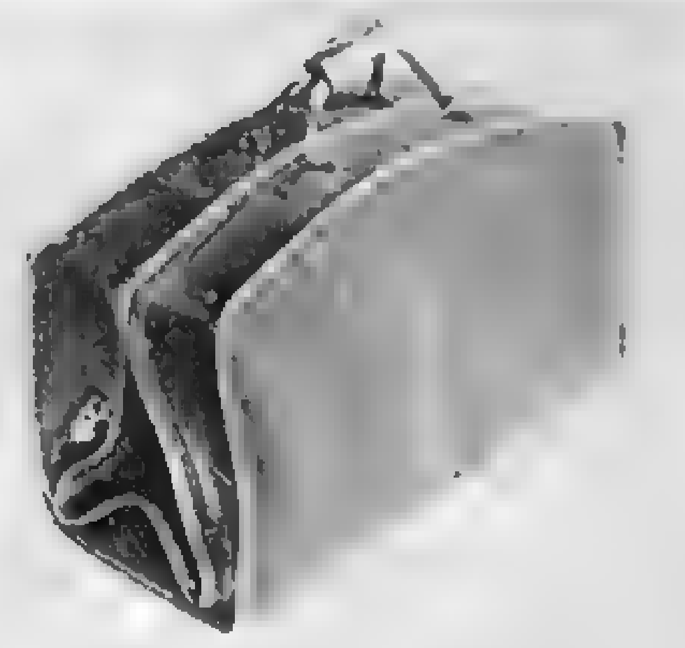
180 Madison Avenue, New York City

* Celanese yarns, fabrics and articles are made with synthetic products manufactured exclusively by the Celanese Corporation of America.

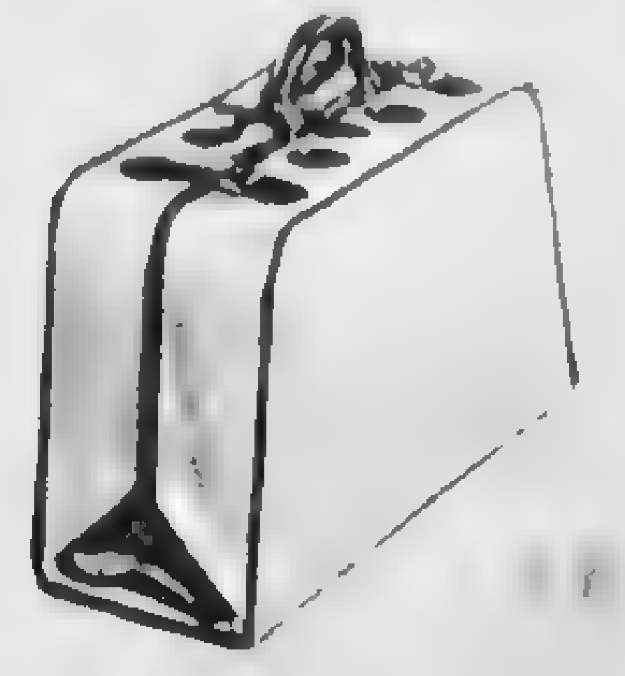




*Men's Stores:* The Val-A-Pak display stand illustrated above is available to all retailers. Val-A-Pak offers the opportunity of the year to alert dealers. Write for price list and full information.

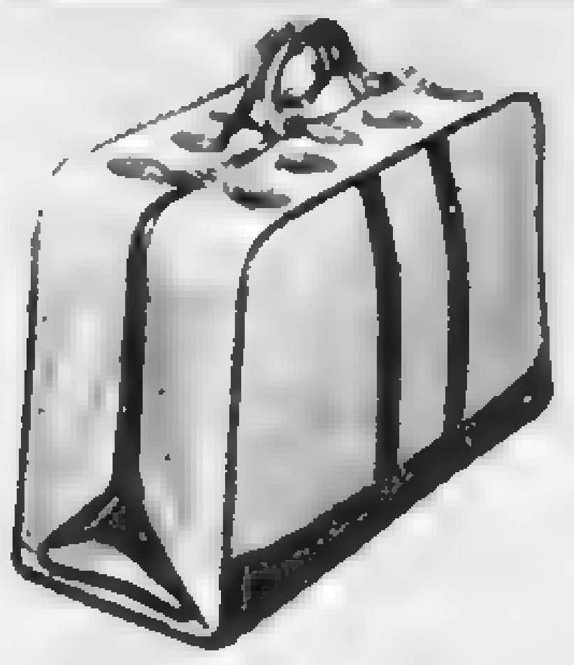


V 2—Brown waterproof fabric, matching trim. $10



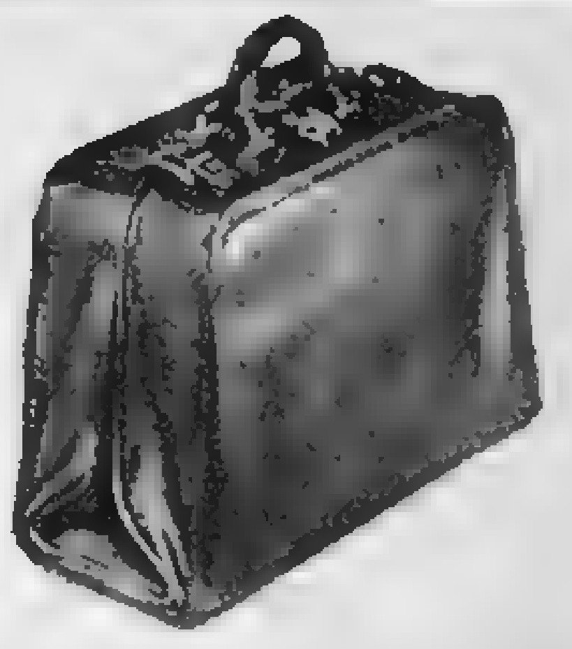
V 12—Brown or beige Linweave, contrasting trim. $15

# *Going Places?*



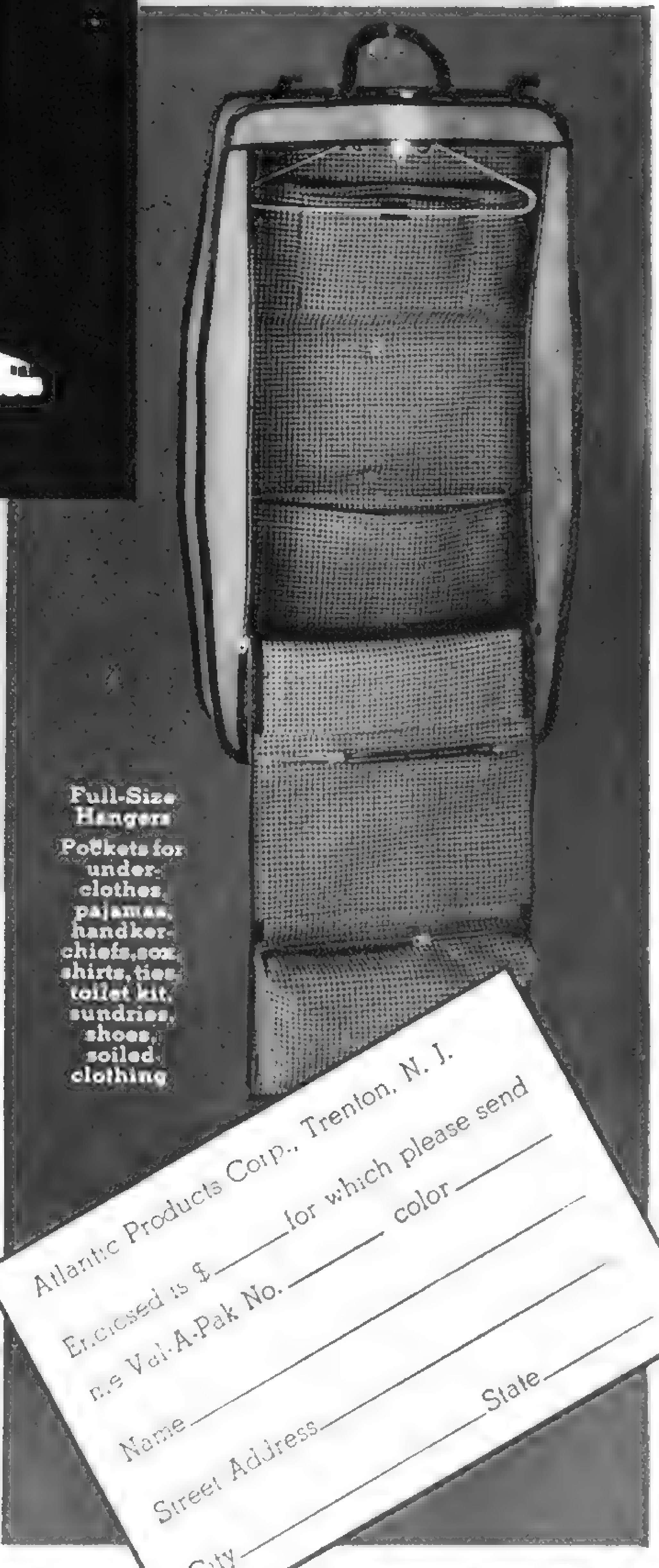
V 26—Striped or plain trunk fabric with brown or russet leather trim.

$25



V 23—Brown, black or russet top-grain leather.

$40


Full-Size Hangers
Pockets for underclothes, pajamas, handkerchiefs, sox, shirts, ties, toilet kit, sundries, shoes, soiled clothing

Wherever you're bound, for fun or on business, you'll find the going better with this handsome, handy bag. Because of its original design and distinctive construction, the *Styled* Val-A-Pak Wardrobe is the only piece of hand luggage that delivers a freshly pressed suit or dress enroute, whether you travel by motor car or train, by boat or plane.

It is designed to go *into,* not under, a Pullman berth; permits the removal of any article of clothing without unpacking the rest of the bag; though smaller than a Gladstone, it holds two suits or several dresses, plus an adequate supply of shirts, underclothes, pajamas, etcetera, for average trips; can be completely unpacked in a minute; carries your suits or dresses wrinkle-free on *full-size* hangers while the rest of your wardrobe is snugly tucked away in individual slide-fastened compartments, each instantly accessible.

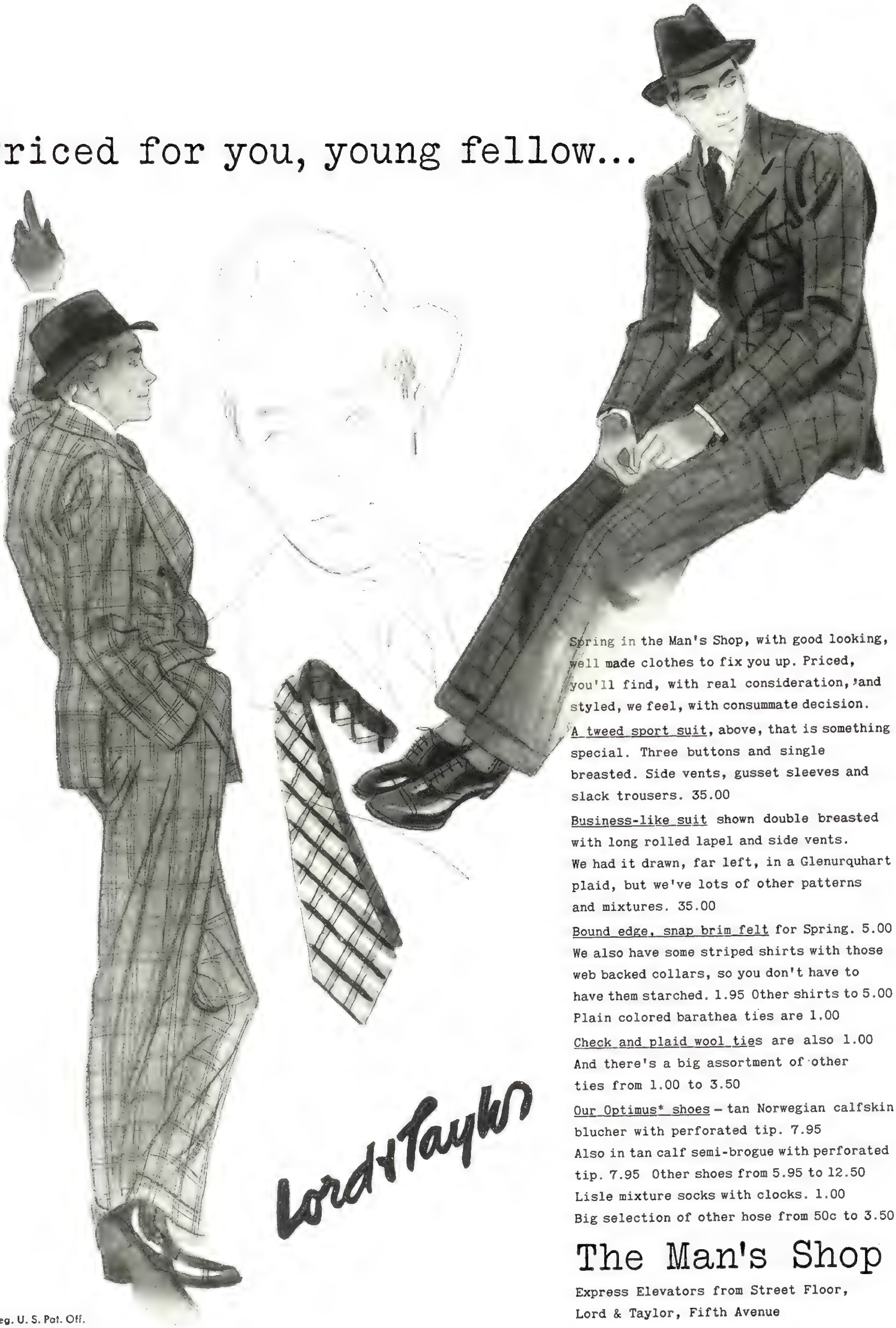
The *Styled* Val-A-Pak Wardrobe is being shown in the better department stores, men's wear and luggage shops. It is available in a wide range of prices and models, some of which are illustrated here. (Prices west of Mississippi River, ten per cent higher)

ATLANTIC PRODUCTS CORP., TRENTON, NEW JERSEY

Atlantic Products Corp., Trenton, N. J.
Enclosed is $______ for which please send
me Val-A-Pak No. ______ color ______
Name ______
Street Address ______
City ______ State ______

If your dealer does not stock Val-A-Pak, order direct with coupon above.

Priced for you, young fellow...



Spring in the Man's Shop, with good looking, well made clothes to fix you up. Priced, you'll find, with real consideration, and styled, we feel, with consummate decision.

A tweed sport suit, above, that is something special. Three buttons and single breasted. Side vents, gusset sleeves and slack trousers. 35.00

Business-like suit shown double breasted with long rolled lapel and side vents. We had it drawn, far left, in a Glenurquhart plaid, but we've lots of other patterns and mixtures. 35.00

Bound edge, snap brim felt for Spring. 5.00

We also have some striped shirts with those web backed collars, so you don't have to have them starched. 1.95 Other shirts to 5.00

Plain colored barathea ties are 1.00

Check and plaid wool ties are also 1.00

And there's a big assortment of other ties from 1.00 to 3.50

Our Optimus* shoes – tan Norwegian calfskin blucher with perforated tip. 7.95

Also in tan calf semi-brogue with perforated tip. 7.95 Other shoes from 5.95 to 12.50

Lisle mixture socks with clocks. 1.00

Big selection of other hose from 50c to 3.50

Lord & Taylor

The Man's Shop

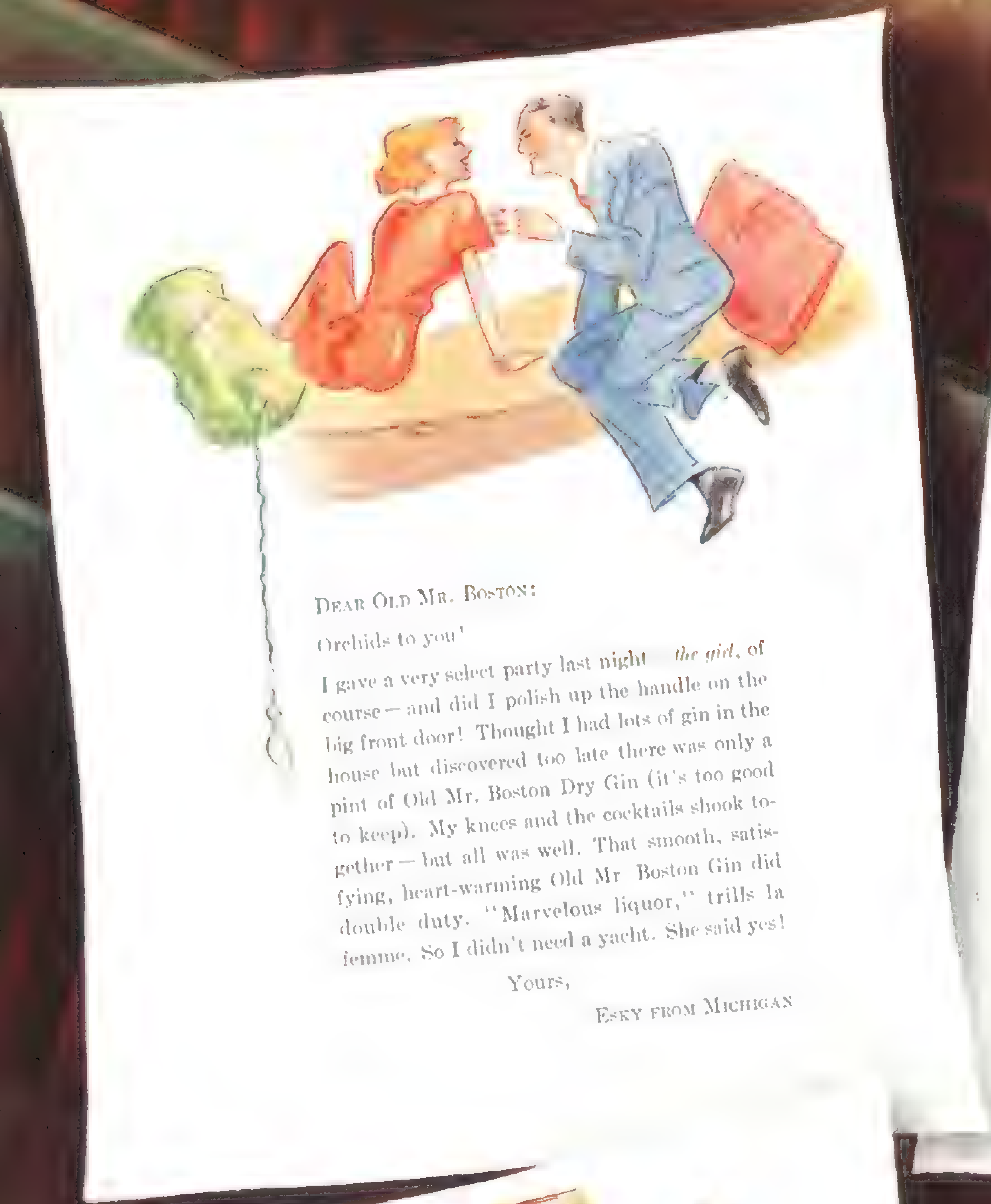
Express Elevators from Street Floor,
Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Guest Decanter
OLD
MR. BOSTON
Distilled
Dry Gin
"as smooth as old brandy"
DISTILLED BY
BEN BURK INC
BOSTON MASS

*"The Witherspoons are awful show-offs. Always bragging about serving Old Mr. Boston liquors"*

# THE GIN AND THE JURY



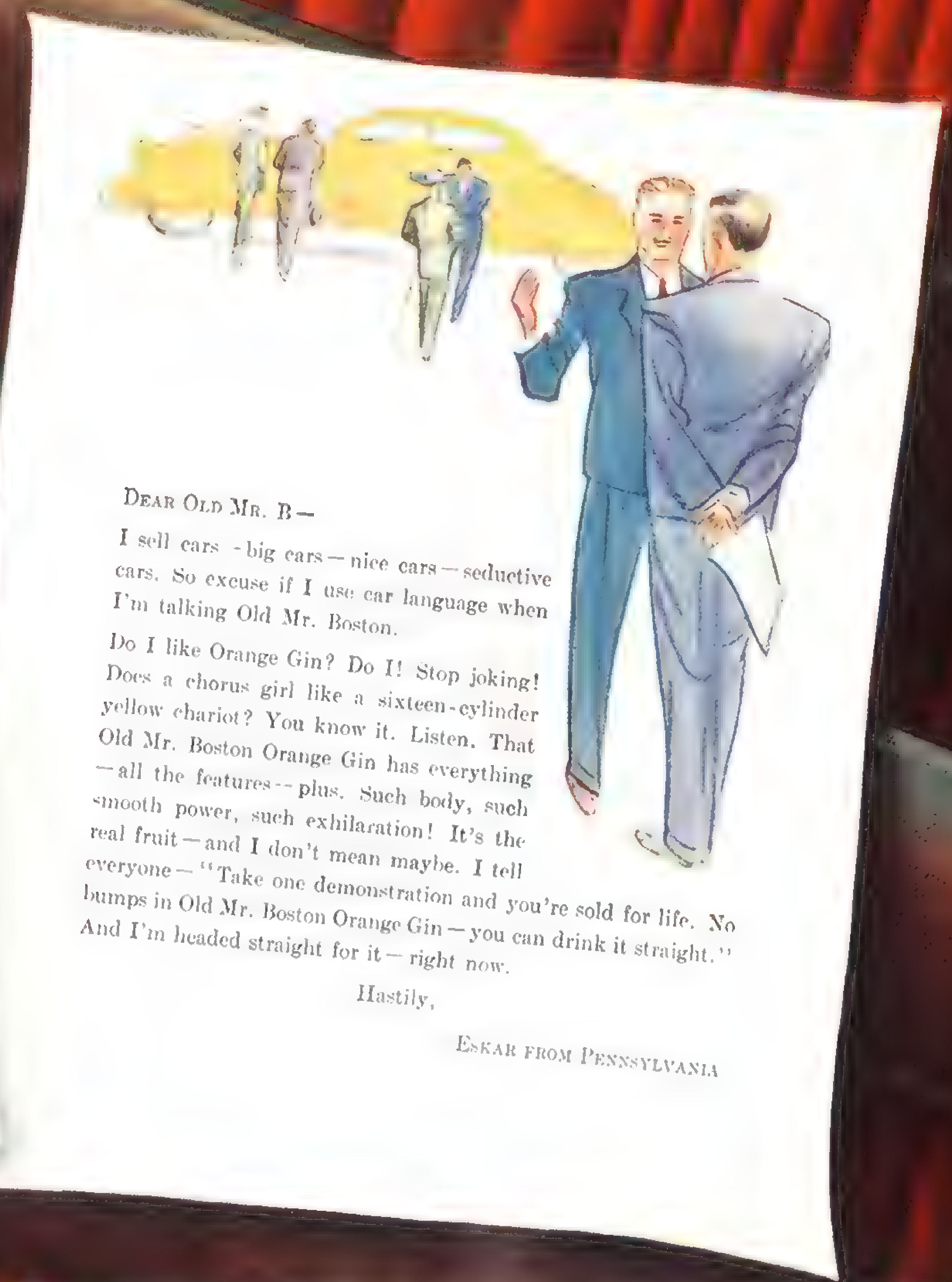
DEAR OLD MR. BOSTON:

Orchids to you!

I gave a very select party last night — *the girl*, of course — and did I polish up the handle on the big front door! Thought I had lots of gin in the house but discovered too late there was only a pint of Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin (it's too good to keep). My knees and the cocktails shook together — but all was well. That smooth, satisfying, heart-warming Old Mr Boston Gin did double duty. "Marvelous liquor," trills la femme. So I didn't need a yacht. She said yes!

Yours,

ESKY FROM MICHIGAN



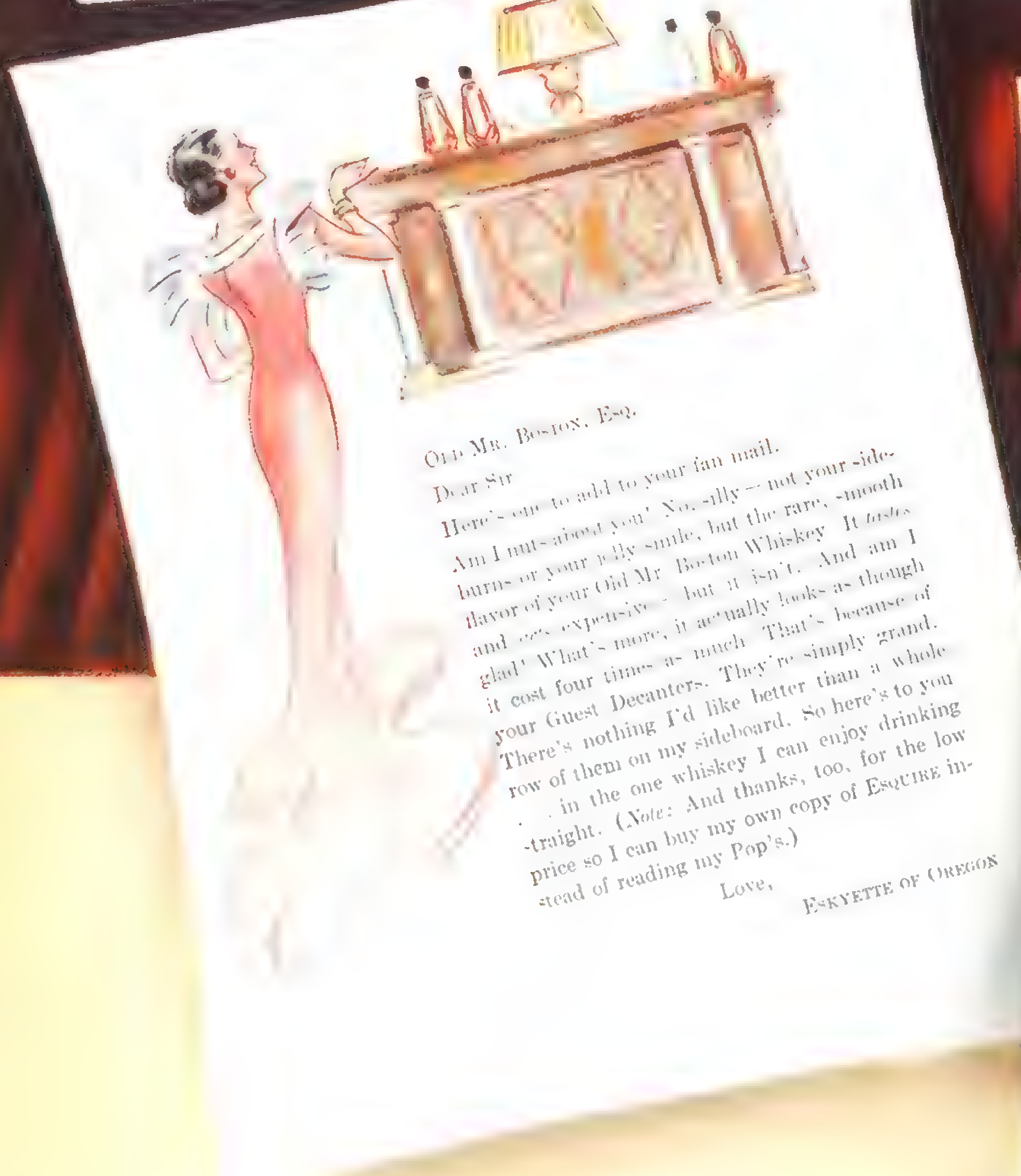
DEAR OLD MR. B —

I sell cars — big cars — nice cars — seductive cars. So excuse if I use car language when I'm talking Old Mr. Boston.

Do I like Orange Gin? Do I! Stop joking! Does a chorus girl like a sixteen-cylinder yellow chariot? You know it. Listen. That Old Mr. Boston Orange Gin has everything — all the features — plus. Such body, such smooth power, such exhilaration! It's the real fruit — and I don't mean maybe. I tell everyone — "Take one demonstration and you're sold for life. No bumps in Old Mr. Boston Orange Gin — you can drink it straight." And I'm headed straight for it — right now.

Hastily,

ESKAR FROM PENNSYLVANIA



OLD MR. BOSTON, ESQ.

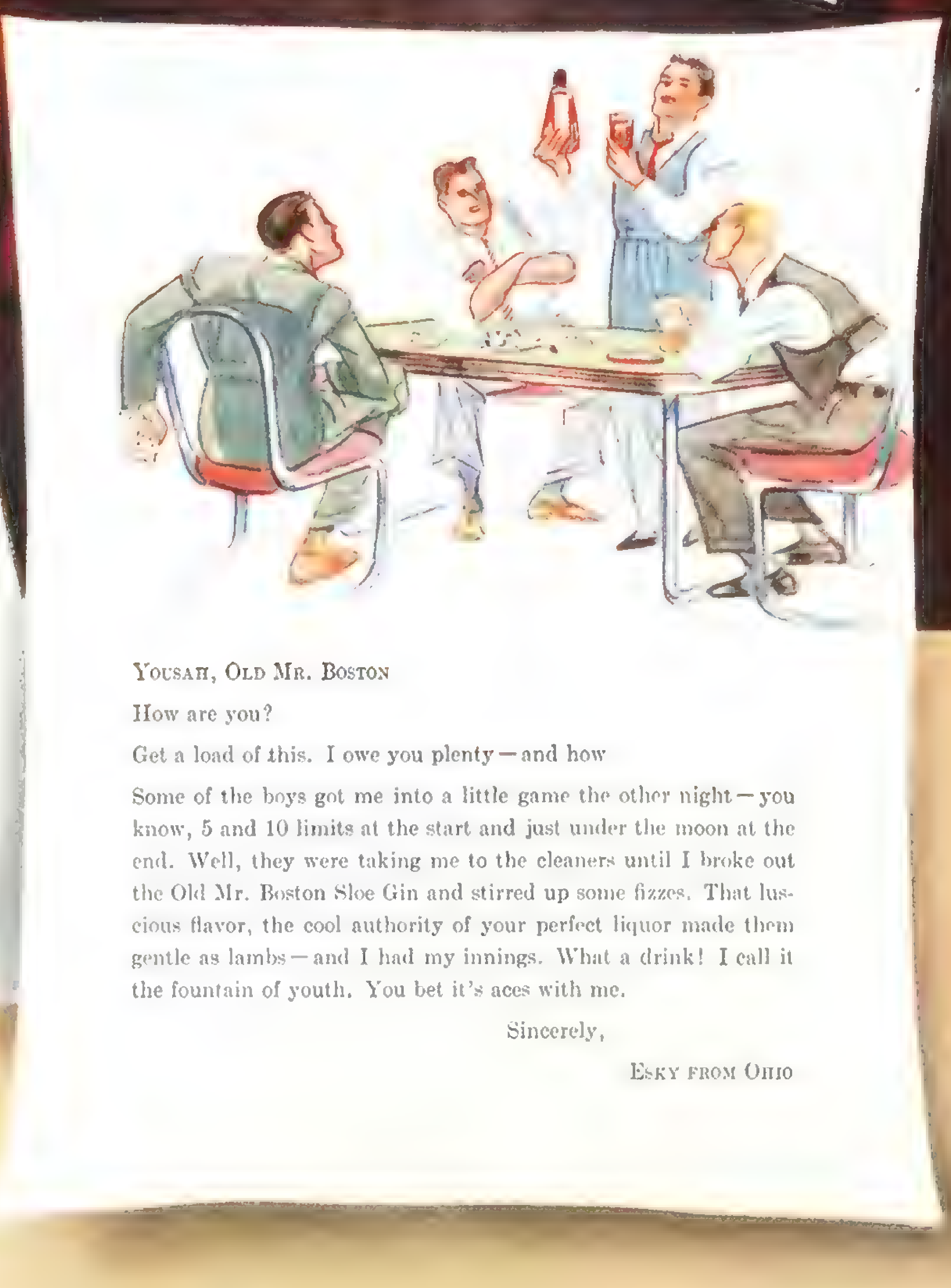
Dear Sir

Here's one to add to your fan mail.

Am I nuts about you! No, silly — not your sideburns or your jolly smile, but the rare, smooth flavor of your Old Mr Boston Whiskey. It *tastes* and *acts* expensive — but it isn't. And am I glad! What's more, it actually looks as though it cost four times as much. That's because of your Guest Decanters. They're simply grand. There's nothing I'd like better than a whole row of them on my sideboard. So here's to you . . . in the one whiskey I can enjoy drinking straight. (*Note:* And thanks, too, for the low price so I can buy my own copy of ESQUIRE instead of reading my Pop's.)

Love,

ESKYETTE OF OREGON



YOUSAH, OLD MR. BOSTON

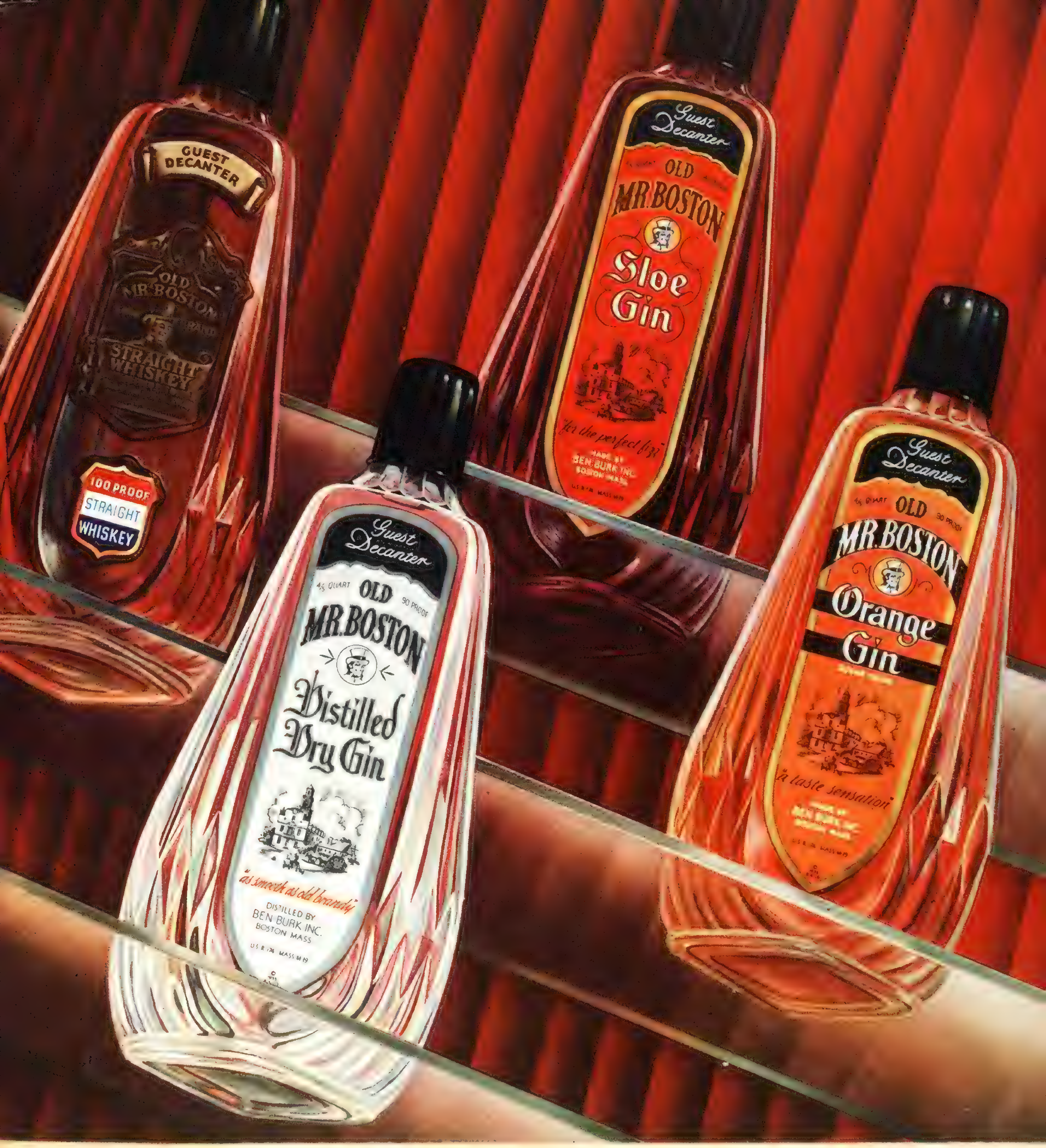
How are you?

Get a load of this. I owe you plenty — and how

Some of the boys got me into a little game the other night — you know, 5 and 10 limits at the start and just under the moon at the end. Well, they were taking me to the cleaners until I broke out the Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin and stirred up some fizzes. That luscious flavor, the cool authority of your perfect liquor made them gentle as lambs — and I had my innings. What a drink! I call it the fountain of youth. You bet it's aces with me.

Sincerely,

ESKY FROM OHIO


GUEST DECANTER
OLD MR. BOSTON
STRAIGHT WHISKEY
100 PROOF STRAIGHT WHISKEY
Guest Decanter
OLD MR. BOSTON
Sloe Gin
"for the perfect fizz"
MADE BY BEN BURK INC. BOSTON MASS.
Guest Decanter
4/5 QUART OLD 90 PROOF
MR. BOSTON
Distilled Dry Gin
"as smooth as old brandy"
DISTILLED BY BEN BURK INC. BOSTON MASS.
Guest Decanter
4/5 QUART OLD 90 PROOF
MR. BOSTON
Orange Gin
"a taste sensation"
MADE BY BEN BURK INC.

# DESIGN FOR ENTERTAINING

WHAT HO, Esquires and Esquirettes, whatever designs you may have on each other, be sure to entertain nobly . . . that is to say . . . with Old Mr. Boston . . . in the new *Guest Decanters* for utmost distinction.

By Esky's special permission we introduce four kindred spirits. *Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin*, America's smoothest gin-about-town . . . crystal clear . . . known by his famous slogan, "you can drink it straight." *Old Mr. Boston Orange Gin*, a warm-hearted blonde with a positive genius for making friends . . . flavorful . . . known as "a gleaming golden taste miracle." *Old Mr. Boston Whiskey*, a gentleman of the old school with lots of authority. A favorite of the taste experts. *Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin* . . . of the real Irish Sloe Berries, to be sure, but fast to be friendly. A cool chap at hot moments.

You don't need to take our word for it . . . the proof is *on* and *in* the bottles. Pardon us, Esky, for springing a new one, but re-al-ly—"The proof *is* high—the price *is* low." Hi-de-ho! Don't forget your friends—Old Mr. Boston in Guest Decanters.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
US
TRADE MARK
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

**SAFER** *Patented Centipede Grip provides hundreds of sharp flexible tread units that bite through slippery road film to solid footing and minimize forward skids. Exclusive "U. S." rib design makes you safer from side skids.*

**SMARTER** *Modern design matches the grace and beauty of today's cars. Air-lined simplicity, without ornateness, creates the well-groomed, trim appearance...that final touch of smartness to the tastefully appointed car.*

**EASIER RIDING** *New driving comfort—a silent, flowing ride that is noticeably smoother. No nerve-pounding jar or noisy, annoying tread slap just restful, quiet, sure-footed traction. Finger-tip steering.*

# *Drive* WITH A CONFIDENCE YOU'VE NEVER KNOWN BEFORE.. *Ride* WITH AN EASE THAT'S *ENTIRELY* NEW TO MOTORING!

## For a new era of safer motoring, "U. S." introduces this remarkable tire!

IN all the world there is no other tire to match the safety or the performance of the New U. S. Royal Master.

A *safer* tire has never been built. It permits straight-line emergency stops on wet, slippery pavements. It greatly reduces the danger of forward or lateral skidding.

Moreover, here is, we believe, more mileage than you have ever had from *any* tire...thousands of *extra* miles that make your tire investment a real economy.

It is a *super* tire, a *modern* tire—a *quality* tire in every sense. Further, it is a *beautiful* tire—a fitting compliment to the finest motor cars of today and tomorrow.

In short, the U. S. Royal Master is *the* tire—and the *only* tire—for the man or woman who refuses to be satisfied with anything less than the ultimate in design, in performance, and, yes, in economy. Demonstrations are now being made by U. S. Tire Dealers from coast to coast.

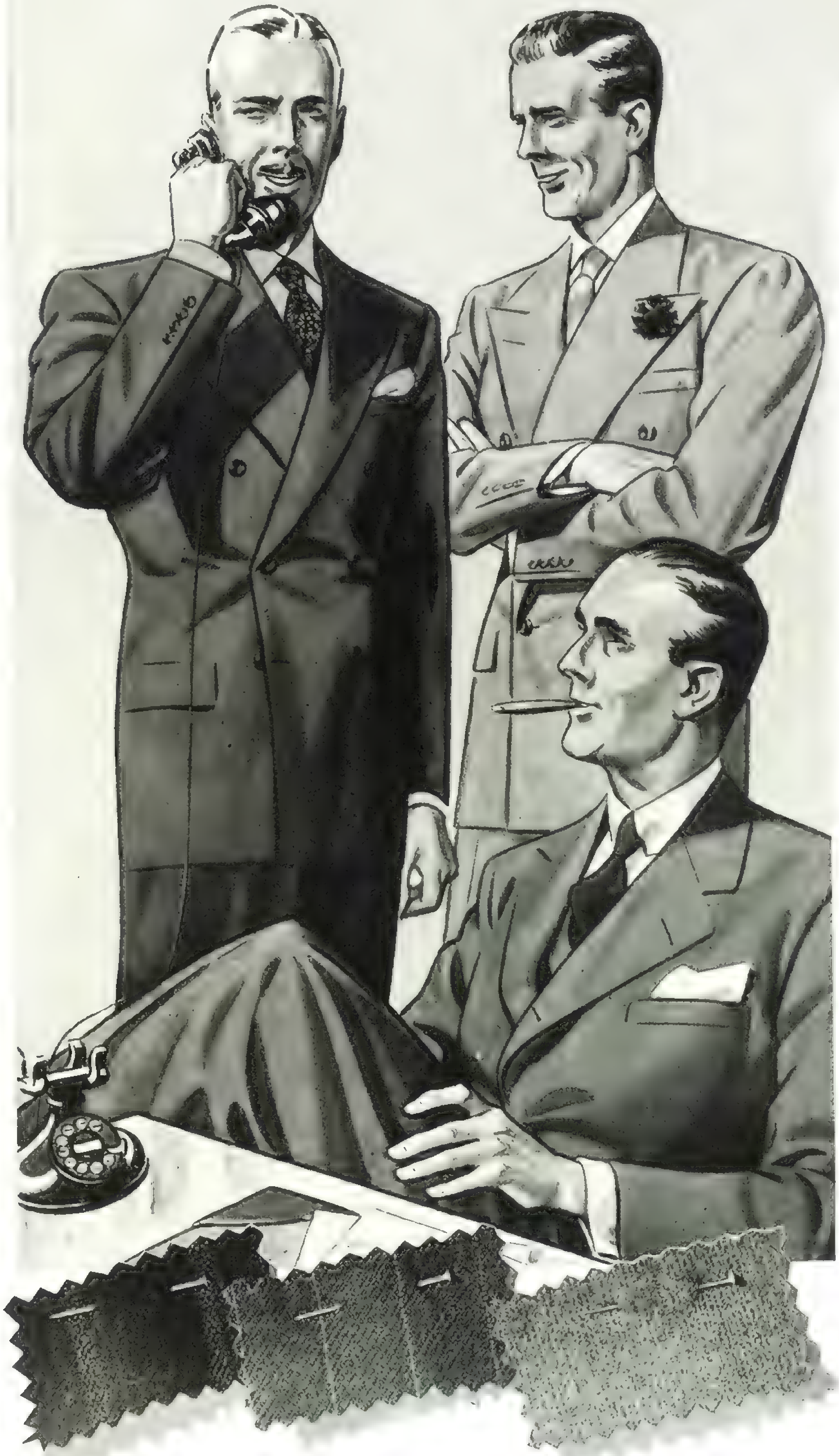
# *The New* U.S. ROYAL *Master*

**WITH CENTIPEDE GRIP**

UNITED STATES RUBBER PRODUCTS, INC.

IT'S EASIER TO WIN . . . WELL DRESSED

CONFIDENCE INSPIRES CONFIDENCE



Success in business, as in other phases of life, is mostly a matter of salesmanship. All day long, a man is kept busy selling something. It may be a piece of merchandise, a point of view, or, often enough, himself. . . .

Good grooming is the first essential of good selling. On that basis, Stein Bloch makes fine clothing only, for spring and summer as for fall and winter. . . . Worthy fabrics are selected from the fine wools of the world. Those fabrics are cut and tailored by high custom standards. Every detail is done well. Extra steps of hand needling are added, inside and out, to give the required air of quality and the certainty of service. Results are RIGHT.

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**ONCE WORN—ALWAYS WORN**

# PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

NEXT TIME YOU STEP OUT
STEP INTO THE NEW
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Bob Crosby and his orchestra . . . with Frank Tennill, Vera Van, and Ray Bauduc. Dinners from $1.75. Cover charge (after 10) 50¢, on Saturdays and Holiday Eves $1.

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CLIFFORD C. FISCHER'S
**FOLIES DE FEMMES**
says ROBERT BENCHLEY New Yorker
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*"Le Restaurant Par Excellence"*
CUISINE FRANCAISE
FAMOUS FOR "CHICKEN DIVAN" AND SPECIAL SALAD
Finest selection imported vintage wines
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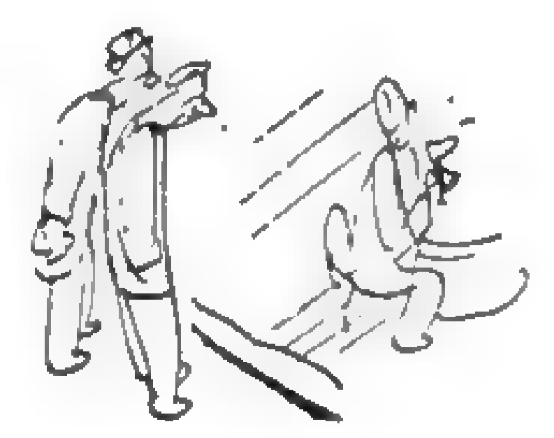
The Famous
**Keen's**
ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE
36th *Near* 6th

Josephine Baker who has been the toast (golden brown) of Europe these many moons, settles down in a home where late a young playwright dwelt. A writer, by the way, who made his fortune writing about life and love in a speakeasy. So there's some sort of ironic justice or something in seeing nature take its course. Mlle. Baker runs about the same kind of show she ran abroad. The place relies upon her vivacity and zest for living and her grade A knack for working, so that the customers can have a good time. One excellent band alternates with one not so good and during the evening there are turns of one sort or another. Doubtless by now Mlle. Baker will have corrected the fault of her opening night of having for support as sleazy a makeshift for choreography as we've ever seen. But perhaps the dance was arranged on the sound assumption that everyone is looking at Baker, anyway. Chez Baker, at 125 East 54th, is one of the handsomer places and caters to those who dress and have money to spend. But there is only one Josephine Baker, make no mistake about that.

If you turn your back these days some one is going to open up a new bar. We trotted down to the George Washington Hotel at Lexington Avenue and Twenty-third Street and sat behind the walls of glass brick sipping our champagne while the proletariat stood outside, its noses pressed against the windows. The place is garish although we are a sourpuss to mention anything that has such a good intent—the idea was modern. These examples of rugged individualism make us wish that there was a dictator, at least long enough to establish a tough art commission that would sit on all these things before they are put in place. They are going to be there a long time and unless right, the modern decor is pretty terrible. In summer the George Wash bar, though, should take on the aspect of a sidewalk cafe. We hope the eastsiders like it.



The Louis XIV Restaurant was opened in the French Building of the Rockefeller Center group and the whispering campaign is that the owners are ready for a long siege and hope to rival the Colony in food and prices. We haven't sampled the food as yet but sat in the Café and toyed with our drink while the designer tried to tell us of the merits of the earlier Louis. Personally we lean to the later ones and find the period, which was born in palaces, a little pretentious and dull in surroundings that are architecturally chichi. René Durand, famous for years for his places on Long Island, has charge of the food. We'll let you know about that later.

The meal of the month we encountered at Robert, 33 West 55th Street. For a good many years Robert has been catering to those who dine leisurely and he does not lack for clientele. We started off with the regular crab flake of the house and then went right into one of our favorites—duck roasted with oranges. There are several names for this for each kitchen claims the secret to the missing ingredient and tacks on an appelation of its own. Whatever they call it, the dish is fit for the fastidious. With the duck we managed a bottle of Corton, 1928 which has enough body to hold its own in such an affray. After a field salad and ice we came over the finish line with a cherry brandy, it seeming to go somehow with the orange on the duck.

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DINNER-DANCING
SUPPER-DANCING
ORVILLE KNAPP
with his orchestra
and
brilliant entertainment
THE
**WALDORF ASTORIA**
Park Ave. • 49th to 50th • New York

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Unique Cuisine
**CAVIAR RESTAURANT**
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Whether you visit or live in New York, if you are discriminating you will appreciate the privacy, convenience and distinction of
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Parlor suites with serving pantry and electric refrigeration, $10, $12 and $15 . . . Single rooms $5, $6 and $7 . . . Double, $8, $9 and $10. The Barclay, 111 East 48th Street, New York.

**THE BARCLAY BAR**
offers you a quiet haven where courteous service and fine liquors are featured. No extra charge for room service from bar or restaurant.

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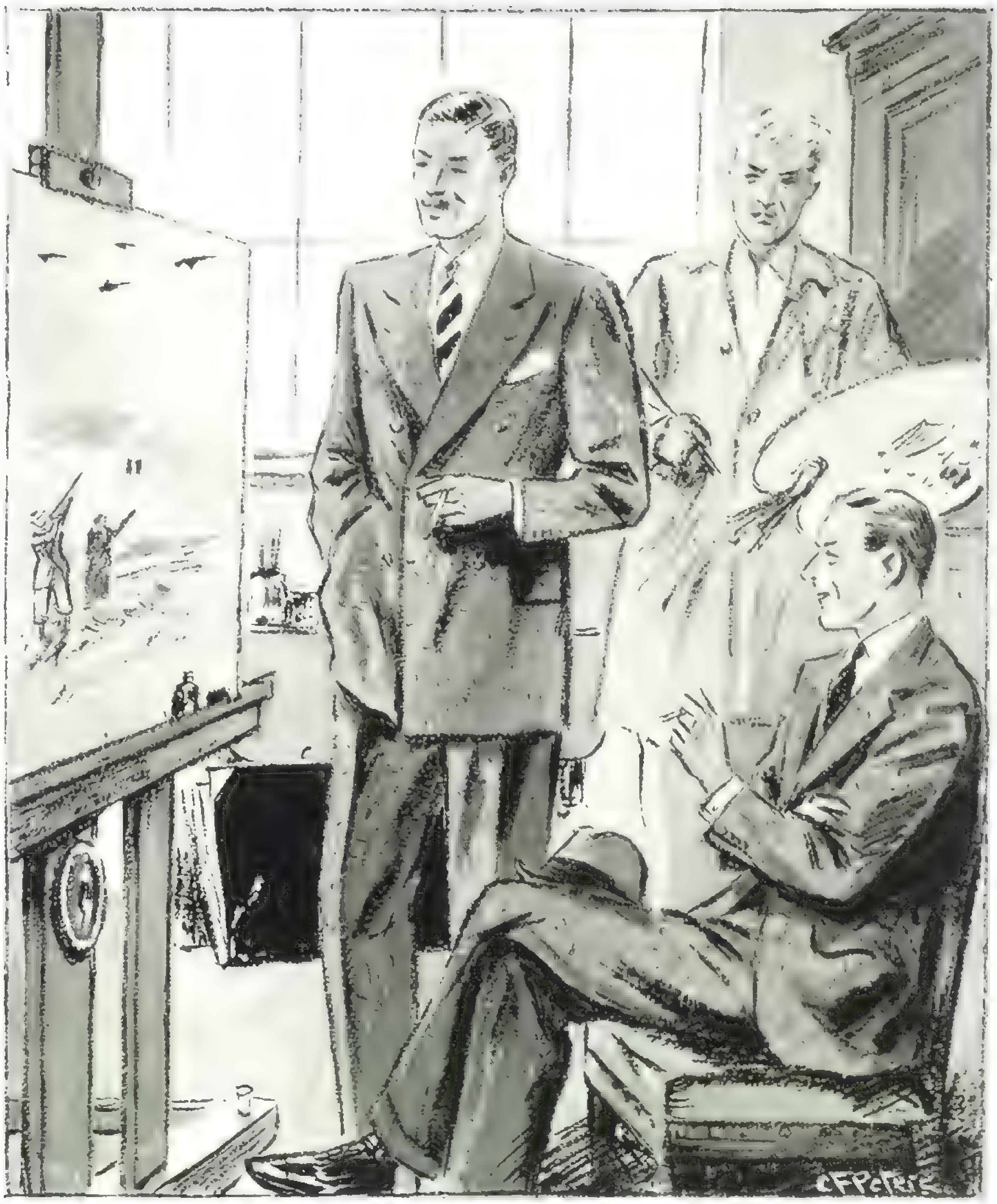

*Fine Suits . . . . .*

**AND AN IDEA BORROWED FROM BIRDS**

The soft colorings in the feathers of pheasants inspired our fabric designers when they conceived the group of suitings we call "Pheasant Shades." There are delicate browns and grays, some with subdued overplaids in the newest manner giving an appealing though conservative effect. These suits are made single or double breasted, have the individual touch of our master-designer and are all hand-tailored in our own workrooms.

DRESS CHART
*"What to wear and when to wear it."*
Write for your complimentary copy

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# PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

Promenaders Find Perfection in Old New York's Most Popular Sidewalk Cafe . . Adjoining the World Famous Amen Corner Bar and Grill . . Luncheon 85c . . Cardinal Plate Dinner $1.25 . . Dinner de Luxe $1.75 . . Supper a la Carte. Owner: Morris White Properties Corp. Direction: James J. Carey

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AT THE STORK CLUB
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**RHUM SARTHE**
Famous HAITIAN Rum
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ONE CLASS, RUN-OF-THE-SHIP
$167 AND UP
Tourist Class
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ARNOLD BERNSTEIN ★ RED STAR LINE
17 Battery Place, New York City

While in the foreign sector we'd like to jump you up to the other end of town to meet Senor Magamoros who runs the Tower at 58 West 109th Street. This is another of those small places, tables for eight or ten at the most, where the boss does the cooking with the aid of his wife. The food is Mexican but true cooking and not out of cans. The turkey or chicken mole' is a delight and an experience. Then you can always get tortillas and enchilladas and con carne if you like. They have a good Spanish wine to go with the meal and if you're strong and venturesome, try a tequila before. This carries a little ritual, for fire protection, not for Emily Post. You put a dash of salt on your tongue, rub your lips with lemon, and then shoot it down. That way it doesn't ignite until it is safely inside.

After a month of Town Painting we go into the shop for repairs before we can start out again. One of the best spots for this we have found is Balyea's Dickens Room at 20 East Ninth Street. It is a tea room of a sort, upstairs, but the vegetable plate is a soothing antidote to be recommended. They were handing out glasses of wine to stimulate trade, when we were there. A laudable custom but a better wine would have been wiser. This was too much on the barberra side and brackish . . . Speaking of encouraging wines, we have a letter from the maestro, Julian Street, who is trying to lift the torch in Tucson, Arizona. He says he is making them wine-conscious out there, calls our attention to the St. Regis list which is authentic and fairly priced and, anent our following him to the Mascotte, asks us to try the pea soup as made by Charles Scotto at Pierre's. Scotto, Street believes, is the finest cook in America . . . Places revisited usually have a reason. We tried again the Gripsholm on East 57th Street and liked it as much as formerly. We tried a new entry to their wine cellar, a Pommard of 1926, that was very cheering . . . The Stork Club seems to hit every one the same way, as its patrons remain steady and true. Billingsley has a bad habit of giving automobiles or hundred dollar bills away of a Sunday night, but no one seems to mind that. His little gift of gardenias to the ladies is also another custom that must make the brass cuspidors turn over in their graves of sawdust. The Rainbow Room will take on a little heavier traffic as the tourist months roll around. No out-of-town uncle or aunt is permitted to miss that if they have dress clothes. If Pa didn't bring his, then you can go to the Grill which is almost as much fun, though not as much swank. Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Band finally replaced the everlasting Ray Noble in the Rainbow Room while Nano Rodrigo supplies the Cuban rhythms.

The Russian Eagle, where in the days following the war the Grand Dukes (and who wasn't one then) were accustomed to weep in their borsch for their dear lost country, has come back to roost. This time it is in the basement of the Sherry-Netherlands, still run by its founder, General Thomas A. Lodijensky. The atmosphere is correct, the place popular and the food excellent.

Theodore Titze has been known around town for these many years: Finally he has decided that he would like to cater to the special tastes, alone, and has come to rest at 2 East 56th Street. It is all in the French manner, from decor to stringed orchestra and food for the discerning. You will have to go far to find better food. We sampled the *pot au feu*, followed with frogs' legs disguised, we think by a milk *bechamel*, then a variety of *poulet Marengo* field salad and crepe suzettes. Washed down by a Rhine wine of 1925, it was all very soothing.

The New Mode
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Madison Avenue at 43rd Street
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**DWIGHT FISKE**
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HEINEKEN'S *Imported* HOLLAND BEER
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IMPORTED BY
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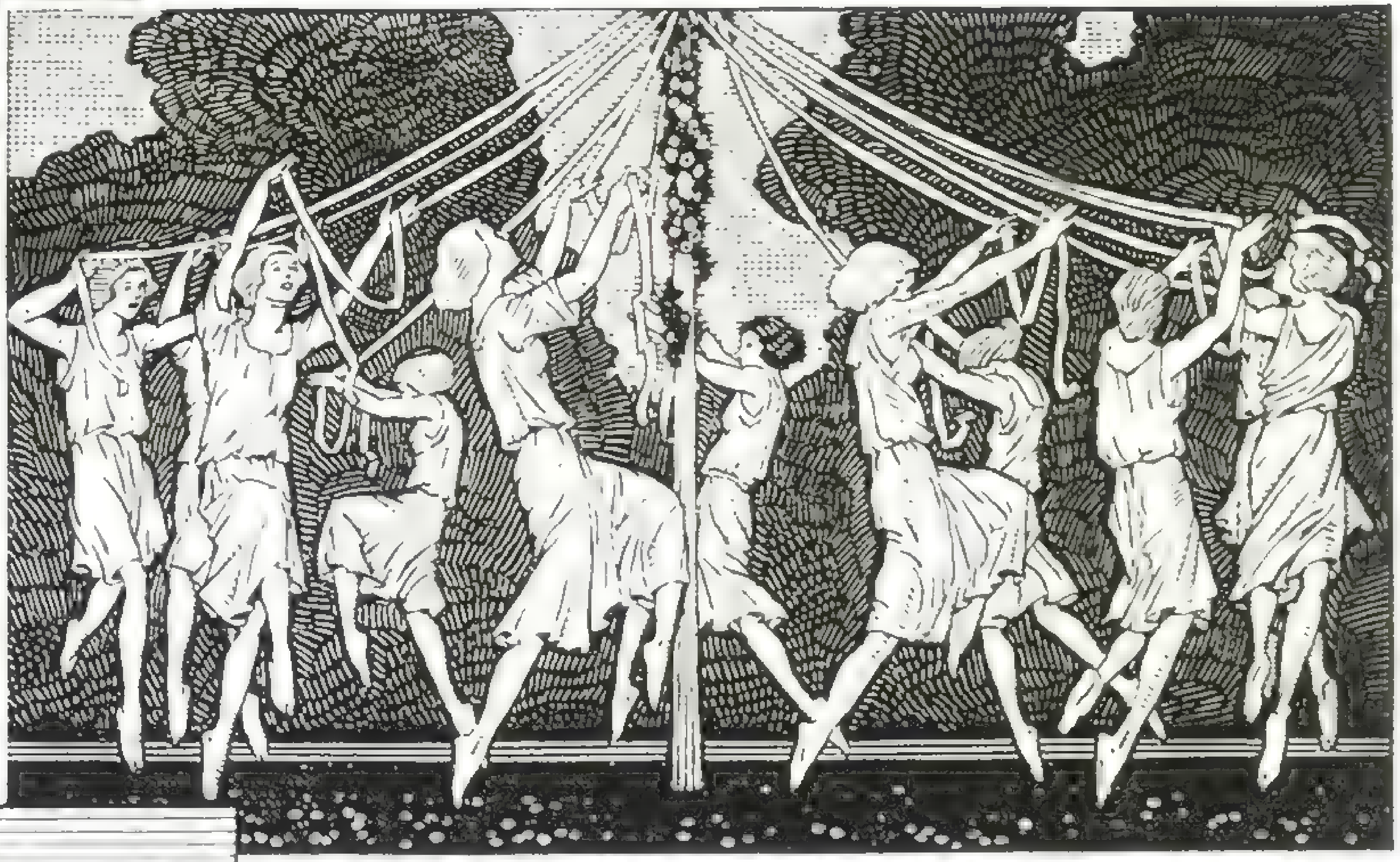
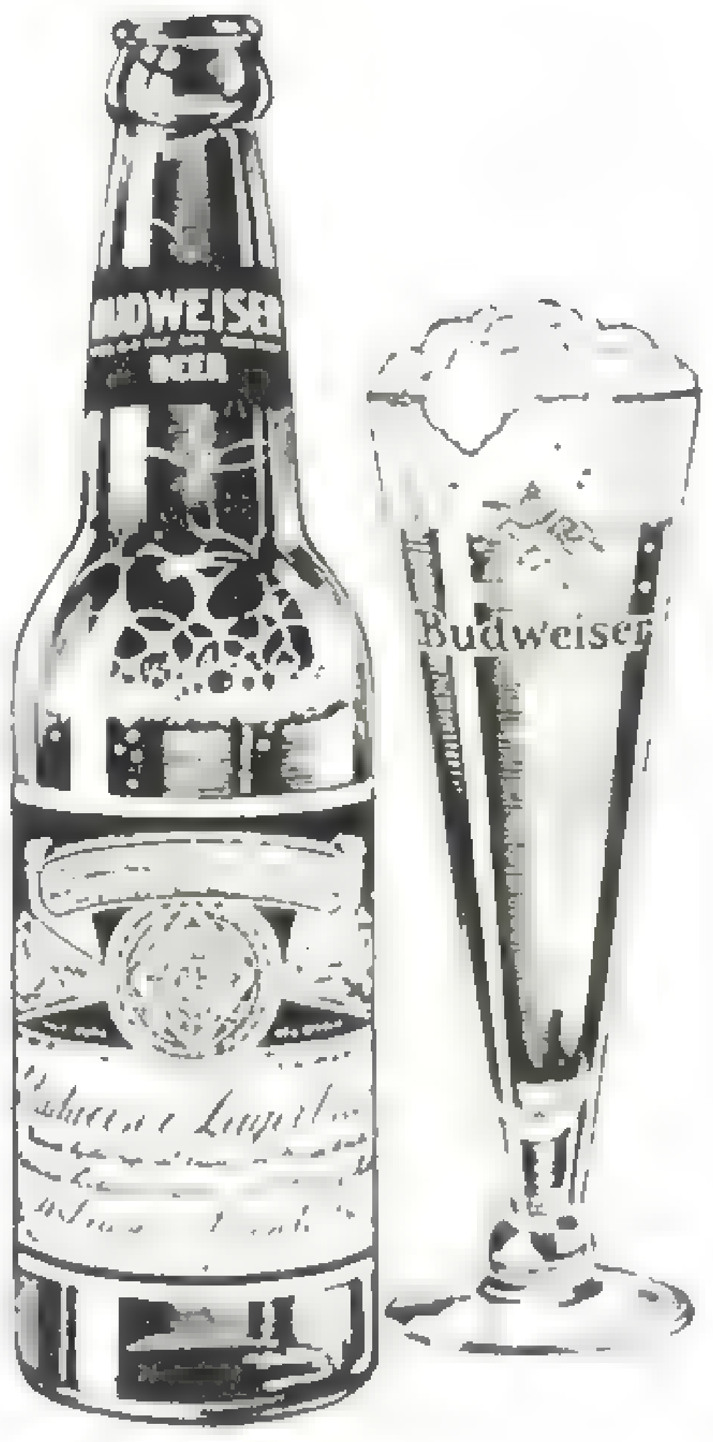
# Imagine washing your face for 36 hours!

*Soak . . . scrub . . . bubble and churn*—36 hours of it! That's what happens to every bit of barley used in brewing Budweiser. And in water that is constantly "washed" with compressed air. All this on top of a thorough vacuum-cleaning! When ready for malting, the outside or "face" of every barley grain is absolutely clean. So it goes at every step of the Budweiser process—cleanliness always . . . scrupulous cleanliness. Small wonder that every bottle of Budweiser you drink lives up to Budweiser's world-wide reputation for purity, healthfulness and uniformity.



*Believe it or not,* one of the by-products in brewing Budweiser is birdseed. Sunflower seeds, for example. Parrots love them . . . but they won't make good beer. Such seeds naturally become mixed with barley in the open field, but ingenious mechanical separators in the Home of Budweiser capture and banish every one of them. Result—pure ingredients, pure beer, pure goodness!



*It's always fair weather*—even springtime—in the Home of Budweiser. It has to be to make the kind of barley malt that the Budweiser formula demands. So with gusts of warm air forced through a man-made rainstorm we create the kind of spring weather that best coaxes the barley to sprout—the first big step in malting. We make all our own malt . . . controlling every step . . . never buying in the open market.

**Order a carton for your home—NO DEPOSIT REQUIRED—Be prepared to entertain your guests.**

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*Only* **Budweiser**
TASTES LIKE BUDWEISER

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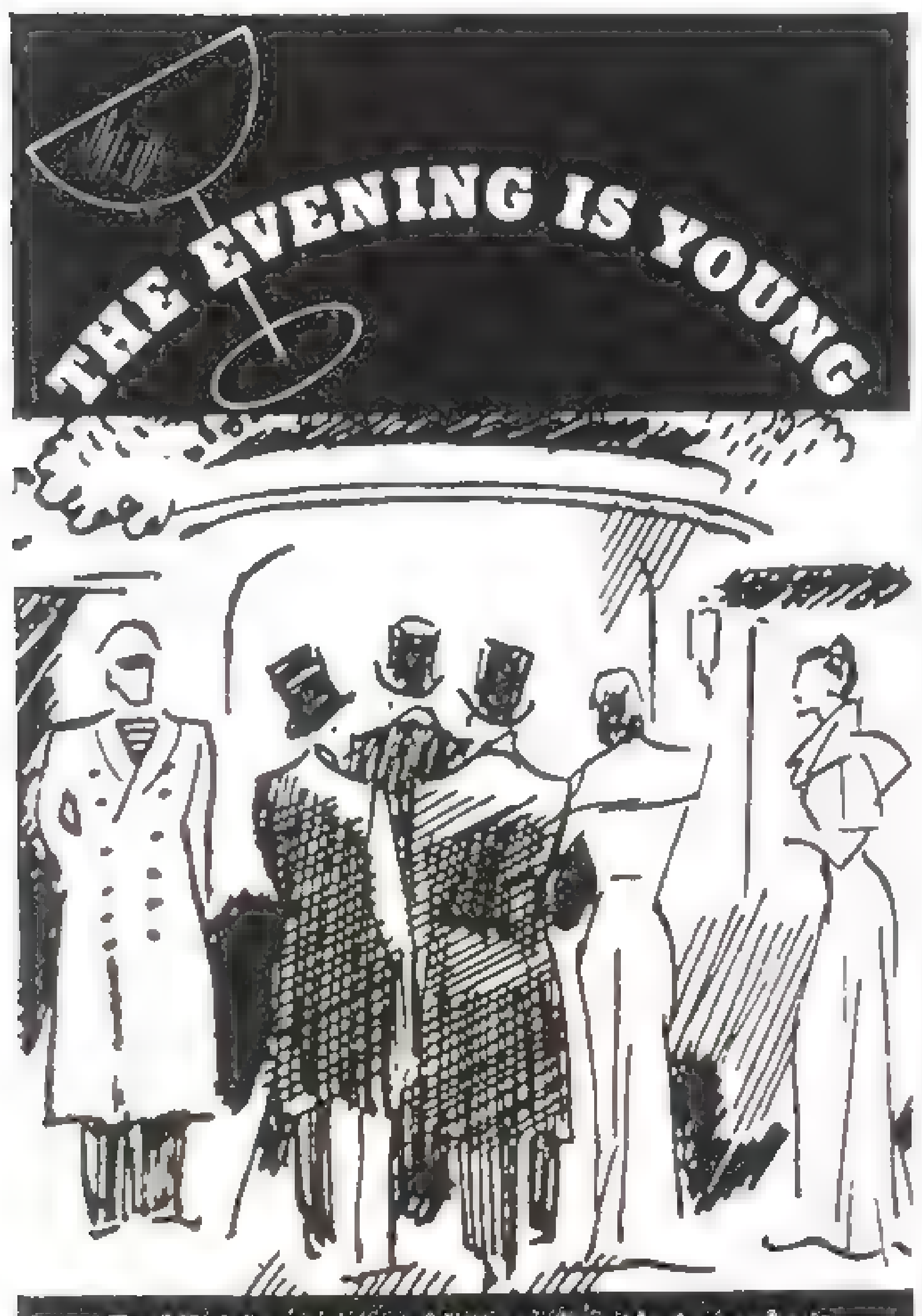

Tall glasses glitter in the quiet light on tables for two, tables for four. Talk is vivacious . . . against a bright counter-point of songs by the Three Musical Rogues. The evening is young at Cafe Essex . . . come and enjoy yourselves.
Dinner in the Teakwood Room from $1.50. Luncheon from $1.00, with entertainment by the Three Musical Rogues.
ESSEX HOUSE
OSCAR WINTRAB, Managing Director
160 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, N.Y.
Single rooms from $4 Double from $6
Banquet facilities for 50 to 700 people

If you are on the Mohawk Trail this summer be sure to look out for the Butter Cup Hill Tea Room, just outside of Fitchburg. Even if you can't afford to eat there, the place merits your attention as a social sign-post in Americana. The thing marks the meeting of the two strongest forces in America—the machine and the tea shoppe, and here you will see what happens when strong forces come together and neither will budge. Charlene Baker, just out of the Boston Conservatory, bent on an operatic career, started the place with a couple of tables and a spinning wheel, the required equipment for any roadside shoppe. The place now occupies acres; each room is in a different color, achieving the dream of every woman who likes things to match. Even the canary birds in the lavender room were dyed mauve the day we were around. The shoppe motif has multiplied itself at the same rate as the practical side and for every spinning wheel or cobblers bench there is a new stove. We counted thirty-four cooks and enough equipment to run an average New York hotel. One room holds a series of ice chests to hold the lobster and fish, rushed over daily from Boston, and the fowl from all over. The food is about the best in America, what it lacks in the continental touch being made up by the home-made skill. But the prices are proportionate so don't stop unless you are accustomed to expensive eating.

Speaking of food, one of the few American institutions still extant is Keen's Chop House, 72 West Thirty-sixth Street. The town and the theatre have moved away, so the dinner customers are those who come back for nostalgic or gustatory reasons. The specialty of the house is the so-called English mutton chop, a little bit that comes to you about eight inches long and four inches wide. This is a meal for four but, with a baked potato, is supposed to be downed by one diner at a sitting. Bewildered proprietors from Simpson's and other London restaurants write over to ask the manager just what is an English mutton chop that their returning countrymen are demanding. It takes the old dears a long time to realize that they can't get one at home. Keen's still has as many pipes as in the days when it was the green room for the Garrick Theatre on Thirty-fifth Street and the patina deepens with time. After the chop, try a little Stilton cheese with port, if you don't care about your figure.

Anna Held has established her rustic farm yard in a neighborhood that needs good restaurants. Just below Fifty-second Street, on First Avenue, it caters to the East River crowd, running along from dinner to the late comers who are given a bit of a show. Meantime an excellent small ensemble plays the old-time airs. It is a bit quaint but the food is good and that is a great deal these days.

We first came across the Bat when Luigi Pirandello came to town and the savants gave him a banquet at a place befitting his stature. Since then, man and boy, we've made many pilgrimages to the little cellar at 138 MacDougal Street, just below the Square. You will not be impressed by the decor nor the general set-up, but wait until you have tried the spinach soup, spaghetti with clams and the veal chop parmesan. This latter is prepared by Felix Santenelli, the boss, or Senora Santenelli and it takes some time. If you wish, you can stroll to the kitchen and see it prepared. Then there are a lot of native dishes that you do not come across in the table d'hote places; the Bat is not to be confused with any of that ilk.

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THE DE MARCOS
America's Foremost Dancers
EDDY DUCHIN
and his unrivalled orchestra
appearing at Dinner and Supper
and on Sunday at Dinner and
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new JUBILEE EDITION
CHAUVE SOURIS
TWICE NIGHTLY-at DINNER and AFTER-THEATRE
CONTINENTAL ROOM
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Dinner de luxe $2
No cover charge ever
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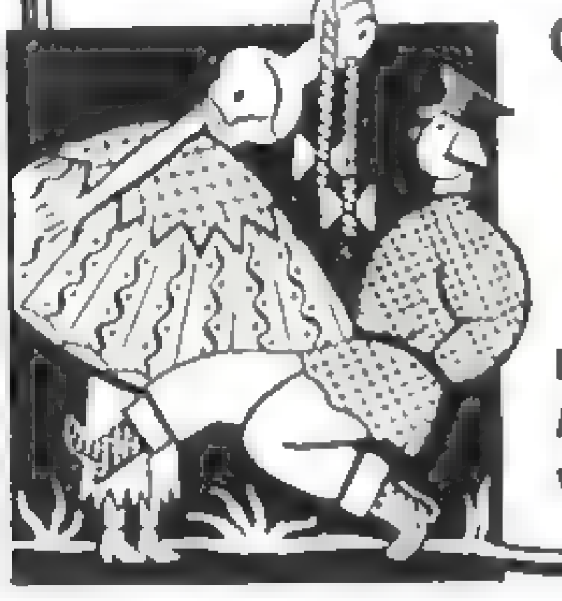

Where Russian Society Meets
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BLINI – CAVIAR
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The CAUCASIAN EAGLE
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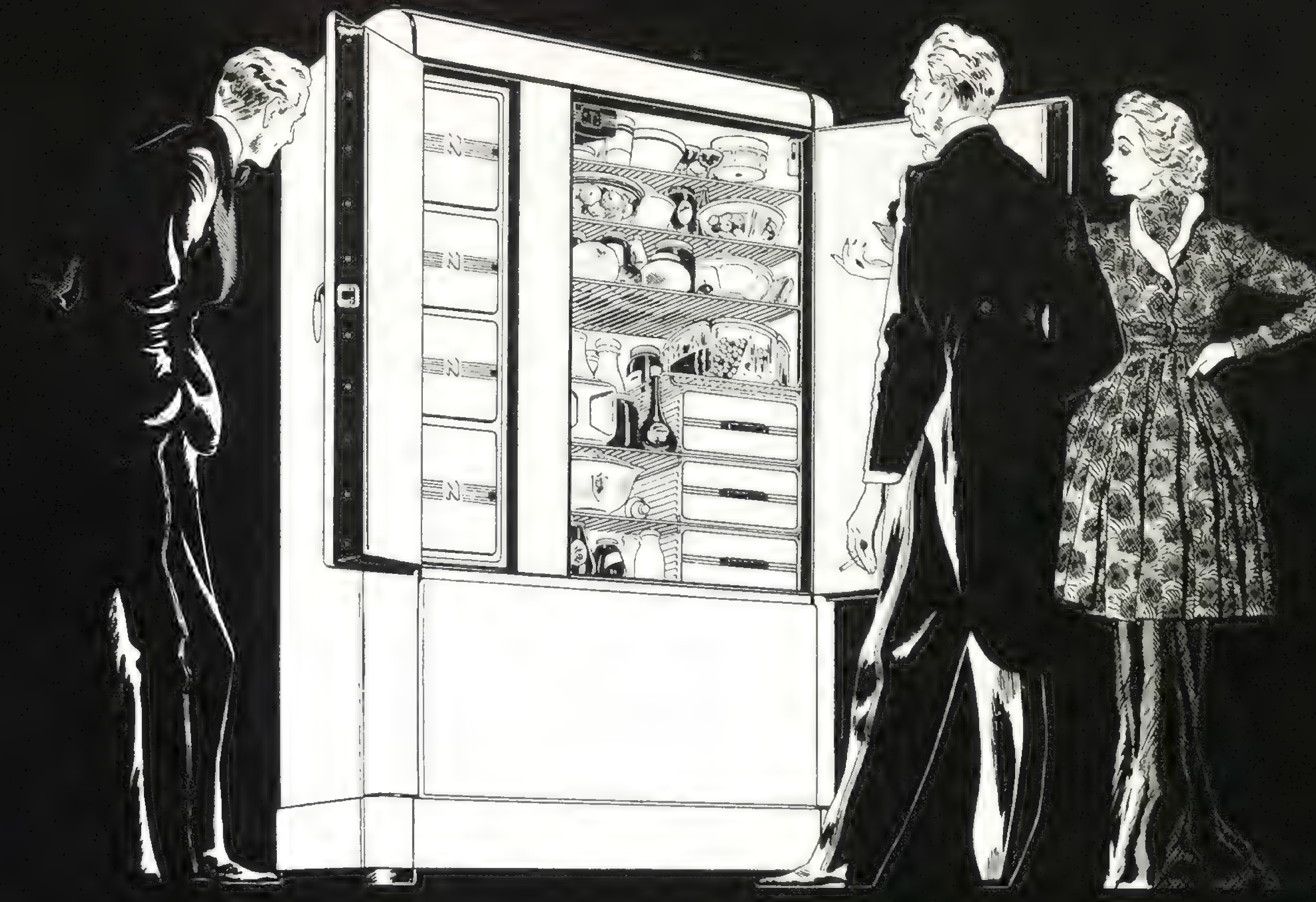


# $28\frac{31}{32}$ by $50\frac{3}{16}$

When you've finished reading this interesting piece of news—you'll want the figures—so here they are: $28\frac{31}{32}$ x $50\frac{3}{16}$.

And now we'd like to take you for a little excursion—out into your kitchen—and as we stand before that heirloom that was such a source of pride in 1926—or 24—or 22, tell you what has happened in 1936.

We have built a Kelvinator particularly for those who were the pioneer purchasers of electric refrigerators, and once you've seen it, we think you'll want to pioneer again.

To begin with—the cabinet was designed with the help of Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky and is so good looking and practical it makes the old cabinets nothing short of funny.

Hurrying inside, which you won't want to do, we find drawers and dishes and sliding shelves that hold everything you could ever want to keep cold, without an inch of wasted space. There's even a specially designed pitcher for cooling drinking water and fruit juices.

The air inside the food compartment is moist. It's kept in constant circulation. It's purified and deodorized. Onions and butter can be playmates and nobody will ever know. And the temperature is always 43 degrees, verified by a Built-In Thermometer.

Behind aluminum doors are the freezing sections, where 280 big ice cubes are waiting in flexible rubber grids, ready to spring out without effort or delay or loss. And here also are the cold storage compartments for frozen foods, poultry, game and desserts.

This is only a glimpse of Kelvinator De Luxe. Besides its convenience and utility, it excels in other ways. Its Certified Low Cost of Operation will save you money, and there's a 5-year Protection Plan that assures its dependability.

And now about the figures: $28\frac{31}{32}$ by $50\frac{3}{16}$ inches is the floor space it will occupy in your kitchen, and you may as well find out now whether it would fit in or whether you'll have to be satisfied with one of three smaller sizes of Kelvinator De Luxe.

• • • •

Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Mich. Factories also in London, Ontario, and London, England.

*Kelvinator De Luxe* **BUILT FOR CONNOISSEURS OF REFRIGERATION**

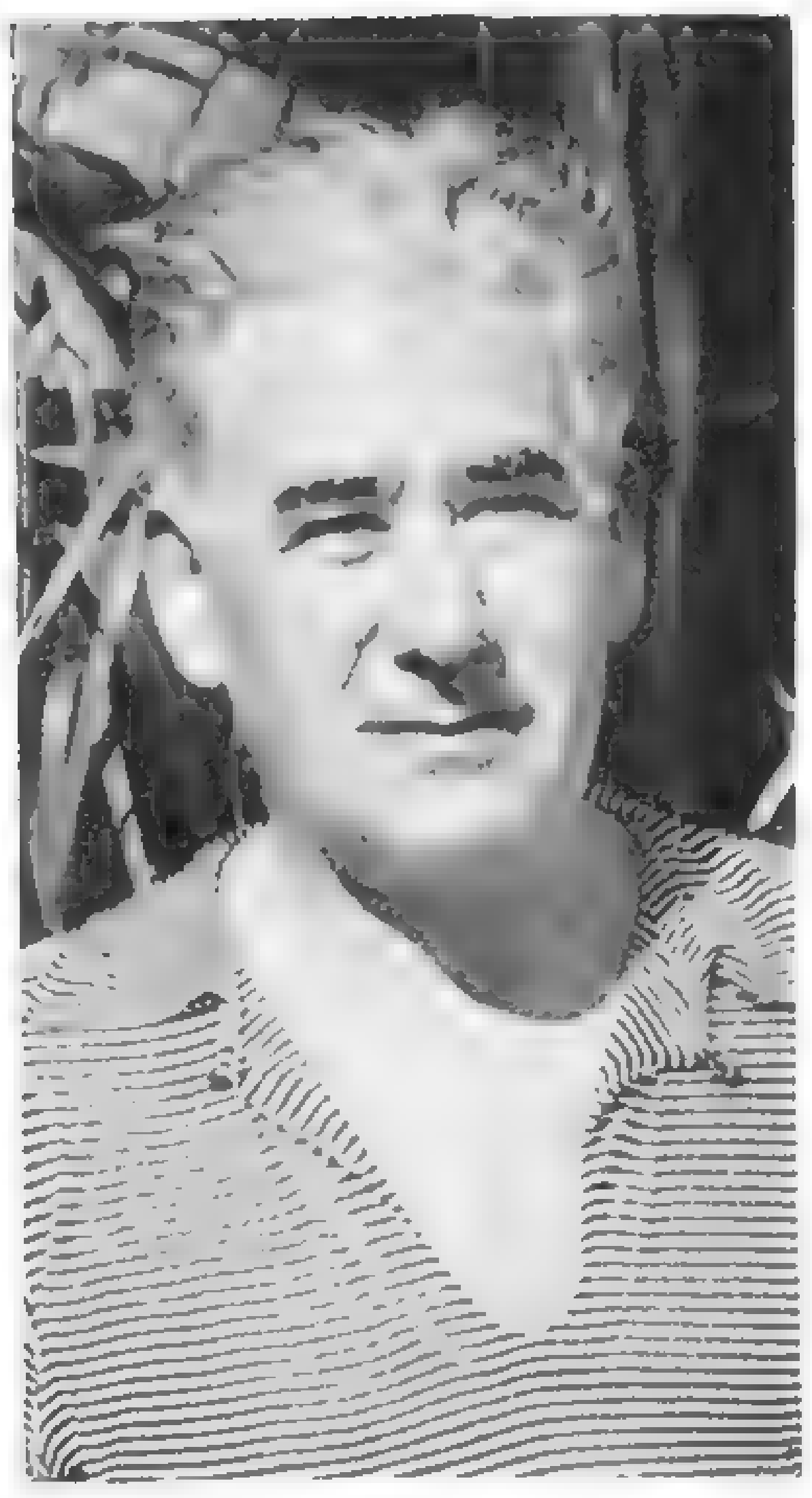
# BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

•

**Dr. Alfred Adler**, who is best known as a psychiatrist, is also one of the great physicians of his times. For years he specialized in defective organs, and the compensation made by defective organs led to his discovering that the human mind must also compensate for its difficulties. He originated "Individual Psychology"—the study of the individual as an entity or indivisible unit, answering to its environment. His article, *Love Is a Recent Invention*, is on page 56. Among his books are: *Understanding Human Nature, The Practice and Theory of Individual Psychology*, and *The Case of Miss R.*

•

Johnny Noble



Jed Kiley

Roger Bourland

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**T. Howard Kelly** (*Going Native, American Plan*, page 66) has been going native in the Barrier Islands, on islands off the Maine coast, in the northwoods of Canada, and Africa, since returning from the war in 1919. He has organized the Amelia Island Pirate Treasure Expedition with John Charles Thomas and some other people. The object of this expedition is to search Amelia Island for buried treasure believed cached there by Captain Kidd and Louis Aury. Five yachts will comprise the expedition. He is the author of *American Battle Sectors Today*, and is now working on a long autobiographical novel.

•

**Johnny Noble** (*Cable Spinner*, page 96) is twenty-two years old, a junior at the University of California, and covers the U. C. campus for the *Oakland Tribune*. Last summer, needing money to continue his education, he took a job as cable spinner on the Oakland-San Francisco Bay bridge. This is his first appearance in any magazine.

•

**William J. Schaldach** (*What Makes a Flycaster?* page 95, and *Five Game Fish*, page 94) is known chiefly as a painter and etcher. He says that his avocation is angling and upland gunning, that he likes to paint landscape when the trout are not rising, and is a slave to canvas, brushes and copper plate; that is on rainy days and when the season is closed. He has written magazine articles for a number of years and was at one time managing editor of the old *Forest and Stream* and later an associate editor.

•

**J. D. Ratcliff** (*Hell Bent for Earth*, page 71) says: "After attending Massachusetts Institute of Technology and West Virginia University and getting an engineering degree I did my best to forget all about it. I worked on a trans-Atlantic steamer, two newspapers, one press association, one allegedly humorous weekly, two weekly news magazines. At present I am on the editorial staff of *News-Week*."

•

**George Petty**, whose beautiful gals seem to have the whole country agog, is the exemplification of decorum. His wife, whom he affectionately calls "Mama," keeps track of his engagements, and often suggests ideas for his cartoons. He prefers his daughter, Marjorie, to any other model. She has a knack for striking poses, he says. Besides, she draws very well, and often helps by making the first rough sketches. He likes to hunt with his son, George, Jr., and spends a lot of time at his hunting lodge near Hayward, Wisconsin.

George Petty

**Jed Kiley** (*The Tale of Three Cities*, page 105) doesn't like writing, and writes only when broke. He says: "Born 'Gerald Kiley' in Chicago. Attended De Paul and University of Wisconsin. Never graduated from nothing. Started writing at age of thirteen and wrote better then than now. Made newspaper history when sent as a reporter with Charles MacArthur to cover departure of troops for Mexican border. We both enlisted and returned to *Examiner* office in army uniforms and made concerted offensive on city editor. Hearst retaliated by paying the "patriotic" reporters full salaries while we were away. Fired from *Examiner* upon return and went to work on *Tribune*. Left to drive American Ambulance with French Army. No medals. After Armistice decided to make short stay in Paris. Stayed twelve years. Started American ice cream sodas and factory in Paris. Business melted—could not change French habits. Took the hint and opened American night club in Montmartre with no ice cream on sale. Former Prince of Wales came to club—liked it, and place was made. Sold out and accepted invitation to accompany former Prince of Wales to Deauville. Played baccarat jointly with Prince and lost entire roll in one week. Returned to writing and helped edit *Paris Boulevardier*—satirical society mag that went over big until Americans deserted Paris. Got abducted from Paris by Hollywood—contract to write scenarios for Universal Studios. Stayed in Hollywood three years but could not learn the language. Wintering in Miami now. Still more or less of a bachelor but weakening. Open to offers."

•

**Nard Jones** (*Protest At Thirty*, page 74) was born in Seattle, and lives there now. He says: "I did *Protest At Thirty* because I got tired of hearing Gentlemen in Pique-lined Waistcoats worrying about what was going to happen to them; of Chaps Who Had Been in the War yelling for a bonus; and of Young Fellahs Without Hats wondering what they were going to do now. If there was any bellyaching to be done I saw no reason why we who are perched damned precariously between thirty and thirty-five shouldn't get in on it. It occurred to me that perhaps, after all, *we* were the real Lost Generation."

•

**Cyrus McCormick** (*The Alhambra Mirador*, page 90) graduated from Princeton in 1912 and from Oxford in 1914. Aside from having been Vice-President of the International Harvester Company, he has written many technical articles on manufacturing and industrial relations for various magazines.

•

**Wilfred J. Funk** (*Mr. Bacchus Spends the Day*, page 120) was born in Brooklyn, the son of Isaac Kauffman Funk, an American editor, clergyman and publisher. He graduated from Princeton in 1909 and started his business career with Funk and Wagnalls, of which he is now president. He is the author of *Manhattans, Bronxes and Queens*, a collection of verse.

•

**Arthur Davison Ficke** is probably the world's most versatile writer. He is the only person who has crashed four of Esquire's departments (fiction, satire, articles and poetry) and while he is resting, he paints. *Lake Chapala*, page 88, is part of a longer poem.

**Roger Bourland** (*The Burgoomaster*, page 80) was born in Kentucky twenty-nine years ago. Since graduation from Columbia University he has been in the advertising business—first in Massachusetts, then in New York, and now in Lexington, Kentucky. He wants it known that he is NOT a Kentucky Colonel.

•

**E. A. Piller** (*What's a Dime?*, page 99) says: "I'm 28—an advertising space salesman who has been writing sales letters and promotion pieces for about eight years and prefers to write something people might *want* to read. Born in Boston, went to school for awhile in Virginia, lives in New York."

•

**Frederick H. Edwards** (*The Diagnosis*, page 68) is our **Discovery of the Month**, since his first published fiction appears in Esquire. Until now his writing has been confined to scientific and historical articles, and apparently he feels sheepish about the frivolous turn it has taken, because he refused to give us his picture, or his right name.

•

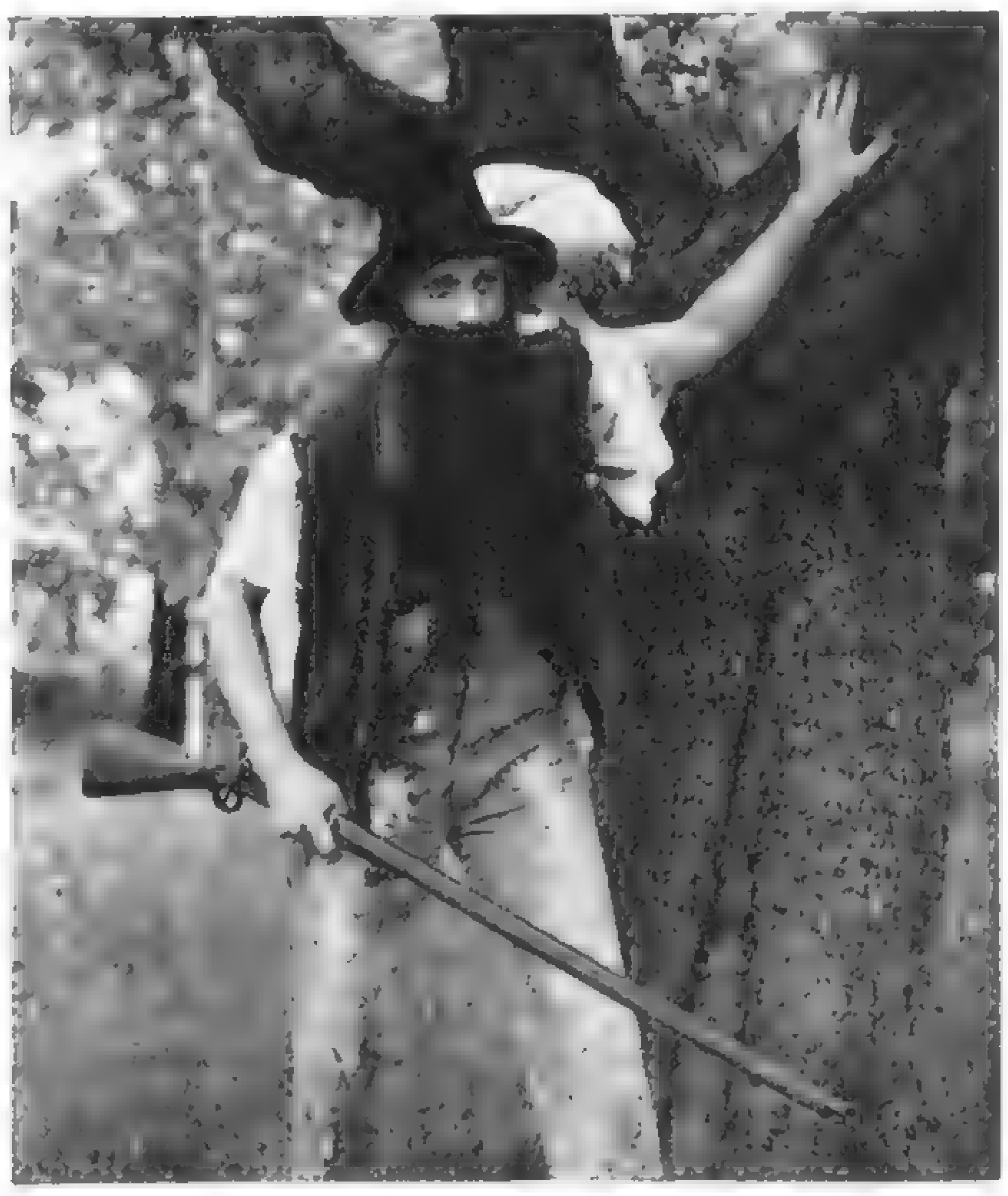
**Ross Finlayson** (*co-author of Reeds and Wind*, page 119) was born in Des Moines, attended Drake and Iowa Universities, lives in California, has never been east of the Mississippi, and doesn't care. When he was eight he wrote a book called *Poems, Prose and Other Things* but can't imagine what the other things could have been.

•

**John Groth**, ardent communist, was married last March to Alexandra Markoff, Russian Royalist.

•

Gawd-a-mighty, if it ain't **Paul Webb**, that old hill-billy from New Canaan, Connecticut. Those sparrows had better look smart, because when Paul shoots, he shoots to kill.



Paul Webb

# TREASURE WITHOUT END

INSURED BY SEAGRAM'S ACTIVITY IN AMERICA

*Millions of Gallons Ready Now – Millions of Gallons Aging*
*Millions of Gallons in the Making*

WITH most treasures — the more that is taken away — the less you have left. But this is not true with Seagram's. The reason is Seagram's great American building program. Seven million dollars has been expended by Seagram for plants in America. Two huge distilleries — at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, and at Baltimore, Maryland — have been in operation since Repeal. A third large modern distillery is nearing completion at Louisville, Kentucky. Over 23 thermostatically controlled and air-conditioned maturing warehouses have been erected.

This program is the key point in assuring for Seagram's a supply of rare whiskies that is literally *treasure without end.*

### A Treasure Ready

As you know, the House of Seagram holds millions of gallons of rare whiskies — aged and ready for use. These stocks were distilled in Canada before Repeal, according to the best American tradition, to suit American taste, supervised by American experts. Today they have reached full maturity — ready for you *now without waiting.*

### A Treasure Aging

In addition every week and every year — more and more Seagram Whiskies are "Coming of Age." Millions of gallons are now maturing in charred oak casks in both Canadian and American warehouses. Millions of gallons have been produced in Seagram's American Plants.

### A Treasure in the Making

In modern distilleries at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, at Baltimore, Maryland and now at Louisville, Kentucky, Seagram is making fine rye and Bourbon whiskey — and storing it away for *"Time to Work its Wonders."* Thus Seagram's supply of fine whiskies remains . . . steady, continuous, unchanging. Thus the Seagram treasure is actually *treasure without end.*

Now, and in years to come, when you "Say Seagram's" you can be sure of whiskies that are *finer* — whiskies that *taste better.*

Say **Seagram's** and be Sure

*PRODUCTS OF LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA:*
Seagram's Five and Seven Crown Blended Whiskies Seagram's Gins

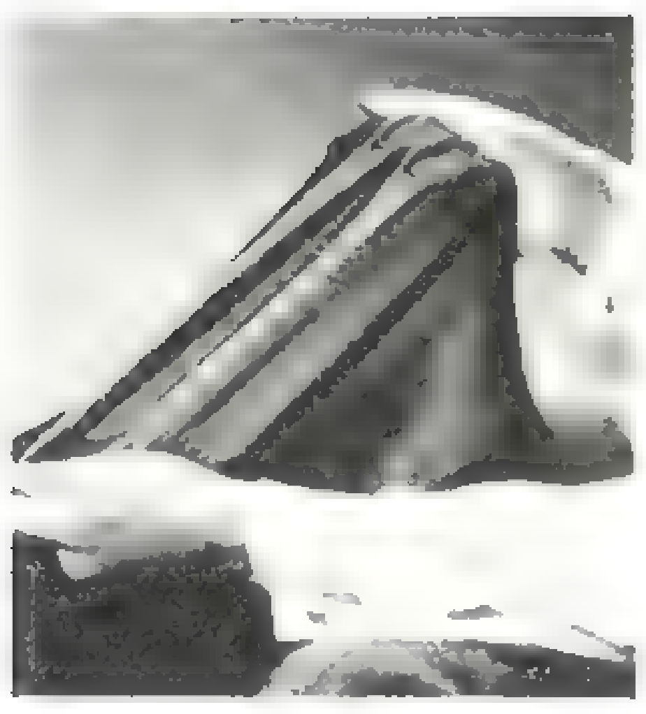
*BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER CANADIAN GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION:*
Seagram's "V.O." Seagram's "Ancient Bottle" Rye Seagram's Straight Bourbon
Seagram's "83" Seagram's Pedigree Straight Rye or Bourbon

Seagram-Distillers Corp. — Executive Offices: New York

WHEN GOOD DRESSERS GET TOGETHER

*like as not* the talk turns to the new comfort fashions

in *Lastex* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ...THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT



They're coming right down your street, these new ideas in dress. The self-supporting hose. The really comfortable vest back, without strap or buckle. The easy riding pajamas, minus strings. The smooth-fitting shorts, sans buttons. The hat band that conforms to the head. The shoe laces a fellow ties but once. All these made possible by "Lastex," the new elastic yarn that makes any woven or knitted fabric stretch and mold to suit the figure. A woman's item, you say? Not any more than steel, silk, sugar, or Scotch. Fact is, every item of men's apparel, for business, dress, or sport, is now made to fit better, feel more comfortable, last longer, because made with "Lastex." It's the first break the men's side has had in centuries. "Lastex" doesn't change the appearance, washing, pressing, or other usage of the garment one iota. And all you have to do to collect your comfort bonus is to ask at the stores you usually patronize for the articles you happen to want made with benefit of The Miracle Yarn. "Lastex," 1790 Broadway, New York City.

- **NO BLADES**
- **NO LATHER**
- **NO BRUSH**
- **NO WATER**
- **NO FACE BURN**

# Yet—
# the Packard Lifetime LEKTRO-SHAVER gives you a *Master Barber Shave* every time

### $200,000 Master Barber Cutter brings electric shaving to perfection

A shave as even, as pleasant, as satin smooth as a master barber's, but without brush, water, blade, or lather—that's the kind you get with the amazing new Packard Lifetime Lektro-Shaver.

These startling results are due to the $200,000 master cutter that distinguishes this sensational new shaver from all others. No other types approach its results.

Never in business history has a precision instrument received the immediate public acclaim that has been accorded the Packard. Within a week after the first public announcement, the factory was running overtime. It is still running overtime. You simply cannot believe what an improvement over old methods and old instruments the Packard is, until you try it.

### *Uniform cutting—no irritation*

As the Packard glides gently across your face, the motor-driven master cutter meets every hair at right angles. Lops it off close to the skin. It gets into the hollows, over the bumps, over difficult angles in a neat, clean sweep.

There is no pull, no tugging. It will not pinch, cut, draw, or irritate the skin. Over in a jiffy, your shave is perfection itself, without muss, fuss, or bother. And your face feels like a baby's.

### *Cleans itself*

Because of the simplicity of its design (see illustration below at left), the $200,000 master cutting head practically cleans itself and cannot clog. The clipped hairs fall into a roomy barrel from which a mere flick of the wrist expels them. Contrast such simplicity to the clumsy, easy to clog and hard to clean cutters of ordinary razors.

### *Order now*

Fortunately our factory is catching up on back orders. If your local dealer does not stock Lektro-Shavers, fill out the coupon below and we will ship your shaver as quickly as is humanly possible.

*Manufactured by Dictograph Products Company, Inc., precision manufacturers for 33 years, for Lektro-Shave Corp., Licensees. Distributor: The Progress Corporation, 1 East 43rd Street, New York.*

Through this slot hair falls into open barrel which cannot clog and cleans itself
THE $200,000 MASTER CUTTER
U. S. Patent No. 1,970 518. Other patents pending.

SO PERFECT YOU CAN SHAVE BLINDFOLDED

## *Read these enthusiastic letters picked at random from 5,000 received to date*

El Paso, Texas
February 13, 1936

"The first feature I noticed after shaving with LEKTRO-SHAVER was the absence of face burn—and that is worth the price of the razor alone."

J. L. C.

Jacksonville, Fla.
February 17, 1936

"I like the new LEKTRO-SHAVER fine and will never go back to the old style razor again. At present the service from this shaver is perfect."

G. B. S., Jr.

Washington, D. C.
February 20, 1936

"A perfect shaving instrument which has surpassed my every expectation, even from the very first shave. It is certainly a boon to mankind in releasing him from tonsorial slavery and agony of even the best of old razor blades. This new shaver has my unqualified endorsement."

H. L. W.

Toledo, Ohio
January 20, 1936

"Your electric razor has been acclaimed the best on the market by the Reynolds Club barbers at the University of Chicago and I entirely agree with them. I wouldn't use any other type of razor now."

E. McK.

Long Beach, Calif.
February 17, 1936

"Looks like the best thing I ever used. I get a cleaner and smoother shave from the LEKTRO-SHAVER in the few times I have used it than a barber can give me."

G. G. G.

Winthrop, Mass.
February 21, 1936

"I am an orchestra leader and do a great deal of travelling. My LEKTRO-SHAVER has proven its worth a hundred times over. I shave in a jiffy and don't have to worry about carting along brush and lather."

M. G. A.

Spring City, Penn.
February 20, 1936

"I have used the LEKTRO-SHAVER and find it does everything you claim it will do. There is no more 'fussing and mussing around' with lather nor face lotions at our house."

J. B. Y.

Grafton, W. Va.
February 21, 1936

"Beats all other shaving appliances by actual test."

W. M. A., III

Bozeman, Montana
December 28, 1935

"I wouldn't trade my Packard for a dozen other electric shavers. My friends agree with me on this."

H. E. B., Jr.

Jackson Heights, N. Y.
February 23, 1936

"As a user of electric shavers for years, I find this one best of all."

L. Z.

*Complete names and addresses furnished on request*

**SERVICE EVERYWHERE**

**For information, inspection or service on The Packard Lifetime Lektro-Shaver, phone the nearest Dictograph or Acousticon office listed in the telephone directories in all principal cities.**

**Or**

**at the Progress counter of your favorite department store.**

**Mail this coupon NOW:**

**The Progress Corporation, Dept. EE-5,**
**1 E. 43rd Street, New York City**

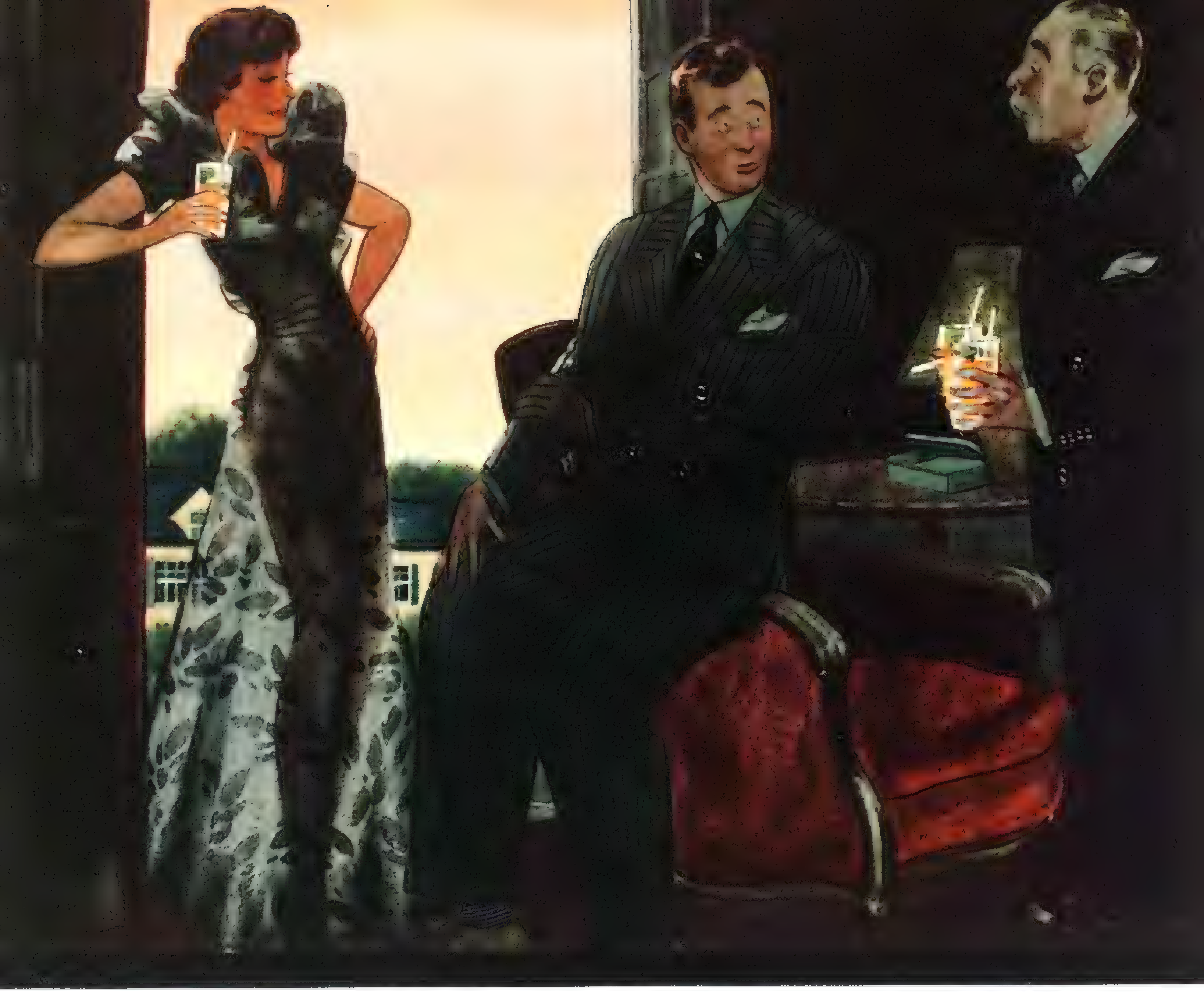
Enclosed please find check .... money order .... for $15.00 for which please send me postpaid the new Packard Lektro-Shaver.

Or if you prefer shaver to be shipped C.O.D., check here ....

Name____________________

Address____________________

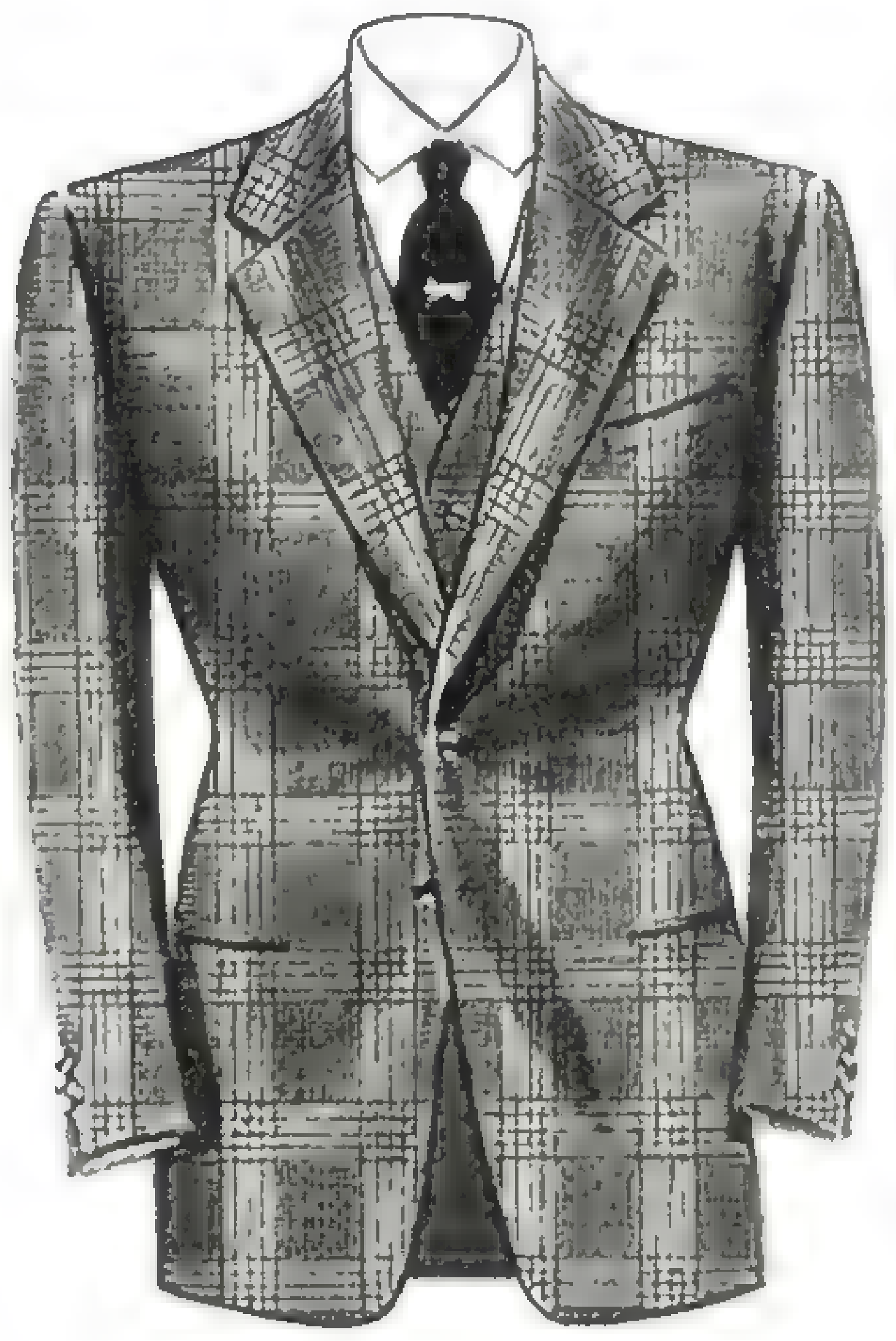
City____________State____________



*"Come up to the window, darling, and see Mr. Gaylord's Hart Schaffner & Marx suit"*

A MAN'S clothes can speak volumes for him and this appears to be one time when it would seem advisable for Mr. Gaylord to allow his Hart Schaffner & Marx suit to do the talking.

As a matter of fact that's just what Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes are famous for . . . their ability to create favorable impressions for you under the most difficult circumstances; for today, more than ever, you need that definite assurance and poise and confidence that only a *good* suit can give you. And Hart Schaffner & Marx and *good* clothes have been synonymous for fifty years!



Plaids of all kinds, particularly the larger, bolder, more colorful Glens, are extremely important this spring. Worn extensively by well-dressed men at all of the smarter resorts this winter, this type of pronounced pattern will be seen this season on men who are constantly on the look-out for new style trends. And speaking of new style trends these new plaids are available in the new Continental Silhouette, a trim fitting, typically Continental coat.

# HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

*THE TRUMPETER LABEL*

*A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR ... A BIG THING TO FIND*

# There She Breaches!

## *or* Moby Dick off the Morro

### *by* ERNEST HEMINGWAY

It was a clear, cool day in October and we were drifting about three miles off Cabañas Fortress to the eastward of Havana. Inside of us were two or three skiffs also drifting for marlin, and further in toward shore we could see the calm surface of the Gulf Stream leap in sharp, minute splashes and hear the ta-ta-ta-tat of the machine guns firing on the rifle range, the limits of which were marked with red flags that showed on the white-walled green headland with the brown barracks behind it.

"Once," said Carlos, who was sitting in the stern holding a line wrapped around each of his big toes, "we had a very big fish on close in to the Morro and those things began to splash all around us."

"What did you do?" asked Lopez Mendez.

"Made the fish fast and dove overboard and only put our noses out until we drifted clear."

"You've got a small nose," said Lopez Mendez. "There's no danger of being shot in a nose that size. But what if a fish strikes now and takes both your toes off? What do you do if a fish strikes now?"

"Watch," said Carlos and pulling on the end of the line that ran to the rod tip he tripped the bight that ran around his toe so it was free. "You can release it from the toe instantly, no matter how hard it is pulling below. It's a trick. We go to sleep with a line on our toe that way drifting in a skiff and turn it loose the instant the pull wakes us."

"Everything's a trick," Lopez Mendez said. "Life is a very difficult trick to learn."

"No," said Carlos. "No Señor. Life is a combat. But you have to know lots of tricks to make a living. You have a good trick in painting."

"Give me the trick of Enrique," I said, in Spanish. "How do you feel this morning, Enrique?"

"Marvelous," said Enrique who was dark, good looking, an aviator, a captain of artillery, and a good amateur matador and was living in Havana with his cousin, Lopez Mendez, the painter, between revolutions in Venezuela where they both came from. "I always feel good." He grinned, furrowing the stubble of his beard that showed an hour after shaving.

"Last night," said Lopez Mendez, who is very thin and distinguished looking, "Enrique ate only a straw hat and three candles."

"I don't care for eating straw hats," said Enrique. "But if some one proposes it, naturally I will eat them."

"He eats them very well," said Lopez Mendez.

"I don't like them though," said Enrique. "I can never raise any enthusiasm for a straw hat."

"What is he saying?" said the Maestro, Arnold, from Minnesota, so called because he played the violin and who was on the boat as a photographer; as a very bad photographer.

"He is telling about eating a straw hat," I said.

"Why in God's name does he eat a straw hat?" asked the Maestro.

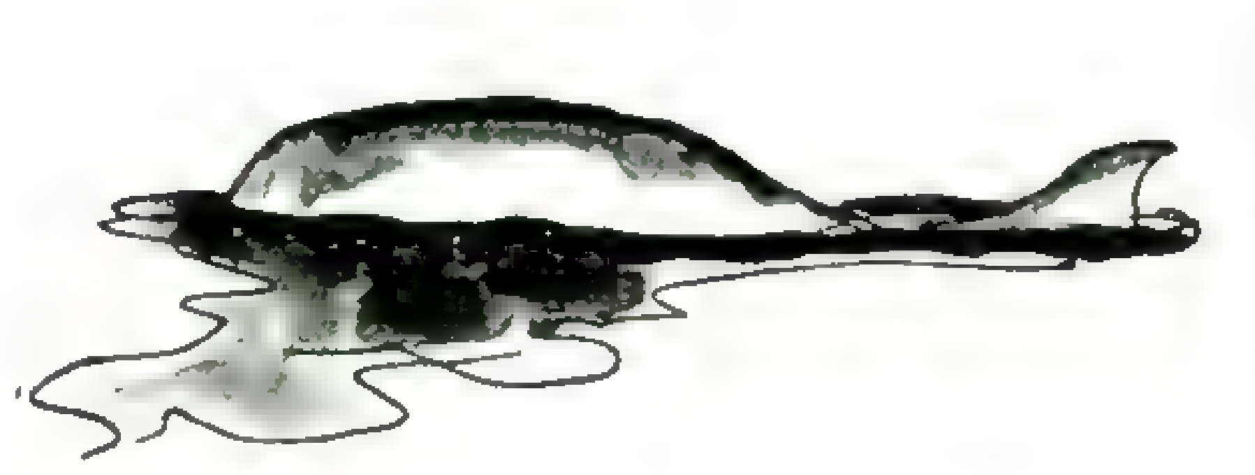
"Listen Maestro," said Lopez Mendez. "In Venezuela we have many great eaters. Late in the evening when a man wishes to perform an unusual feat of courage and show his disdain for consequences he will eat unusual and inedible objects."

"You're kidding me," said the Maestro.

"No. I swear to God Enrique ate a straw hat last night."

"Yes," said Enrique modestly.

"The night before that he ate all the flowers off the table and several candles at the house of the secretary to the embassy."



"It was nothing," said Enrique. "A candle is nothing. Only the wicks are difficult. Now I go to prepare the spaghetti. Where is Bolo?"

"He's up in the bow," I said, "watching a line. Mice, go up in the bow and watch that line so Bolo can help Enrique get the spaghetti started."

"Let me get a big straw hat for the sun," said the Maestro.

"Don't let Enrique eat it," said Lopez Mendez.

"No," said Enrique. "There is no danger. No one has ever eaten a straw hat in the daytime."

So we drifted like that all morning, and, in the fall, the small birds that are going south are deadly tired sometimes as they near the coast of Cuba where the hawks come out to meet them, and the birds light on the boat to rest and sometimes we would have as many as twenty on board at a time in the cabin, on the deck, perched on the fishing chairs or resting on the floor of the cockpit. Their great fatigue makes them so tame that you can pick them up and they show no fear at all. There were three warblers and a thrush in the cockpit when Enrique poked his head out to get some air from working in the galley and Lopez Mendez said, "Don't let him see the birds. He would eat them."

"No," said Enrique. "I am a great lover of birds. In about a half an hour the spaghetti will be ready."

"Let's have vermouth then," I said. "Tell Bolo to bring out the bottles."

We had the tall glasses with mixed French and Italian vermouth (two parts of French to one of Italian, with a dash of bitters and a lemon peel, fill glass with ice, stir and serve) in our hands and I was just raising mine when Carlos shouted "*Que canonazo!* Oh, what a cannon shot!"

"Where?"

"Way out there. To the eastward. Like the spout from a twelve inch shell."

We were at least four miles off shore by now and where Carlos pointed was another three miles to the eastward.

"They've got no guns that will shoot out there, man," I said.

"I know it. I know it. God save us it must have been a fish. But what a fish to throw a spray as high as that!"

"Watch and see if it jumps again," I said. "We can get up the lines and run out there. What do you think it could be?"

"Only a broadbill would jump like that and crash to make a spout of water like that in the middle of the day. It must be a huge broadbill."

"We better start to get the lines in and get out there," I said. "Give me that one."

I started reeling in the hundred and twenty fathom deep line and was grinding and pumping away when Carlos shouted again. "There it is! There it is! My God but close! Hey! No! It's a whale blowing!"

I could see the spout, high, pluming out from a narrow stem like a geyser, about a mile off our starboard bow.

"Get the lines in," I yelled. "Bolo! Get the other line in. Enrique! Come on, kid. It's a whale!"

"Is it true?" asked Enrique. "An actual whale?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" said Lopez Mendez. "Look there! Look."

"We'll eat him," said Enrique. "What do you want me to do?"

"Reel in the rest of that line."

I started both engines and they were still reeling in on the lines with the whole tuna baits dragging in the wake as I headed the

Continued on page 203

# Attorney for the Defense

## The laughing man and the poor man are best in the jury, as they understand life's values

### by CLARENCE DARROW

▪ ARTICLE ▪

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Clarence Darrow will have passed his seventy-ninth birthday by the time this achieves print. Active practice is definitely over for the lawyer who never, in more than fifty years at the bar, appeared on the side of the prosecution, who never, in scores of capital cases, had a client executed. We gave him a fairly pedestrian assignment, asking him to write a piece giving a few pointers on jury-picking. It was greater luck than we merited to receive in return this winged answer to profounder questions than we had the wit to ask. For here is no less a thing than a golden epitome of all the wisdom that has accrued to an ever-youthful spirit in the late evening of a well spent life. Far more than a mere footnote to the tricks of his trade, it is a philosophic summation of the practical answers to any present day Pilate who might jesting ask "What is Justice?" It is an answer wise though witty, compassionate though cynical, the answer of the man who said of the great Governor Altgeld what might equally well be said of himself: "Even admirers have seldom understood the real character of this great human man. It was not a callous heart that so often led him to brave the most violent and malicious hate: it was not a callous heart, it was a devoted soul . . . that spoke for the poor, the oppressed, the captive and the weak."*

THE audience that storms the box-office of the theater to gain entrance to a sensational show is small and sleepy compared with the throng that crashes the court house door when something concerning real life and death is to be laid bare to the public.

Everyone knows that the best portrayals of life are tame and sickly when matched with the realities. For this reason, the sophisticated Romans were wont to gather at the Colosseum to feast their eyes and other senses on fountains of real blood and await breathlessly the final thrust. The court room is a modern arena in which the greatest thrills follow closely on each other. If the combat concerns human life it presents an atmosphere and setting not unlike those cruel and bloody scenes of ancient Rome. The judge wears the same flowing robe with all of the dignity and superiority he can command. This sets him apart from his fellowmen and is designed to awe and intimidate and to impress the audience with seeming wisdom oftener than with kindliness and compassion.

One cannot help wondering what happens to the pomp and pretense of the wearer while the cloak is in the wash, or while changing into a maturer, more monarchical mantle, as his bench becomes a throne, or when he strolls along the street in file with the "plain clothes" people.

When court opens, the bailiff intones some voodoo singsong words in ominous voice that carries fear and respect at the opening of the rite. The court room is full of staring men and women shut within closed doors, guarded by officials wearing uniforms to confound the simple inside the sacred precinct. This dispels all hope of mercy to the unlettered, the poor and helpless, who scarcely dare express themselves above a whisper in any such forbidding place.

The stage, the arena, the court, are alike in that each has its audience thirsting to drink deeply of the passing show. Those playing the parts vie for success and use whatever skill and talent they possess. An actor may fumble his lines, but a lawyer needs to be letter-perfect, at least, he has to use his wits, and he may forget himself, and often does, but never for a moment can he lose sight of his client.

Small wonder that ambitious, imaginative youths crowd the profession of law. Here, they feel, they, themselves, will find the opportunity to play a real part in the comedies as well as the tragedies of life. Everyone, no matter how small his chance may be, tries to hold the center of some stage where the multitude will scan his every move. To most lads it seems as though the courts were organized to furnish them a chance to bask in the public eye. In this field the adventure of life will never pall, but prove interesting, exciting and changeful to the end. Not only will he have the destinies of men to protect and preserve, but his own standing and success to create.

Chancery cases are not especially interesting nor exciting, however. These are supposed to be heard by a judge. He listens long enough to feel satisfied that the case promises to consume considerable time and work and interfere with many hours of leisure, so he refers it to a "Master in Chancery," a lawyer-friend of his own appointment, who is paid by fees that come directly from the litigants; the Master in Chancery employs a court reporter who takes the evidence in shorthand while the Master may take a nap in an adjoining office. After the clients' resources are exhausted by the court reporters and Masters in Chancery, the documents are locked up in a safe to await the blowing of Gabriel's horn.

If it is a real case, criminal or civil, it usually is tried by a jury with the assistance and direction of the judge. In that event, every moment counts, and neither the lawyers nor the audience, or even the court, goes to sleep. If it is a criminal case, or even a civil one, it is not the law alone or the facts themselves that determine the result. Always the element of luck and chance looms large. A jury of twelve men is watching not only the evidence but the attitude of each lawyer, and the parties involved, in all their moves. Every step is fraught with doubt, if not mystery.

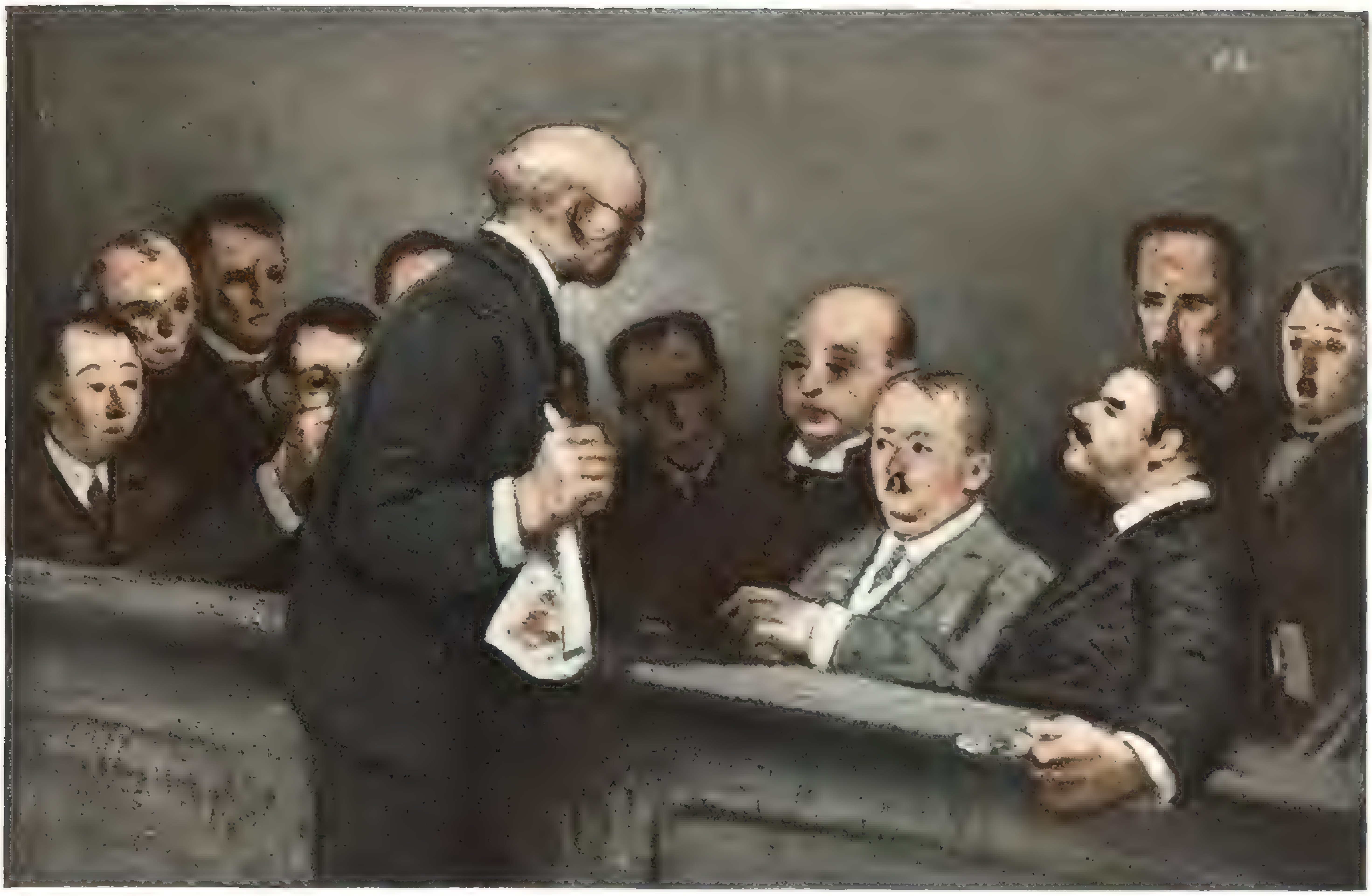
Selecting a jury is of the utmost importance. So far as possible, the lawyer should know both sides of the case. If the client is a landlord, a banker, or a manufacturer, or one of that type, then jurors sympathetic to that class will be wanted in the box; a man who looks neat, and trim and smug. He will be sure to guard your interests as he would his own. His entire environment has taught him that all real values are measured in cash, and he knows no other worth. Every knowing lawyer seeks for a jury of the same sort of men as his client; men who will be able to imagine themselves in the same situation and realize what verdict the client wants.

Lawyers are just as carefully concerned about the likes and dislikes, the opinions and fads of judges as of jurors. All property rights are much safer in the hands of courts than of jurors. Every lawyer who represents the poor avoids a trial by the court.

Choosing jurors is always a delicate task. The more a lawyer knows of life, human nature, psychology, and the reactions of the human emotions, the better he is equipped for the subtle selection of his so-called "twelve men, good and true." In this undertaking, everything pertaining to the prospective juror needs be questioned and weighed; his nationality, his business, religion, politics, social standing, family ties, friends, habits of life and thought; the books and newspapers he likes and reads, and many more matters that combine to make a man; all of these qualities and experiences have left their effect on ideas, beliefs and fancies that inhabit his mind. Understanding of all this cannot be obtained too bluntly. It usually requires finesse, subtlety and guesswork. Involved in it all is the juror's method of speech, the kind of clothes he wears, the style of haircut, and, above all, his business associates, residence and origin.

To the ordinary observer, a man is just a man. To the student of life and human beings, every pose and movement is a part of the personality and the man. There is no sure rule by which one can gauge any person. A man may seem to be of a certain mold, but, a wife, a friend, or an enemy, entering into his life, may change his most vital views, desires and attitudes, so that he will hardly recognize himself as the man he once seemed to be.

It is obvious that if a litigant discovered one of his dearest friends in the jury panel he could make a close guess as to how certain facts, surrounding circumstances, and suppositions, would affect his mind and action; but as he has no such acquaintance with the stranger before him, he must weigh the prospective juror's words, manner of speech and, in fact, hastily and cautiously "size him up" as best he can. The litigants



OIL PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

and their lawyers are supposed to want justice, but, in reality, there is no such thing as justice, either in or out of court. In fact, the word cannot be defined. So, for lack of proof, let us assume that the word "justice" has a meaning, and that the common idea of the definition is correct, without even seeking to find out what is the common meaning. Then, how do we reach justice through the courts? The lawyer's idea of justice is a verdict for his client, and really this is the sole end for which he aims.

In spite of the power that the courts exercise over the verdict of a jury, still the finding of the twelve men is very important, sometimes conclusive. It goes without saying that lawyers always do their utmost to get men on the jury who are apt to decide in favor of their clients. It is not the experience of jurors, neither is it their brain power, that is the potent influence in their decisions. A skillful lawyer does not tire himself hunting for learning or intelligence in the box; if he knows much about man and his making, he knows that all beings act from emotions and instincts, and that reason is not a motive factor. If deliberation counts for anything, it is to retard decision. The nature of the man himself is the element that determines the juror's bias for or against his fellowman. Assuming that a juror is not a half-wit, his intellect can always furnish fairly good reasons for following his instincts and emotions. Many irrelevant issues in choosing jurors are not so silly as they seem. Matters that apparently have nothing to do with the discussion of a case often are of the greatest significance.

In the last analysis, most jury trials are contests between the rich and poor. If the case concerns money, it is apt to be a case of damages for injuries of some sort claimed to have been inflicted by some one. These cases are usually defended by insurance companies, railroads, or factories. If a criminal case, it is practically always the poor who are on trial.

The most important point to learn is whether the prospective juror is humane. This must be discovered in more or less devious ways. As soon as "the court" sees what you want, he almost always blocks the game. Next to this, in having more or less bearing on the question, is the nationality, politics, and religion, of the person examined for the jury. If you do not discover this, all your plans may go awry. Whether you are handling a damage suit, or your client is charged with the violation of law, his attorney will try to get the same sort of juror.

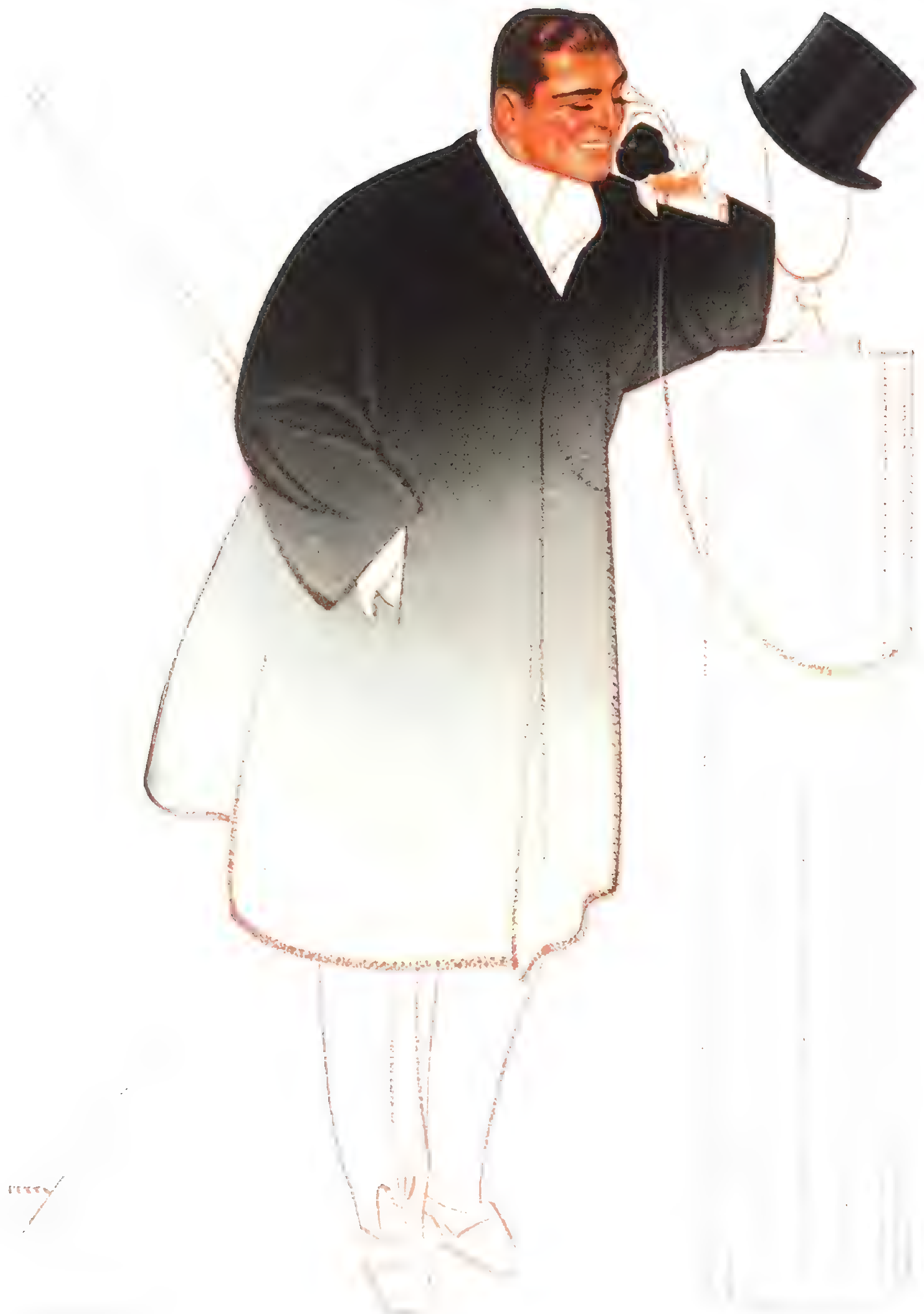
Let us assume that we represent one of "the underdogs" because of injuries received, or, because of an indictment brought by what the prosecutors name themselves, "the state." Then what sort of men will we seek? An Irishman is called into the box for examination. There is no reason for asking about his religion; he is Irish; that is enough. We may not agree with his religion, but it matters not; his feelings go deeper than any religion. You should be aware that he is emotional, kindly and sympathetic. If he is chosen as a juror, his imagination will place him in the dock; really, he is trying himself. You would be guilty of malpractice if you got rid of him, except for the strongest reasons.

An Englishman is not so good as an Irishman, but still, he has come through a long tradition of individual rights, and is not afraid to stand alone; in fact, he is never sure that he is right unless the great majority is against him. The German is not so keen about individual rights except where they concern his own way of life; liberty is not a theory, it is a way of living. Still, he wants to do what is right, and he is not afraid. He has not been among us long, his ways are fixed by his race, his habits are still in the making. We need inquire no further. If he is a Catholic, then he loves music and art; he must be emotional, and will want to help you; give him a chance.

If a Presbyterian enters the jury box and carefully rolls up his umbrella, and calmly and critically sits down, let him go. He is cold as the grave; he knows right from wrong, although he seldom finds anything right. He believes in John Calvin and eternal punishment. Get rid of him with the fewest possible words before he contaminates the others; unless you and your clients are Presbyterians you probably are a bad lot, and even though you may be a Presbyterian, your client most likely is guilty.

If possible, the Baptists are more hopeless than the Presbyterians. They, too, are

*Continued on page 211*



Editor's Note: !

*"But I can't see you tomorrow, darling, I'm getting married—how about the day after?"*

# Three Acts of Music

**Two could-have-been lovers find that when the music is ended the poetry sometimes lingers on**

### *by* F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

• FICTION •

## I

They could hardly hear it for awhile. It was a slow gleam of pale blue and creamy pink. Then there was a tall room where there were many young people and finally they began to feel it and hear it.

What were they—no. This is about music.

He went to the band-stand; the piano player let him lean over his shoulder to read: "From *No, No, Nanette* by Vincent Youmans."

"Thank you," he said, "I'd like to drop something in the horn but when an interne has a dollar bill and two coins in the world he might get married instead."

"Never mind, doctor. That's about what I had when I got married last winter."

When he came back to the table she said:

"Did you find out who wrote that thing?"

"*No!* When do we go from here?"

"When they stop playing *Tea for Two*."

Later as she came out of the women's dressing room, she asked the man: "Who played it?"

"My God, how do I know. The band played it."

It dripped out the door now:

*Tea . . .*
*. . . two*
*Two . . .*
*. . . tea*

"We can never get married. I'm not even a nurse yet."

"Well, let's kill the idea—let's spend the rest of our lives going around and listening to tunes. What did you say that writer's name was?"

"What did *you* say? You went over and looked, dint you?"

"*Didn't* you," he corrected her.

"You're so swell all the time."

"Well, at least I found out who wrote it."

"Who?"

"Somebody named Vincent Youmans."

She hummed it over:

"And you . . .
. . . for me
And me . . .
. . . for you
Al—
o-
o-
n-n . . . "

Their arms went about each other for a moment in the corridor outside the red room.

"If you lost the dollar bill and the other nickel I'd still marry you," she said.

## II

This is now years later but there was still music. There was *All Alone* and *Remember* and *Always* and *Blue Skies* and *How About Me*. He was back from Vienna but it didn't seem to matter so much as it had before.

"Wait in here a moment," she said outside the operating room. "Turn on the radio if you want to."

"You've got mighty important, haven't you?"

He turned on:

*Re-mem-ber*
*the night*
*the night*
*you said—*

"Are you high-hatting me?" she inquired, "or did medicine begin and end in Vienna?"

"No it didn't," he said humbly. "I'm impressed—evidently you can supervise the resident or the surgeons—"

"I've got an operation of Doctor Menafee's coming in and there's a tonsilectomy that's got to be postponed. I'm a working girl. I'm supervising the operating room."

"But you'll go out with me tonight—won't you? We'll get them to play *All Alone*."

She paused, regarding him.

"Yes, I've been all alone for a lot of time now. I'm somebody—you don't seem to realize it. Say who is this Berlin anyhow? He was a singer in a dive wasn't he? My brother ran a roadhouse and he gave me money to get started with. But I thought I was away from all that. Who is this Irving Berlin? I hear he's just married a society girl—"

"He's just married—"

She had to go: "Excuse me. I've got to fire an interne before this gets going."

"I was an interne once. I understand."

They were out at last. She was making three thousand a year now and he was still being of a conservative old Vermont family.

"This Irving Berlin now. Is he happy with this Mackay girl? Those songs don't sound – "

"I guess he is. The point is how happy are you?"

"Oh we discussed that so long ago. What do I matter? I matter in a big way—but when I was a little country girl your fambly decided—"

"Not *you*," she said at the alarm in his eyes. "I know *you* never did."

"I knew something else about you. I knew three things—that you were a Yonkers' girl—and didn't pronounce the language like I did—"

"And that I wanted to marry you. Let's forget it. Your friend Mr. Berlin can talk better than we can. Listen to him."

"I'm listening."

"No. But *lis*den, I mean."

*Not for just a year but—*

"Why do you say my friend Mr. Berlin? I never saw the guy."

"I thought maybe you'd met him in Vienna in all these years."

"I never saw him."

"He married the girl—didn't he?"

"What are you crying about?"

"I'm not crying. I just said he married the girl—didn't he? Isn't that all right to say? When you've come so far—when—"

"You are crying," he said.

"No, I'm not. Honest. It's this work. It wears down your eyes. Let's dance."

*—o*
*—ver*
*—head*

They were playing.

*Blue*
*skies*
*o*
*ver*
*head*

She looked up out of his arms suddenly.

"Do you suppose they're happy?"

"Who?"

"Irving Berlin and the Mackay girl?"

"How should I know whether they're happy? I tell you I never knew them—never saw them."

A moment later she whispered:

"We all knew them."

## III

This story is about tunes. Perhaps the tunes swing the people or the people the tunes. Anyhow:

"We'll never do it," he remarked with some finality.

*Smoke gets in your eyes* said the music.

"Why?"

"Because we're too old. You wouldn't want to anyhow—you've got that job at Duke's hospital."

"I just got it."

"Well, you've just got it. And it's going to pay you four thousand."

"That's probably half what you make."

"You mean you want to try it anyhow?"

*When your heart's on fire*

"No. I guess you're

*Continued in center of page 210*

# Glandbook for the Questing Male

## Reducing a laboratory science to a sidewalk sport for a grading of the passing females from A to D

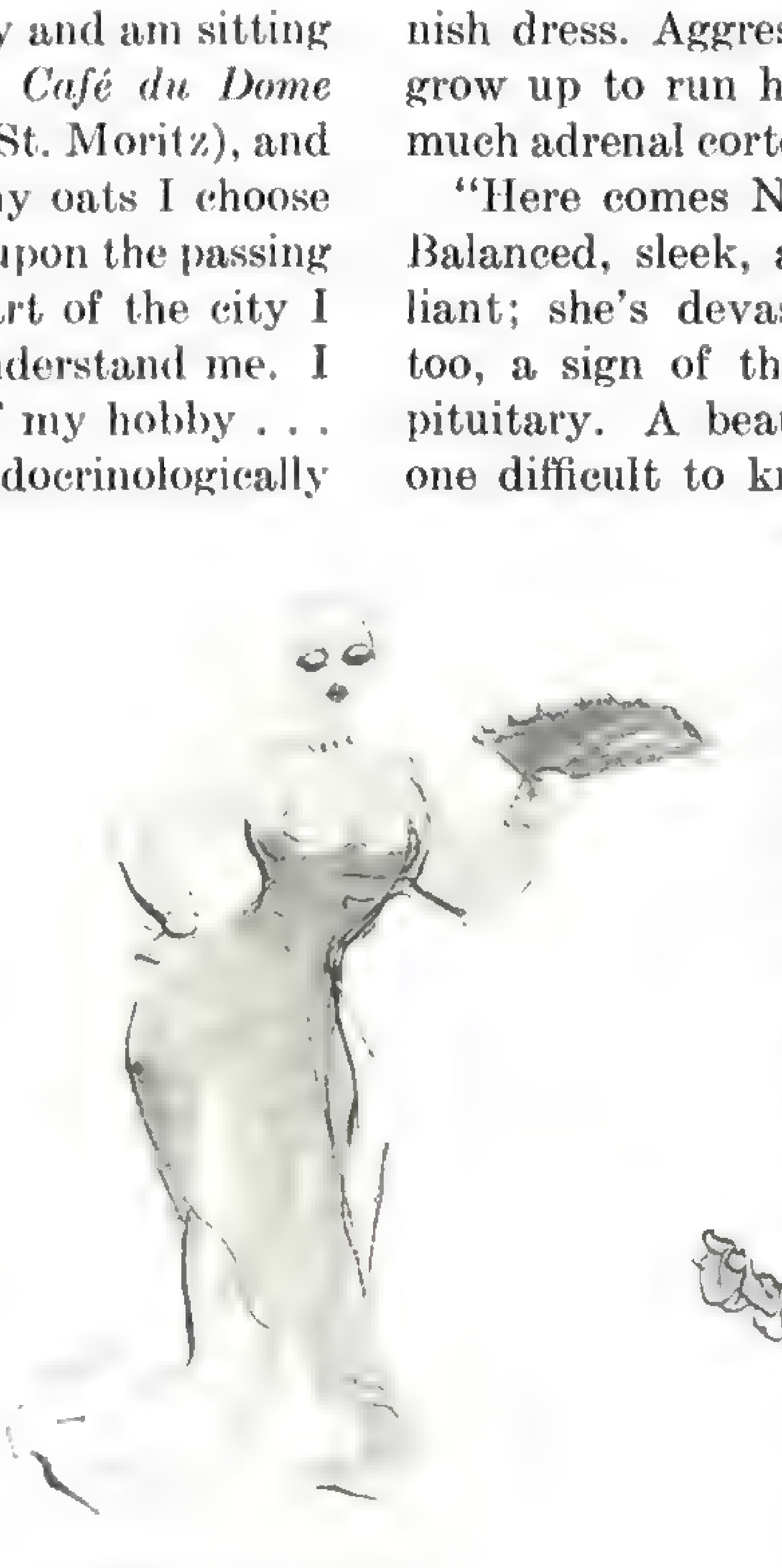
### by GEORGE ANTHEIL

• ARTICLE •

Editor's Note: *It isn't often that we ask you to stay after school, or give you any home-work to do. But this time it's for your own good. You'll be a gladder wiser man if you will (a) listen attentively to the little scientific lecture with which Amateur Endocrinologist Antheil begins this article; (b) study carefully and commit to memory the simple little rules that he sets forth in the Glandbook with which he ends it. With a bang.*

If upon one fine spring morning I have just arrived in New York City and am sitting at my favorite New York *Café du Dome* (which happens to be in the St. Moritz), and feeling somewhat slightly my oats I choose to look long and lingeringly upon the passing femininity of this choice part of the city I hope that no one will misunderstand me. I am simply in full pursuit of my hobby . . . glands. By this I mean, endocrinologically speaking, that I am merely attempting at first glance to determine the "articulation" of the various ladies passing by.

As I sit here upon the sidewalk, calmly imbibing my sickly green Pernod, I will, sooner or later, glance up. Far away a piece of gaily printed silk will be gradually taking the form of a girl. I will try to catch sight of her at a distance, for this will give me more time to make up my mind about other and more subtle points when she comes near enough for me to look swiftly at her eyes, teeth, and skin. Later in this article I will attempt to outline briefly the most salient points to be determined from some distance, and the follow-up and recheck at the distance of a few feet. The reader, however, will at first have to be patient and see how old Massa himself works; later comes the solution and you can have your try. You may have to plow through a small mess of preliminary scientific data in order to understand somewhat of the fundamental principles, but it will be worth it.



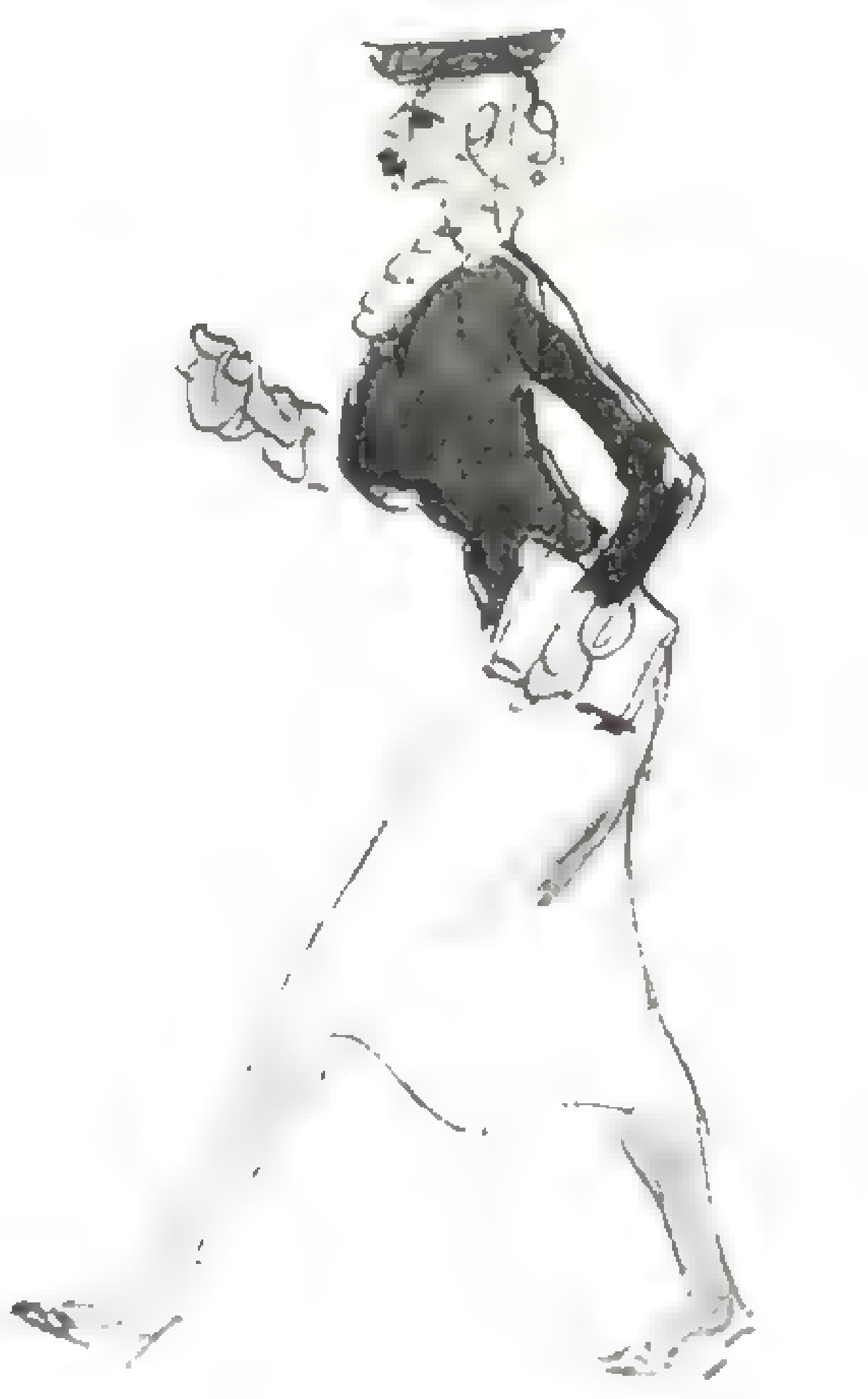
**A:** *Highest; tendency to nymphomania . . .*

The piece of printed silk is now somewhat nearer. Gathering an eyeful I speculate "Ah, blonde and short. Rather full-chested. She's a very well sexually articulated female and probably will make a most excellent mother in the unknown future. Her eyes are wide-spaced, too. She looks as if she blushes easily . . . all, all postpituitary qualities. She's very womanly and fights with a woman's weapons, nevertheless she's very sentimentally suggestive, as Louis Berman would say. She'll have to fall in love with you first, or you'll have to tell her you'll marry her. Perhaps you'll just say that you love her and let it go at that. She has it coming to her—she's the prototype of *The Little Heroine*, that steel-fingered little miss who hangs on, fighting through thick and thin for 'her man' and she usually gets him.

"Here comes Number 2. She's really very handsome. Heavy bushy hair. Sporty mannish dress. Aggressive walk. Will probably grow up to run her father's business. Too much adrenal cortex for yours truly. Sign off.

"Here comes Number 3. What a figure! Balanced, sleek, and beautiful. Eyes brilliant; she's devastating. She's wide-eyed too, a sign of the thyroid as well as the pituitary. A beautiful intelligent girl and one difficult to know. But one oh so well articulated.

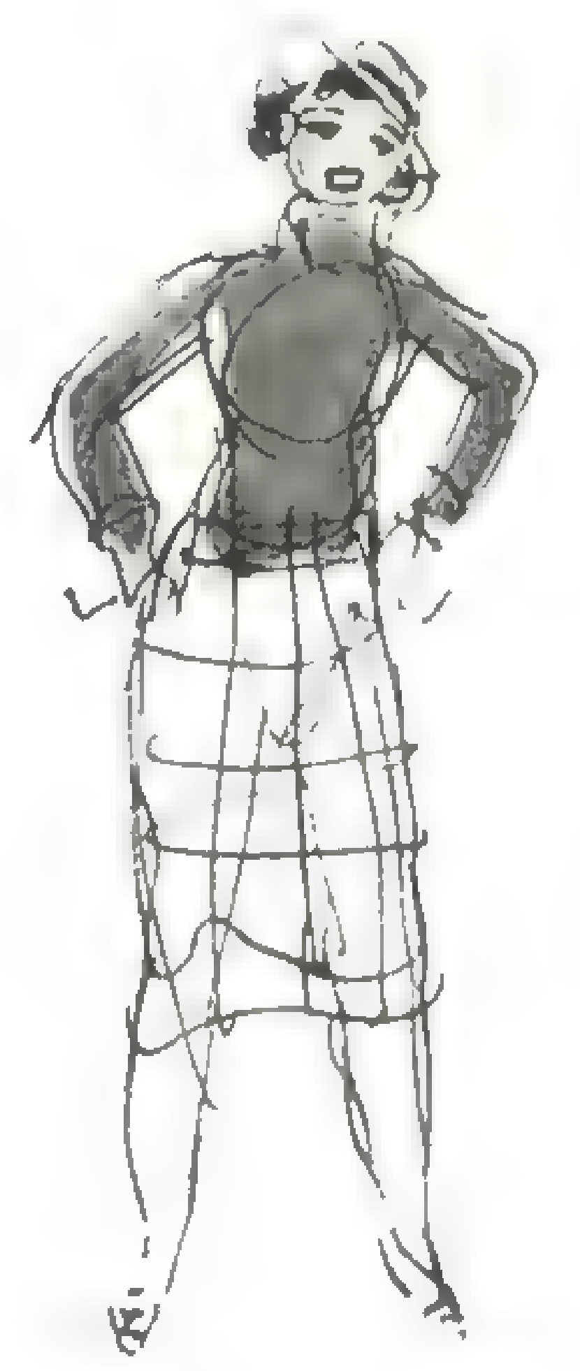
"Here is another, Number 4, almost like Number 3. Marvelous figure, sleek, balanced body. She will be less difficult to know. Remark her eyes which are just a little too brilliant and her bosom which is just a little too small. Each one alone might mean nothing; together they spell 'Dementia Americana' especially in connection with the hyperthyroid woman. This one hasn't enough pituitary to balance her excessive thyroid. Here lurks a background of excitability, sleeplessness, night-clubs, social engagements, and post-war madness. She would probably kill you through sheer exhaustion in a month. Men will run away from her after a time.



**A1:** *High; very open to suggestion . . .*

"Here comes Number 5, tall, goodlooking, good figure, slightly longish limbs—the ideal of dressmakers of several years ago. Her bony but prettily intellectual forehead, her arresting but pensive eyes proclaim, for those attuned, the pre-pituitary. If I but knew her I could discuss Jean Cocteau, Louis Aragon, and Strawinsky with her, and she will be perfectly *au courant;* nevertheless she will be womanly and sentimental enough; she too is well articulated."

Lost as I am in this roseate haze, sooner or later a chill will pass over me and my sixth sense will become screamingly alert. Every nerve tense, I shall rudely awake to gaze fearfully at, Number 6, beautiful Miss Baby Face. If she is rich she will probably be dressed in very striking fashion; from a distance I shall immediately and certainly know that I am looking at someone extraordinary. If she is very poor she will nevertheless be strangely dressed even though it is in inverse Greenwich Village or even Communist fashion. Of one thing I am certain . . . her dress will be bizarre for this part of the world and for this part of New York. Especially she will have very finely chiseled features, almost as if cut out of soap, and she will walk very very gracefully. Her hair will be silken, her waist narrow, and her bosom smallish. Her hair will be silken in all cases, and her features finely chiseled; but if her bosom is even regulation size it may simply mean that she has a pituitary compensation and therefore has a more intelligent brain resting within this childish exterior. But most certainly of all, if she has beauty (and she probably will), it will be of a far-off kind. If I take a fancy to her, follow her home, somehow or another make her acquaintance, and if she comes to know me well, Heaven help me! She will run off with other men and look at me innocently and tell me that she did not know that it was wrong. She will repeatedly break my heart. Otherwise and in other important matters she will be unsatisfactory; she will be flighty, talk, and not pay attention at such moments when attention should most be paid. She is pure Miss Thymocentric and when she comes along I shall hastily try to look the other way. If luck is with me I shall not be shot down in my tracks and my pocket will not be picked.



**B:** *High; but a Don Juan herself . . .*

So much for the preliminaries—now to get back to the gutter, as it were. For the purposes of sidewalk study I shall attempt the most drastic simplification of the essentials of gland-centrics ever undertaken. In other words, we now attempt to extract from the bewildering complexities of a science the bare rudiments of a sport. And let serious students of endocrinology as a science lie wherever, in their shocked surprise, they may fall.

When Girl Number 1 walked towards me I saw at once that she belonged to the postpituitary type of female. Even from a distance I saw that this was so—she was *short.* When women are short, oval faced, pretty, and fairly full-breasted they are postpituitaries.

Likewise, even from a distance I could see from her mannish walk that Girl Number 2 was masculoid. The masculoid girl is inevitably adrenal, although she can be feminine enough if her adrenals are otherwise balanced. Nevertheless she always remains boyish and mannish at least in her psychic outlook . . . she is the huntswoman, the aviatrix, the up-and-doer, the future lady senator and business woman of affairs. For the gentleman sitting at the café table and interested in an acquaintanceship or two, the adrenal woman is problematic and upon the whole not as good a bet as her less dynamic but more delectable sisters, the pituitary and the thyroid.

Of course, women being Woman, both of these latter girls will pose as sportswomen if that be the prevailing mode.

Girl number 3 interested me considerably . . . a shapely girl with that surplus of spiritual, intellectual, and imaginative beauty supplied by a good pituitary balance added to her obvious thyroid dominance. She was, if anything, a little too perfect, matchless, unattainable.

But as far as attainability was concerned Girl Number 4 electrified me, and she was, in her way, quite as beautiful and somewhat similar to Number 3. Here was the classical hyperthyroid—one of those types among which are often found the most sexually vicious and dangerously interesting of the female sex. She and the postpituitary, whose excessive excitement-chasing has caused an overflow of her pituitary balance, are the two principle feminine types of today who live life at its fastest tempo; they have that explosive emotional urge exhibited by the young ladies of the "Cradle Mob" who wanted the "thrill" of shooting down harmless people in cold blood. Here are "classical" hyperthyroids and postpituitaries. Nothing will ever tame or satiate these women; they are, literally, "wild women."

Inasmuch as our sidewalk analyst would hardly be likely to look twice at unattractive femininity it so happens that our present article will be devoted only to beautiful women. It was by no accident that Providence sent one fine postpituitary and two superb thyroids so neatly my way. So far we have passed by the ugly subthyroid, the adrenal masculoid, and the gawky feminine prepituitary.

Girl Number 5 (the good looking model out of *Vogue*) is symptomatic of the times; she is the woman intellectual, the feminine thinker, the writer, the woman composer, the guiding flame leading into new spiritual worlds.

Insofar as beautiful women are concerned there appeared only one who really frightened me—Number 6. The badly compensated thymo-centric woman is a fooler; she is in actuality a kind of feminine "castrate;" still she can be, as has been stated before, very beautiful. She is not very sexual however and uses sex rather than let sex use her. A great many "ladies of the pavement" belong to this glandular type; sex means so little to them that they see no human reason why such a trivial thing should not be made to produce an easy income. On the other hand the "womanly woman"—the fine postpituitary—is horror stricken by the prostitute's trade; to market sex promiscuously terrifies her. *Sex means too much to her.* She may well become a devoted mistress or even achieve a certain degree of promiscuity herself, but she will never enter the ranks of Polly Adler's Finishing School, that is, with any real success, for she has not that cool detachment, natural to the thymo, which goes to make for real advancement in this profession. The thymo-centric is born to it as a pussycat is born to back alleys. Miss Uncompensated Thymo here finds herself comfortably at home.

**C:** *High; wild and thrill-crazy . . .*

**D:** *Variable; dangerous and unsatisfactory . .*

**A2:** *Low; just a home girl at heart . . .*

There are as many combinations of type as there are women. But the "classical" and fundamental dominants regularly come to the fore, the beautiful highstrung thyroid, the sexy pituitary, the masculine adrenal, and the fluffy thymus. These four types often have variations so distantly removed from the original dominants, that they may be at first hard to determine. Remember that none of us are simple human beings, made up of one cloth. But for purposes of a sidewalk glandbook, it is safe to assume that each will be definitely inclined toward one recognizable type.

Things are, of course, not always what they seem. There is, for instance, the matter of her walk. Through corsetage, brassieres and what not, a lady might quite often conceal (and probably does) a number of things. But she cannot refrain forever from walking as nature intended. Then too she cannot very well change her height. Diet, exercise, corsetage, and good dressmaking may conceal the width of her hips and shoulders, and she may even so wear her hair and hats as to hide her true forehead, but she cannot completely conceal unusual length or shortness of her legs nor an unusual brightness of her lovely eyes. Woman's delight in unconsciously simulating many of her sisters' endocrine types will cause her to comb down her hair over that bumpy forehead, or to drop belladonna into her eyes (if she be pituitary), thereby imitating almost exactly the hyperthyroid. Another day she may elect to become babyish and capricious, pluck her eyebrows, and accent cosmetically whatever delicate sculpturesqueness her face possesses. She need only complete the job by washing her hair with a good shampoo and so attain that natural silky fineness which characterizes the thymo-centric.

Forewarned, forearmed. You will no longer so easily be taken in; you will remember that the very last and all-comprehensive decision can come only from the medical laboratory, but that temporarily there are quite a number of salient and important features easily discoverable and for which we hardly need blood-tests or X-rays. If, for instance, she walks very gracefully, the chances are that she is a thymo-centric or a thyroid; if she walks boyishly or angularly she is probably an adrenal or a prepituitary; if she walks gracefully but nervously (and has the other signs in the bargain) she will be hyperthyroid. A postpituitary, especially one who is a little too sufficient, will walk with that well-known delicious amble known as "sexy."

Therefore for our sidewalk professor who is, we assume, unable to induce *each* lady to sit down, permit him to examine exhaustively her fingernails, peer through a magnifying glass at her skin texture, or to guess too accurately as to the extent of her corsetage, we should assemble the following little INDEX arranged specially for those who would glance slyly and decide quickly. Furthermore, as we are not considering freak, ugly, or circus types, it is perhaps not improper or insulting to beautiful women to arrange them in the order of their obvious accessibility, or "sexual articulation." For some kind of order we must have.

### TYPE A

DOMINANT GLAND: postpituitary (excessive).
ACCESSIBILITY: extremely high. Strong tendency toward nymphomania.
OUTSTANDING CHARACTERISTICS AT TWENTY FEET:
*Walk:* sexy, rolling.
*Build:* slight, delicate.
*Height:* short, very definitely below average.
*Bust:* ample, usually tightly brassiered.

*Continued on page 184*

# Death at Daggah Bur

### Four pilots of the desperate squadron see the end of their young comrade's day as a lion

### by ROBERT BUCKNER

• FICTION •

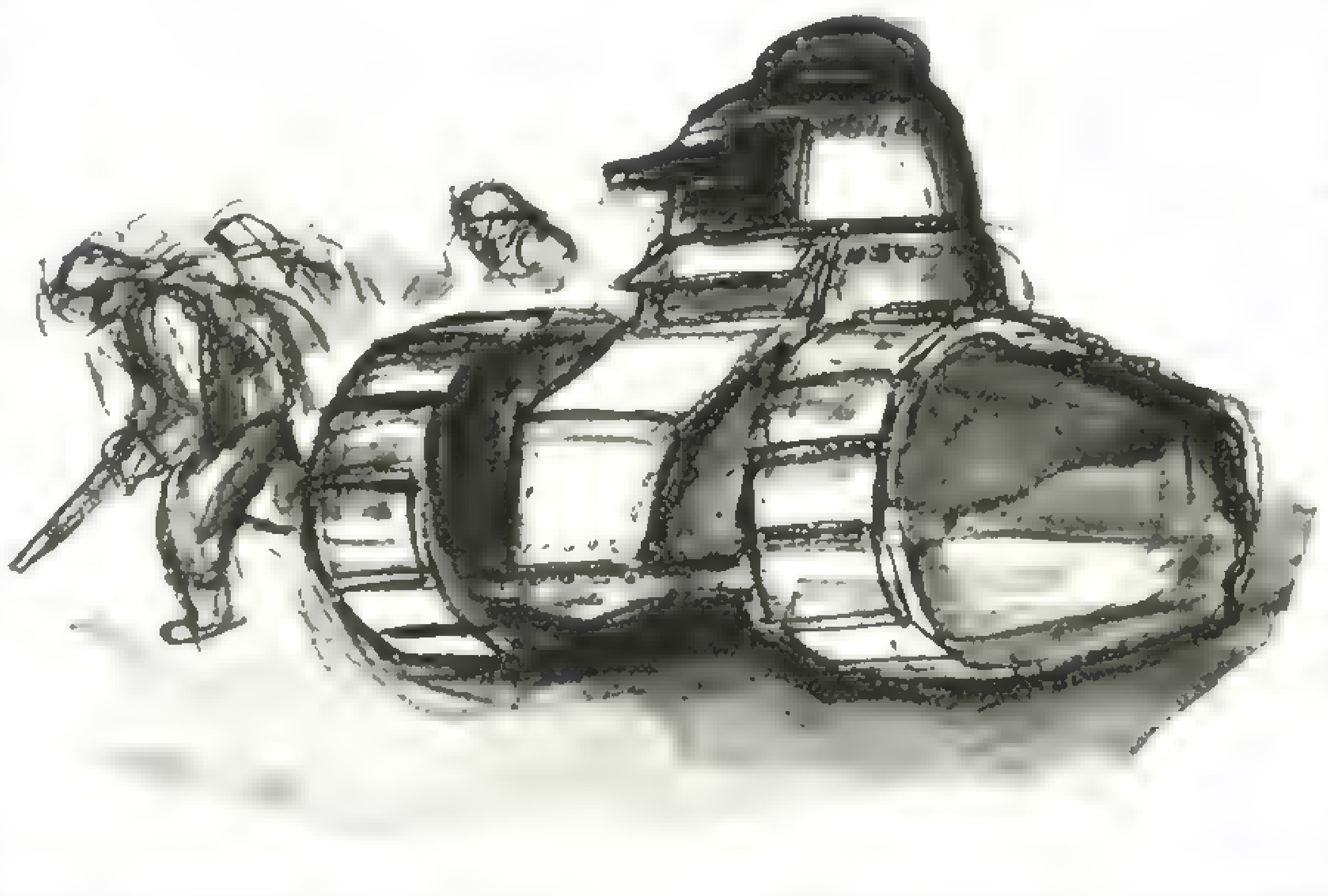
There was heavy fighting all along the Southern Front during Christmas week. The four big Caproni bombers and Zing's little Hispano Hawk were rolled out of their hangars an hour before dawn, and it was usually dark when they came roaring back down the blue Radowa Valley with their machine-guns boiling and their bomb-racks empty.

The six gay and cocky young pilots of the crack *Disperata* Squadron, which included Bruno and Vittorio Mussolini, and who shared the correspondents' quarters here at Harrar, were wildly exhilarated by this first real taste of war. Bombing caravans, hedge-hopping the straw *tamils* of native villages, dodging snipers and ground-strafing enemy patrols—this was life with a kick to it. Man's work.

But at night they were only six very tired boys. They would swagger in from the planes with their gray chests thrown out like pouter pigeons, toss off a stiff hooker of cognac, drop full-clad onto their cots and fall instantly asleep. Because little Zing was our favorite we usually pulled off his boots first and draped the mosquito-net over his smooth baby-face before we turned in.

For all of us sleep was more precious than food or water in those exciting days between Christmas and New Year's. Here at last, after our weeks of sulking in the 120-degree blaze of Somaliland, was real action on the dull Southern Front.

You may recall reading in the dispatches how Graziani's "Hell on Wheels" army of whippet tanks and armored trucks, led by the veteran Genoa Dragoons, started to drive a giant V up toward Jijiga and the prized railroad. We watched it speed through the desert of Haud, the fastest and most beautifully equipped army in the world "The irresistible spear-head of the Roman Legions!" as *Il Duce* shouted from the dock at Naples.



What you did not read was that quite suddenly and unexpectedly this "Hell on Wheels" crashed head-on into three Ethiopian divisions under the wily Ras Desta Demtu, who gave it a brave and bloody argument before they fell under its steel bumpers. This was the first major battle since Adowa, which was important news and kept us moving.

We took up stations about sixty miles apart along the Italian line; with Conybeare of the London *Times* up at Dire-Dawa, Agnew of the *Express* riding with the Eritrean Camel Corps out of Godissa Curo, and myself south across the river with the 10th Milano Cavalry.

Through this plan we hoped that our combined stories might throw some light upon this most chaotic and misreported war in modern history. For, thanks to the Italian censors, the only way we can get the facts through is (like this) in the mailbags of the Swedish Red Cross, via Berlin, Stockholm, and God knows where.

By New Year's night the battle of Neghelli was over, with both sides claiming the usual staggering massacre and again with the real casualties impossible to learn. I returned in one of thirty ambulances packed with the Italian dead and wounded ("8" officially) to our base at Harrar. Here I found the other correspondents and our friends the young flyers preparing a joint celebration of the great victory and Christmas with a gala dinner in the telegraph tent.

News of our party spread rapidly through the camp. All afternoon while we fixed the tree—a dusty stunted acacia—a steady stream of Italian soldiers poked their grinning sun-baked faces into the tent and offered decorations. One brought a brass cartridge clip, another the nickel guard-chain from his automatic rifle; a set of ball-bearings, three polished belt buckles and several cornucopias made from old copies of *Il Popolo*. Then we topped off the job with a bright tin star cut from a mess-plate. But it was a Christmas tree. Everyone agreed on that.

Afterwards we sat around in our underwear, all except the two Englishmen, sipping the warm *talla* beer and fanning lazily at the blast-furnace draft which steamed in from the Ogaden plains.

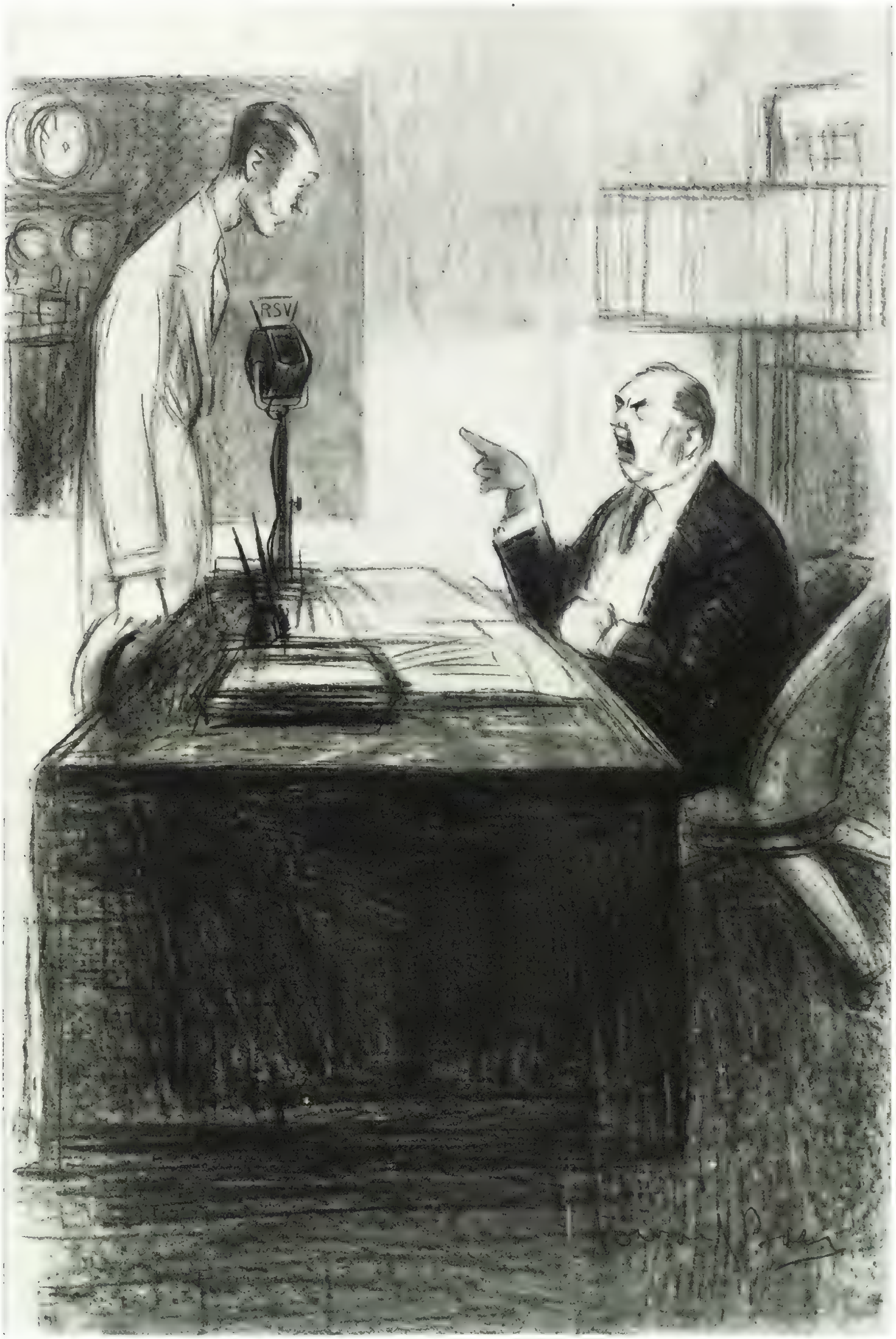
From the adjoining cook tent came the rich garlicy fumes of our dinner—Mombasa beef, baked potatoes, fresh bread and the inevitable spaghetti. In front of us on the table were eleven tin plates and beside each a thick army wineglass. The cloth was a clean sheet, the napkins were crisp khaki kerchiefs and the silver, bright steel. In the center was a blue bowl of Sicilian oranges and lemons, fresh dates and figs. In the icebox were three bottles of sauterne and a sort of plum duff concocted by Agnew The temptation to begin immediately had us all swallowing, but two of the chairs were still vacant.

Zing and Concara had not yet returned from their regular afternoon patrol over Daggah Bur. Zing's pal Riccoboni laughed as he explained that they were probably hunting for Dagne Wodajo, a graduate of France's St. Cyr and chief of the comical Ethiopian air force. Among the pilots of the *Disperata* there was keen rivalry as to who would eventually bring him down. He was a very clever and daring flyer, as he had proven in his single-handed raid on an ammunition train at Makale. He drove a new French pursuit plane capable of 200 miles an hour and equipped with twin guns; but our friends were not impressed. They swore with bland confidence that clipping his wings was merely the question of a few days, perhaps hours. Zing was particularly rabid on the subject. He admitted half-seriously that his promotion to Flight Commander and Italy's Public Hero No. 1 would be a fair reward for Wodajo's wooly scalp.

Perhaps in older and more experienced soldiers such cocky arrogance might have become tiresome after so many weeks, but in these naïve 20-year-old fledglings it was constantly amusing. They had only a very vague idea of what the war was about, and cared even less. All were reserve officers of the class of 1915 who had been plucked suddenly from the dull routine of desk jobs or universities, and for whom this Ethiopian Odyssey meant Adventure with a big capital A.

We came to know them intimately. "Zing" Zingarelli had clerked in a hotel in Rhodes, and his friend Concara was an apprenticed lawyer from the same village. Tusco and Riccoboni were engineering students from Rome. D'Ancona was a junior architect with a firm in Naples, and Biancolleli was a mechanic in Genoa. In short, they were just an average half-dozen youngsters taken from civilian life, who behaved

*Continued in center of page 213*



*"We have plenty of people who imitate dogs—what we want is a dog to imitate people"*

# Slice 'em Down

### Two bad men, and they're really bad, got a razor and a knife, and any gal can see their scars

### *by* LANGSTON HUGHES

• FICTION •

In Reno, among the colored folks of the town, there are two main social classes: those who came to the city on a freight train, and those who did not. The latter, or cushion-riders, are sometimes inclined to turn flat noses high at those who rode the rods by way of entry to the city. Supercilious glances on the part of old settlers and chair-car arrivals toboggan down broad Negro noses at the black bums who, like white bums, both male and female, stream through Nevada on their way to or from the Coast, to remain awhile, if the law will let them in THE BIGGEST LITTLE CITY IN THE WORLD—RENO—according to the official sign in electric lights near the station.

But, of course, the rod-riders get off nowhere near the station. If they're wise, bums from the East get off at Sparks, several miles from the famous mecca of unhappy wives, then they foot it into Reno. (Only passengers with tickets, coaches or Pullmans, can afford the luxury of alighting directly in front of any station, anywhere.)

Terry and Sling came in on a fast freight from Salt Lake. Before that they had come from Cheyenne. And before that from Chicago—and then the line went south and got lost somewhere in a tangle of years and cotton fields and God-knows-what fantasies of blackness.

They were Southern shines. Sure, shines—darkies—niggers—Terry and Sling. At least, that's what the railroad bulls called them often enough on the road. And you don't deny anything to a railroad bull, do you? They hit too hard and shoot too far. And after all, why argue over a name? It's only when your belly's full and your pride's up, that you want people to call you Mr. Terry, Mr. Sling . . . Mr. Man.

"What's your name, boy?" asked a colored voice in the near-darkness.

"What you care? You might be a detective."

Terry grinned from ear to ear at the compliment. He put one hand in a raggedy, pocketless pocket and scratched himself.

"You's a no-name boy like me, heh, fella? Well, maybe you is equally as bad as me, too? Mean and hongry and bad! Listen, let's me and you travel together since we's on the road. What shall I call you?"

"Call me Sling."

Freights were being made up in the Chicago railroad yards at dusk. Rattlers on rollers going somewhere—must be better than here, Lawd, better than here.

"I'm tough, too," said Sling, eyeing a passing string of boxcars. "I eats pig iron for breakfast."

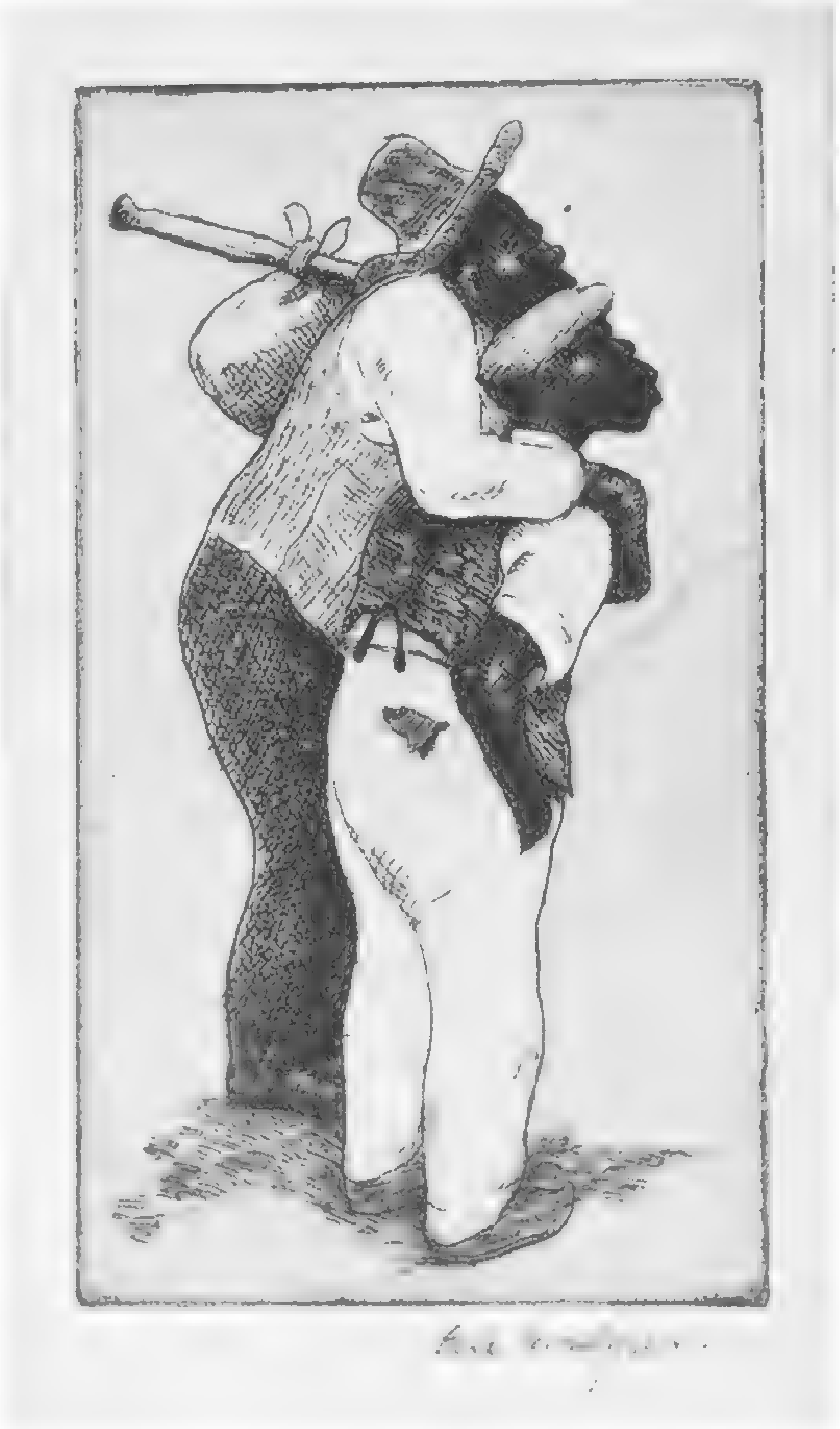
"Huh! I uses cement for syrup on hot cakes made o' steel," said Terry.

"That's why I'm leavin' town," said Sling, "'cause I spit in a bozo's eye yesterday and killed him stone dead! I spits bullets."

Just then they grabbed a West-bound freight on the wing, and lied all the way to Omaha as they squatted in the corner of an open, empty car where plenty of cattle had left plenty of smells on their various trips to the Chicago market.

"Why, man, I done killed me so many mens in my day that I'm scared I'll kill myself some time by accident," said Sling. "When I shaves myself, I tries not to look mean—to keep from pullin' my own razor cross my own throat. I'm a bad jigaboo, son."

"Huh! You ain't nowheres near as bad as me," Terry lied, long tall lies, all the way from Omaha to Cheyenne. "Lemme tell you 'bout the last duster that crossed my path. He were an Al Capone—machine gun and all—and I just mowed him down with my little thirty-two on a forty-four frame. Man, I made lace curtains out of his a-nat-toe-mie!"



"Why?"

"'Cause he were white, and I were mad 'cause he were messin' with my State Street gal."

"Man, you let women mess you up that way?"

"I did that time."

"They ain't worth fightin' about."

"I know it—but I does fight about 'em."

"I does too, man, but I ain't gonna no mo'. I'm through fightin' 'bout women."

"Me, too."

"Then we's buddies. Women done messed me up too much."

"And me."

By that time the cattle car they were in was running too slow for anybody's good, nearing a town. What town? On the map, Cheyenne.

But no map ever made would have a dot on it for the alley where the garbage can was at the A-1 Cafe's backdoor that gave up only a half-dozen rinds of raw squash, a handful of bacon skins, and a few breadcrusts to feed two long tall black boys named Terry and Sling.

"Let's get on down de road, boy." As the stars came out.

"Dust my broom, pal."

"Sling your feet, Terry. Let's make this early evenin' rattler."

Aw, do it freight train! Wheelers roll! Dog-gone my hard, unlucky soul!

Reno! The BIGGEST little CITY in the WORLD blazing its name in lights at night in a big arch of a sign all the way across the street. But they couldn't read the sign none too well. Hunger and rain and a bad education all stood between them and the reading of that sign any too well.

Autumn in Reno! Dog-bite my onions! Stacks of shining silver dollars on the tables, wheels spinning in gambling places, folks winning, losing, winning. THE BANK CLUB: big plate glass windows on the main street. Stand right on the sidewalk and look in at the Bank Club. Dice, keno, roulette, piles of silver. Pretty sight.

"There must not be no law in Reno."

"Must ain't," said Sling.

"Must be all the cartwheels in the world in Reno."

"Must is," said Sling.

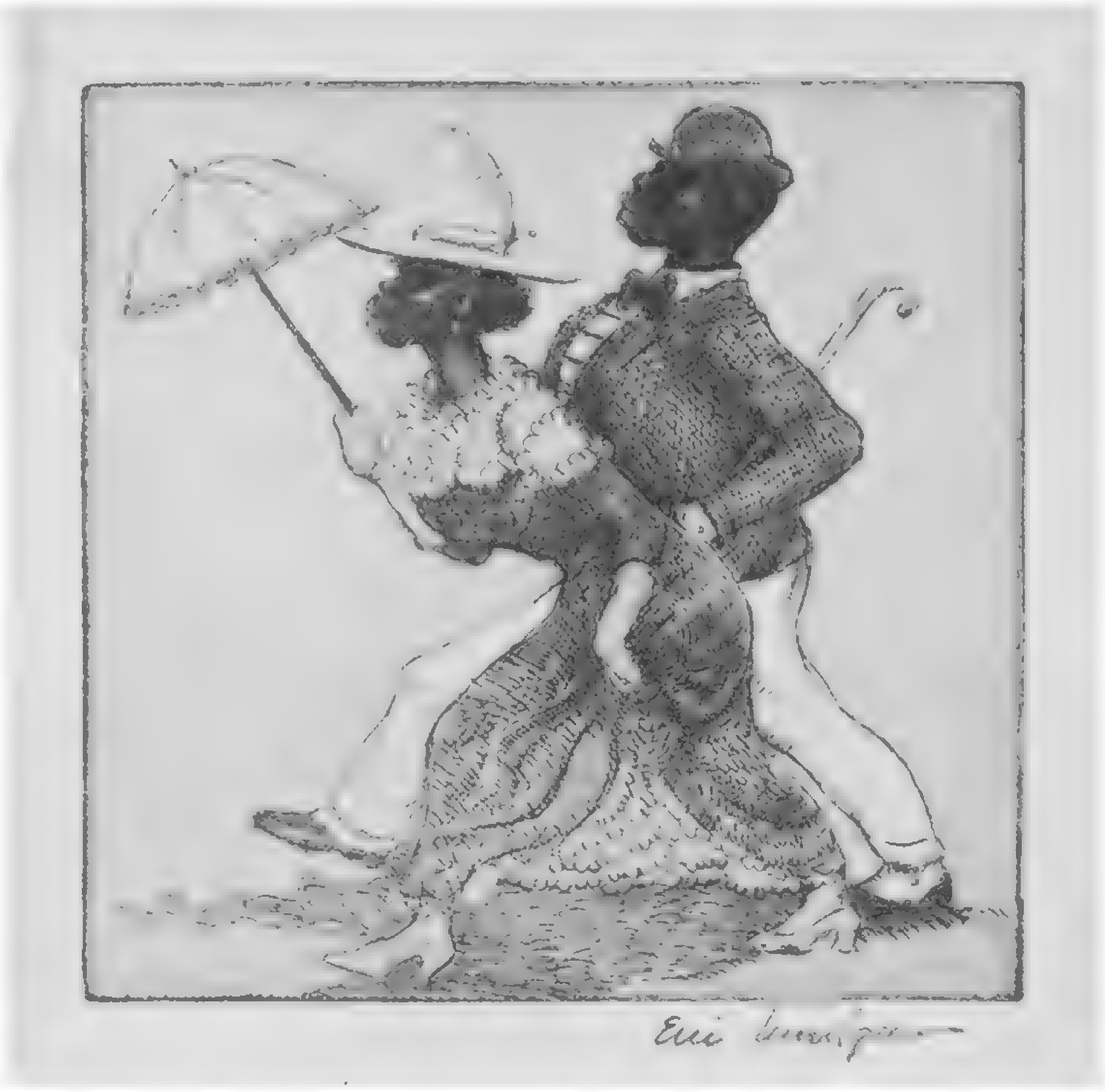
"Here we stays in Reno."

"Here we stays, Terry," said Sling.

As luck would have it, they got jobs, settled in Reno, got a room, got gambling change, got girls. And there the trouble began—with the girls.

Terry was shining shoes at the stand in front of the station. Sling was elbow-greasing the floor of a Chinese lottery and dice joint, acting as general-janitor, bouncer, and errand boy all in one. Between them they made ten or twelve dollars a week. Suits on credit—$3.00 down. Two-tone shoes. Near silk shirts. Key chains—without keys. Who cares about keys? You *wear* the chains. String 'em across your breast! Hang 'em from your pockets. Man, they shines like silver! Shines like gold—them chains! You can't wear keys.

"Boy, you ought to see my gal! Three quarters cat and didn't come here on no freight train neither," said Terry, putting a stocking cap on his head to make his hair lay down.


ETCHINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

"You come on a rattler, so hush," said Sling. "My gal did, too, so don't bring that up!"

"All right, pal! Take it easy! You know I'm a bad man."

"Almost as bad as I is, ain't you?" said Sling, spraying his armpits with rose-colored talcum from a tall ten-cent store box.

"You mean, as bad as you would like to be," kidded Terry, at the same time wishing, in his heart of hearts, that he had a big knife scar somewhere on his body like the one Sling had half-way across his neck and down his shoulder blade—a true sign of battle. "You'd like to be tough," kidded Terry.

But Sling let that pass. He was kinder tired and in no mood for joking, nor quarreling, either. A Chinaman sure can work you hard in one day! Poor *hockaway* gets worked hard everywhere by everybody. Almost too tired to wash up and go see my gal. Dog-gone! That's why he used so much talcum powder, he was so tired.

Meanwhile, Terry put on his derby at a cocky angle, got that off his mind, and looked around under the bed for his shoes. As he tied his brown and white oxfords, he kept thinking in his mind how his sweet mamma didn't come here on no freight train. No, sir! Not that dame o' mine! Angelina Walls is her name, Mrs. Angelina Walls. Cooks for a white lady from Frisco who come to Reno to get unchained, and brought along her maid. And the maid done fell for me! Ha! Ha! Angelina! Fell for a smooth black papa with a deep Chicago line. Old young Terry's done got himself a woman, sure enough.

"Boy, lend me your honey-brown tie, will you?"

"Aw-right," said Sling.

Tonight, Sling's thoughts were on his lady-love, too, tired as he was. Dark and Indian-looking, his particular girl. She didn't work much, neither. Just rested. She made her living—somehow. Wore a rabbit's skin coat and a gold wrist watch. . . . Sure, she come to town on a freight train—but she rode in taxis on rainy nights! Had a nice room. Had a good heart. Liked an old long tall boy by the name of Sling, with a razor scar across his shoulder. Hot dog! Her name was Charlie-Mae. Charlie-Mae what? I dunno! Nobody was ever heard to call her by her last name, if she had one. She might have had one, maybe, who knows? Probably did. Charlie-Mae—Indian-looking girl in a rabbit skin coat with a gold wrist watch. Lawd!

"Let's haul it to the club," said Terry, "soon's I go get Angelina."

"I'll pick you up," said Sling, "by and by. You truck on down."

So Terry tapped on down the steps in his derby hat and honey-colored tie to get Mrs. Walls.

Shortly thereafter, in a sky-blue suit with wide shoulders, Sling went looking for Charlie-Mae, key chain just a-swinging, shining and swinging.

Both boys really looked hot in the gorgeous sense—but the sad facts were that it was late November by now and neither one of them had yet worked up to an overcoat to cover their outer finery. So it should be herein recorded that before donning their stylish suits and ties and hats, they had put on underneath various sweaters, sweatshirts, and other warm but unsightly garments from their meager store in order the better to face the cold Nevada wind.

## II

Saturday night in Reno. Back alley Reno. Colored Reno by the railroad tracks where you can hear the trains go by. Where do they go, them trains? Where do they come from? What is there where them trains go better than here, Lawd, better than here? Colored folks always live down by the railroad tracks, but is there any train anywhere runnin' where a man ain't black? Far or near, Lawd, is it better than here—Reno on a Saturday night?

"Anyhow, who gives a damn about being black, when he's hard and tough as I is?" said Terry, leaving the house near the park where he had called at the white lady's back door for his girl-friend.

"Well, for a woman, it ain't easy being black," said Mrs. Angelina Walls. "I could a-been much better educated, had I been white. Now, down South where I growed up, there wasn't any schools hardly for colored. But as it were, I learned to read and write, and I holds my head high. I ain't common! I come here on a train, myself!"

"You all right with me," Terry said proudly as they walked down the street toward the alley where the colored Club was located. "A high-toned woman like you's all right with me."

"Then don't mix me with no dirt," said Mrs. Angelina Walls. "That's one reason I don't like to go to this old club. Any-and-everybody goes there. Womens right off the street. Bums right off the freight."

"They sure do," said Terry, feeling kinder shamed to take her there, educated as she was. "But they ain't no place else for jigs to go in Reno."

"You right, honey," said Mrs. Angelina Walls. "We has to get a glass o' beer somewhere and dance a little bit once in awhile."

"We sho' do."

## III

"You can have a right smart good time at that there Club," said Sling, as he and his girl came down the steps of the third-rate Japanese rooming house where she lived.

"We sho' can," said Charlie-Mae, buttoning her rabbit fur. "Um-m! This air smells good tonight."

"Would smell better if it weren't so cold," said Sling. "I never did like for winter to start coming."

"I do," said Charlie-Mae. "It's better for my business. I don't always have a nice affectionate fella like you to look after me."

"But you got me now," said Sling, "so you don't have to worry."

"When we gonna start living together?"

"Soon's I get my next pay from that Chinaman in the dice-house. But I kinder hate to move away from Terry, 'cause me and him's been real good buddies. He's mighty nigh as bad a man as I is, and don't neither one of us take no foolishness. I'm tellin' you, Charlie-Mae," Sling lied, "you ought to seen how we used to do them railroad bulls when we was on the road together. We used to slice 'em right down! I mean, cut 'em to ribbons and leave their carcass in the railroad yard, if they messed with us."

"You did?"

"Sho' did."

"You and Terry?"

"Me and Terry! We used to slice them bulls right down."

"But Terry ain't got no scars."

"He sho' ain't," said Sling. "I just now thought o' that. But I'm so bad, I done been scarred up two or three times, if not more."

"That's a lovely cut on your right shoulder," said Charlie-Mae. "But, say! Listen

*Continued in center of page 190*

# Good Times for Authors

## Movies and radio increase the consumption of words, till even the sincere artist gets a break

### *by* ROGER BURLINGAME

• ARTICLE •

I do not agree—though I belong to the group of the lesser successful, financially—with the common complaint that authors working in the realm of art are having a hard time. Hard times are relative and must be considered historically, not merely referred to the balloon parties of 1929 when the values were bright colored fantasies in the sky.

In the long run of history artists have depended on patrons other than the public. The public was always there but in the background; appreciative, perhaps, but not paying the artist, directly, for his work or protecting him in misery. Virgil and Horace were subsidized by the rich Maecaenas, Dante sheltered in exile by his Guido; the artists of the Italian Renaissance were financed largely by such big butter and egg men (or, more properly, patent medicine tycoons) as the Medici; Rubens made his money flattering the royalty and nobility of Europe; the better Elizabethan writers seem to have been favored by the court, Shakespeare by Pembroke and Southampton and so on so that it is only in the intervals of direct dependence upon the public that practitioners of the arts have had a hard time.

This is distinctly an age of patronage, at least for literature and music. The patrons are the makers of tooth paste, automobiles, breakfast foods, cigarettes, chewing-gum—to mention a few. As patrons of the arts, they make the Medicis insignificant.

The author who is confined between cloth covers has a harder time than other authors, because books are hard for the patrons to reach. They try: witness the Book Talks, Interviews with Authors, Readings, etc., put on the air by hotel people or in the interest of nose drops. If the author is willing to step outside his binding for a moment, he may, under the patronage of a soap or baking powder, advertise his own wares and be paid for it, besides, in cash. He may reach, thus, a million times larger audience and with less strain to his voice than Petrarch before the Roman Capitol or Cicero in the Forum.

Even the cinema people may, in this sense, be considered patrons of the arts. They are not, except in rare cases, purveyors of the author's material to the public. But, in what they do, they are more generous than any patrons in history, for they will buy, for an enormous sum, an author's title, or rent his name in order to build about it a new vehicle whereby their actors may entertain colossal audiences. In doing this, they are paying, remember, not for a story, but for the privilege of advertising the author so that his next book will have a better sale! Furthermore they do all the work. Such magnanimity is unparalleled in the record of patronage.

An odd case of this was the purchase by a motion picture producer of the cinema rights of *Only Yesterday*, a historical work by Frederick Lewis Allen, published in 1931. This book was a popular but accurate record, with comment, of events and trends in the decade of the twenties. Its material was not copyrightable. The author's comment, good as it was, was hardly picture stuff. I doubt if the author could even have protected the title unless it were applied to a similar work. Certainly the cinema people could produce a picture of the kind they actually did produce with this title without fear of a successful suit.

So Mr. Allen must have been surprised when an offer was made of several thousand for the movie rights of his history. He wondered what sort of a picture the producer would make. He could not, himself, see a story in any of his editorial comment. But the purchaser as usual was silent as to his intent. Perhaps it was not yet definite in his own mind.

In any case, when the picture appeared, it bore no relation to the book. It was a love story in the movie tradition. There was no apparent reason why the producer should have paid anything to Mr. Allen. In other words the purchase price was a gift, less plausible on grounds of self-interest than the reported gift of £1000 by the Earl of Southampton to Shakespeare after the dedication of *The Rape of Lucrece!*

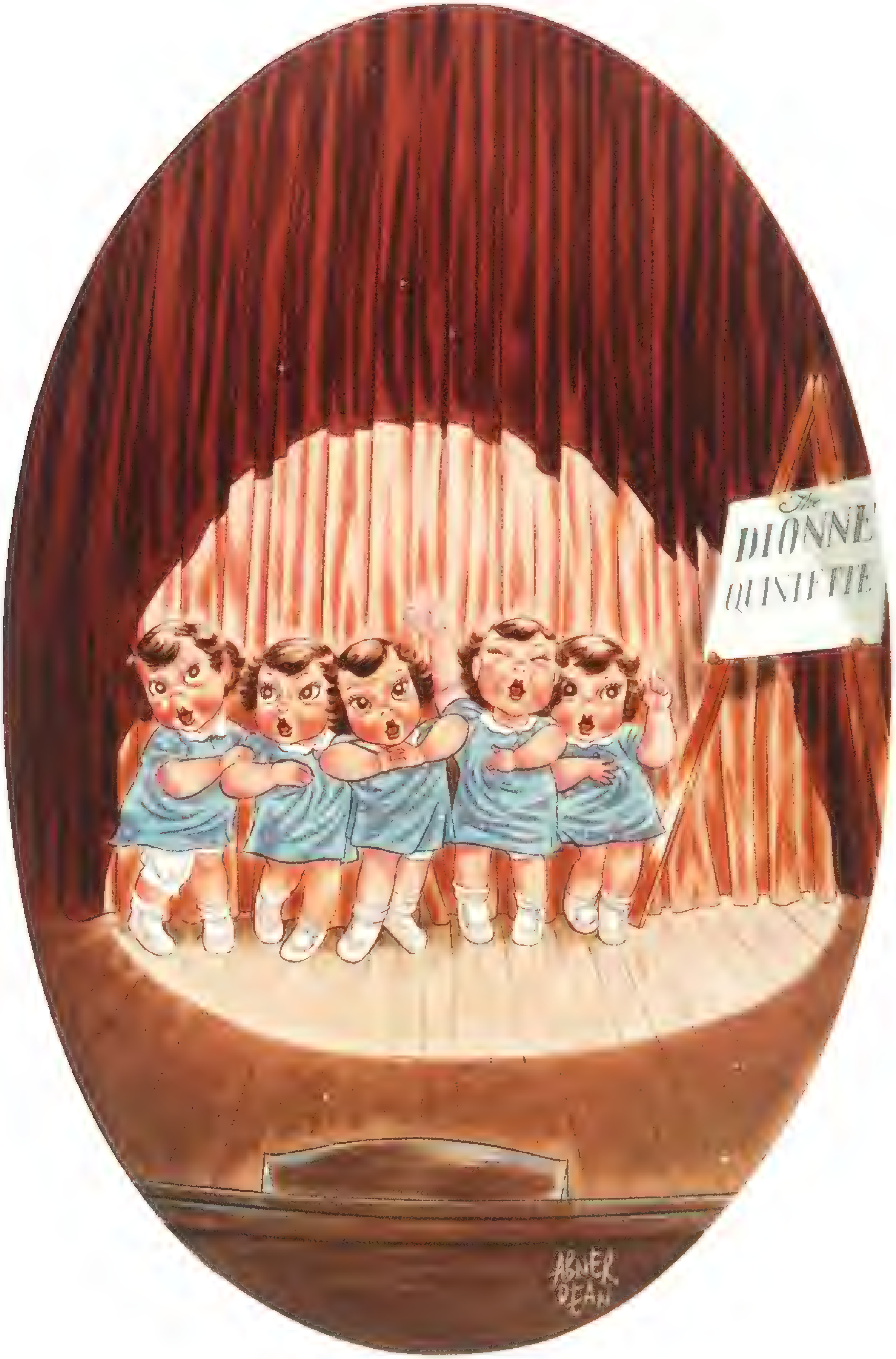
There are many equally curious examples. With such a sum of money an author may forget his book royalties. It is true that most purchases by the movies are of books which have already succeeded as books but not always. If a gift like this is made to a poor and obscure writer, it is a great boon; it makes it possible for him to give up hack work and pot-boilers and get down to serious business. Such a thing happened to me at the very start of my career. The rights of my first tentative novel were bought for the movies for a sum which seemed to me at the time a fortune. In my case it was even more a gift than in Mr. Allen's, for no picture of my novel was ever made!

A purist might comment on the ethics of an author's accepting such a gift. Yet the very magnanimity of the giver is disarming to moral argument. If an author should bind himself to a set of subversive conditions by his acceptance, it would be another matter. But he obligates himself to nothing. This patronage has become so obviously patronage that the most innocent movie fan no longer supposes that what he sees on the screen ever issued from the typewriter of the author whose name is attached. He knows as well as I do that the producer has done most if not all of the work; that the book and the book alone is the author's personal, separate achievement.

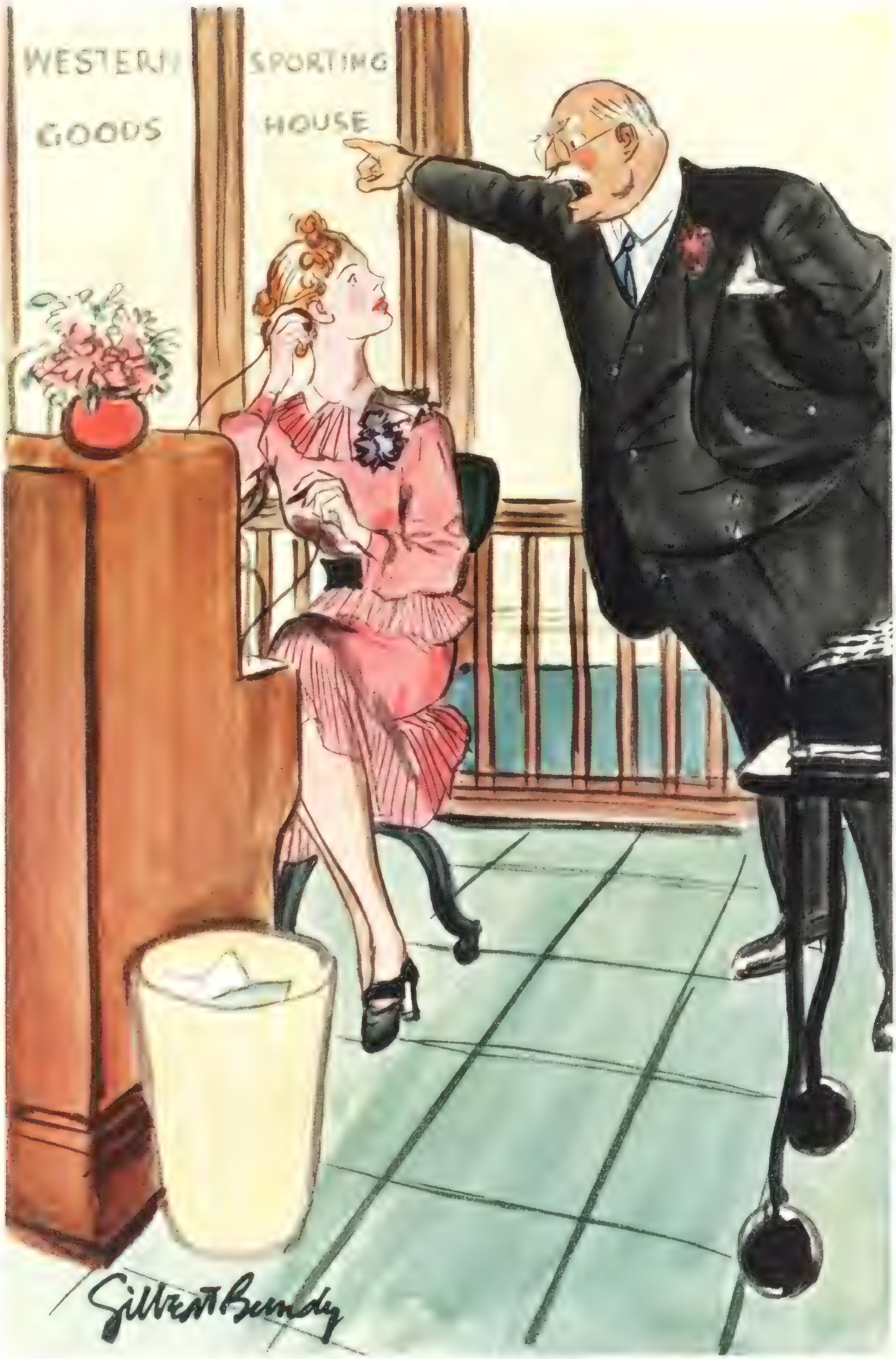
Among the patrons of modern literature we may, I think, rank the movies as number one. A close second is the magazine advertiser. He is less magnanimous. He uses the author's own creation as the vehicle of his publicity. Yet he pays, for that vehicle, a sum so large that he makes possible a bonus often far in excess of merit and incalculably more than the public pays for goods intended, primarily for them. In the largest circulation magazines, the advertiser pays five or more thousand dollars a page, whereas the reader pays a fraction of a cent for a story which covers several pages. Assuming that a magazine which sells for a nickel has, in lean times, a circulation of two million and fifty pages of advertising at $5000 a page, the public pays, gross, $100,000 for its entertainment while the advertisers pay $250,000 for their vehicle. It is, in fact, the advertisers who make the publication possible at all. The public, when circulation expenses are deducted, do not even pay the cost of manufacture. But with the patronage of the advertiser, the public gets a great deal for very little and the author gets more than the public would ever willingly pay him.

There are, to be sure, more niggers visible in this woodpile than in that of the movie patron who seems to give something for nothing. The advertiser expects a return from the public he benefits. He hopes for a recompense if not in immediate cash, at least in good will; in the establishment of his business or the mainte-

*Continued in center of page 200*


The
DIONNE
QUINTETTE
ABNER
DEAN

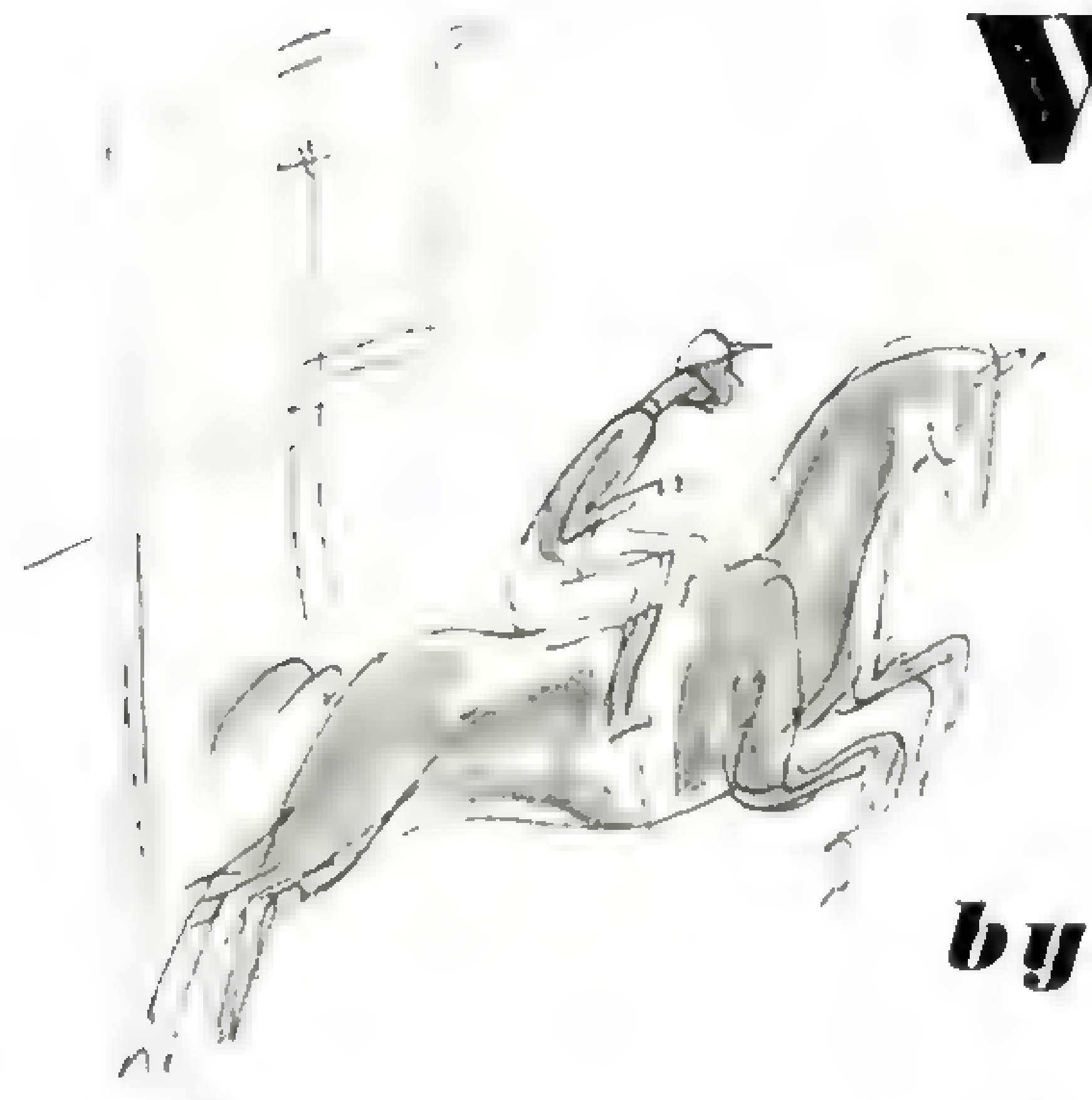
*"That won-der-ful Daddy of mine—"*


WESTERN SPORTING
GOODS HOUSE
Gilbert Bundy

*"No! No! Miss Welton!—For the last time, it's Western Sporting Goods House!"*

# Who Wants a Horse?

## The man who picked Omaha sticks his neck out again and names a Derby winner for this year



### by ROBERT SAUNDERS DOWST

• SPORTS •

On February 29th nominations closed for the Kentucky Derby of 1936, to be run at Churchill Downs on May 2nd. One hundred and two three-year-olds were named, including Grand Slam, which won the Arlington Futurity, Tintagel, which won the Belmont Futurity and thus established himself as the leading two-year-old money-winner of 1935, Hollyrood, which ran second in that race and later won the Pimlico Futurity at a mile and a sixteenth, and the Bradley horses Banister and Bien Joli. Other prominent and promising nominees were Brevity, the J. E. Widener crack, Bright Plumage, Coldstream, Crossbow II, the Crusader colt, Galsac, Granville, He Did, Maeriel, Ned Reigh, Postage Due, Sangreal, Seabiscuit, Snark, Teufel, The Fighter and White Cockade. Jean Bart, the handsome Man o' War colt that many competent judges thought would develop into a first-class three-year-old, was not named.

All of these horses, in sprint-racing at least, had done something as two-year-olds, either winning important stakes or showing speed and good races when not winning. Of the group Hollyrood alone had won over something approaching a real distance of ground, but in that race—the Pimlico Futurity at a mile and a sixteenth—his time had been slow. The Kentucky Derby seemed a very open race, one extremely difficult to predict with any confidence, until the Florida Derby came along on March 7th and turned up a winner in J. E. Widener's Brevity. In that race the colt's performance was so brilliant that it is impossible to go beyond him in seeking the probable winner of the Kentucky stake. As this is written, immediately after the Florida race, he has been made winter-book favorite for the Kentucky classic in place of Hollyrood, the original choice, and unless he goes wrong in further training, or unless some other sensational winner pops up in the Chesapeake Stakes or Wood Memorial in the spring, Brevity undoubtedly will go to the post the public's choice at Churchill Downs on May 2nd.

Neither his status as winter favorite nor as post favorite will guarantee his winning the race, but at least in this case the favoritism will be logical. In 1934 Sir Thomas was made winter-book favorite for the Derby on the strength of his good second to Singing Wood in the Belmont Futurity of 1933, but he finished up the track and now is running in cheap claiming-races at valuations of about $800. In 1935 Nellie Flag was made post favorite in face of the fact that only one filly—H. P. Whitney's Regret in 1915—ever had won the Derby in its sixty prior runnings. Omaha beat her easily. But Brevity is a logical choice because his Florida Derby race almost conclusively demonstrated possession of quality rare in all thoroughbreds and particularly rare in the small group of Kentucky Derby starters nominated for the race on the strength of their performances in few-furlong dashes as two-year-olds.

The Florida stake is at a mile and an eighth—an eighth of a mile shorter than the Kentucky Derby—and in it Brevity took up 120 pounds and ran the distance in one minute, forty-eight and a fifth seconds (1:48⅕), this equalling Discovery's world's time-record made in the Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct against King Saxon and Omaha in the summer of 1935.

Hialeah Park, where the Florida Derby is run, is a very fast track, and Brevity was favored by the fact, but his race conclusively proved that he can keep going over a distance of ground and at a rate of speed wholly beyond the powers of all except a very few top-class horses. To drop into arithmetic as Silas Wegg sometimes dropped into poetry, speed of this order involves running over fifty-four feet a second for one hundred and eight consecutive seconds. A first-class sprinting thoroughbred can run only slightly faster for five-eighths or three-quarters of a mile—and a mile and an eighth is no sprint to our modern horses. If Brevity repeats his Florida race he is almost a certainty to win in Kentucky; whether he repeats it is of course much more of an open question.

Brevity's sire is not positively known. After the Widener stallion Chance Shot served his dam Ormonda it was thought after tests that she was not in foal, and she was served again by Sickle. Brevity looks like a Sickle, being on the small order and straight-backed, but he seems to be able to go on, which may indicate that he is a Chance Shot after all. Sickle, a son of Phalaris, imported from England by J. E. Widener, raced more successfully in sprints than over routes.

Brevity's owner, J. E. Widener, mogul of Hialeah and Belmont Parks, never has won a Kentucky Derby. The nearest he ever came was in 1927 when his Osmand ran second by a head to H. P. Whitney's Whiskery, masterfully ridden by Earl Sande, the "handy man." And Osmand, as it happens, was from Ormonda, Brevity's dam. It may be that a half-brother of Widener's loser will be his winner.

As a two-year-old Brevity ran only three times. He won twice on Long Island, then ran behind in the Hopeful at six and a half furlongs at Saratoga—a race most luckily won by C. V. Whitney's Red Rain under Workman. Brevity suffered repeated interference and was outlucked rather than outrun when he trailed Red Rain, Bien Joli, Sun Teddy, Snark and White Cockade over the line. He won his first start in Florida in February, 1936, tearing off a mile in one minute, thirty-six seconds (1:36), a most excellent performance, and then went on to his Florida Derby victory on March 7th. Brevity has been handled as a two-year-old of promise should be—given enough racing for education but not enough for abuse or injury. Apparently he is perfectly sound, and should come up to his Kentucky début in perfect condition in view of the fact that he has been training in Florida and has not been subjected to the handicaps of climate and weather prevailing in the north and east and in Kentucky.

The colt inexplicably was not made eligible for the Belmont Futurity by his owner. It appears now that with his quality

Continued on page 199

# The Big Director

### Mr. Margolies did not believe in free will because he could afford to pay for that, too

### by JOHN DOS PASSOS

▪ FICTION ▪

All afternoon, standing there in front of the long pierglass while the dressmaker fussed around her with her mouth full of pins Margo was worrying about what to do. When the big director, Sam Margolies, came around at five to see the new dresses her hair was still in the dryer.

"How attractive you look with your head in that thing," he said, "and the lacy negligee and the little triangle of Brussels lace between your knees . . . I'll remember it. I have total recall I never forget anything I've seen." He had a chalky look like a bust of Napoleon, a twitching sallow face with violet puffs under the eyes. His eyes were big and almondshaped looking shinily into hers. "You must have no secrets from me, Margo darling," he said gently. "You will see I understand everything . . . everything . . . I know you better than you know yourself. That's why I know I can direct you. I have studied every plane of your face and of your beautiful little girlish soul so full of desire . . . Nothing you do can surprise or shock me."

"That's good," said Margo.

He went away saying he'd be back at eight.

"Oh Margie you oughtn't to treat Mr. Margolies like that," whined Agnes, and started fussing around the room in the fat middleaged way she had that always made Margo so nervous.

"I can do without him better than he can do without me," said Margo. "He's got to have a new star. They say he's pretty near on the skids anyway."

"Mr. Hardbein says that's just because he's fired his publicity man," said Agnes.

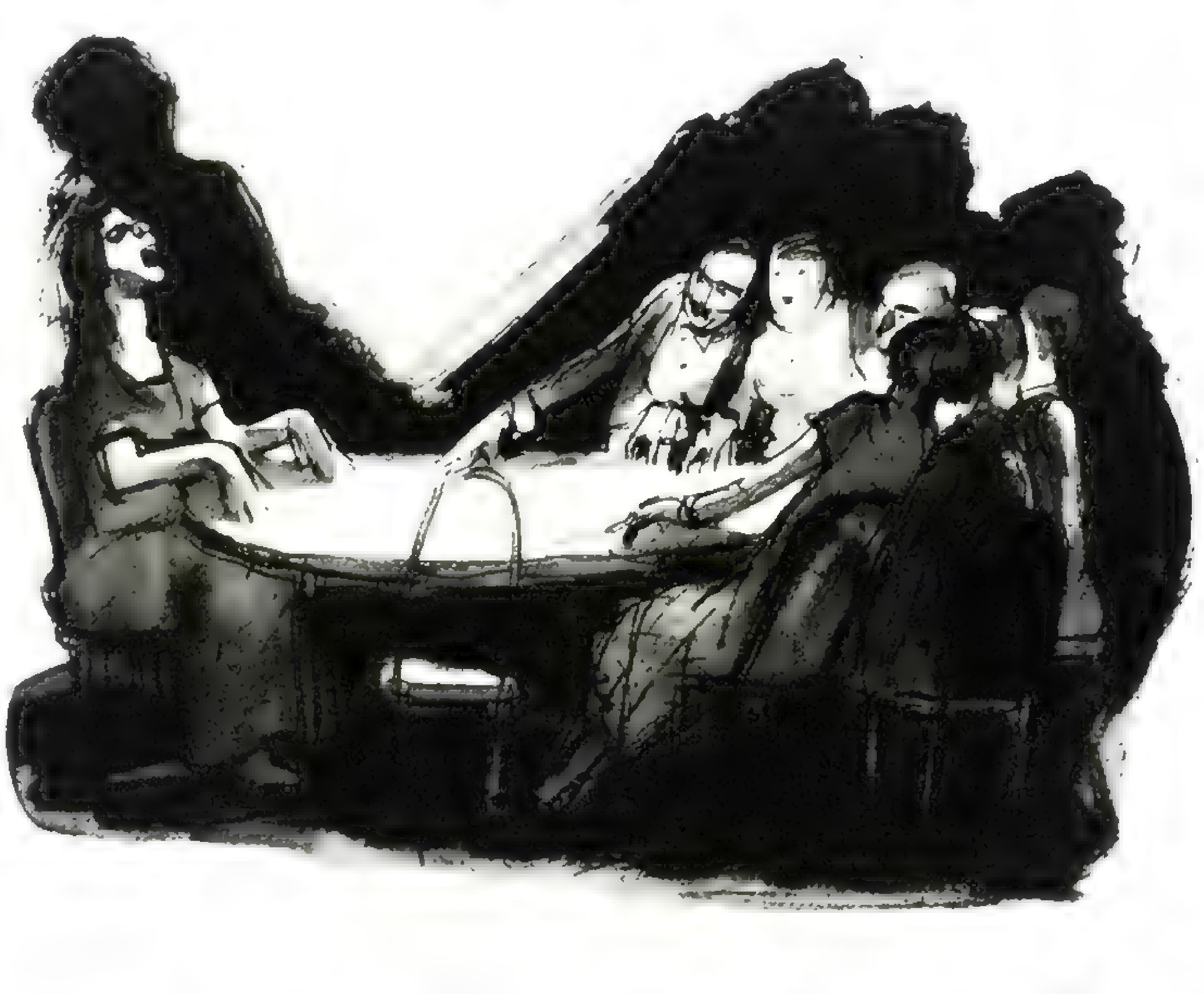
It was late when they got started. Madame Esther's house was way down town in a dilapidated part of Los Angeles. They had the chauffeur let them out two blocks from the house and walked to it down an alley between dusty bungalow courts like the places they'd lived in when they first came out to the coast years ago. Margo nudged Agnes. "Remind you of anything?" Agnes turned to her frowning. "We must only remember the pleasant beautiful things, Margie."

Madame Esther's house was a big old frame house with wide porches and cracked shingle roofs. The blinds were drawn on all the grimy windows. Agnes knocked at a little groundglass door in back. A thin spinsterish woman with grey bobbed hair opened it immediately. "You are late," she hissed in a whisper. "Madam's in a state. They don't like to be kept waiting. It'll be difficult to break the chain."

The woman took Agnes' hand and Agnes took Margo's hand and they went in single file down a dark passageway that had only a small red bulb burning in it, and through a door into a completely dark room that was full of people breathing and shuffling.

"I thought it was going to be private," whispered Margo. "Shush," hissed Agnes in her ear. When her eyes got accustomed to the darkness she could see Madame Esther's big puffy face swaying across a huge round table and faint blurs of other faces around it. They made way for Agnes and Margo and Margo found herself sitting down with somebody's wet damp hand clasped in hers. On the table in front of Madame Esther were a lot of little pads of white paper. Everything was quiet except for Agnes' heavy breathing next to her.

It seemed hours before anything happened. Then Margo saw Madame Esther's eyes were open but all she could see was the whites. A deep baritone voice was coming out of her lips talking a language she didn't understand. Somebody in the ring answered in the same language, evidently putting questions. "That's Sidi Hassan the Hindoo," whispered Agnes. "He's given some splendid tips on the stock market."



"Silence," yelled Madame Esther in a shrill woman's voice that almost scared Margo out of her wits. The control is waiting. No he has been called away. He left a message that all would be well. He left a message that tomorrow he would impart the information the parties desired and that his little girl must on no account take any step without consulting her darling Agnes."

Agnes burst into hysterical sobs and a hand tapped Margo on the shoulder. The same greyhaired woman led them to the back door again. She had some smelling salts that she made Agnes sniff. Before she opened the groundglass door she said, "That'll be fifty dollars please. Twentyfive dollars each . . . And Madam says that the beautiful girl must not come any more, it might be dangerous for her, we are surrounded by hostile influence. But Mrs. Mandeville must come and get the messages. Nothing can harm her Madam says because she has the heart of a child."

As they stepped out into the dark alley to find that it was already night and the lights were on everywhere Margo pulled her fur up around her face so that nobody could recognize her.

"You see Margie," Agnes said as they settled back into the deep seat of the old Rolls, "everything is going to be all right. You must go ahead and marry Mr. Margolies right away."

"Well I suppose it's no worse than signing a three year contract," said Margo. She told the chauffeur to drive as fast as he could because Sam Margolies was taking her to an opening at Grauman's that night.

When she got home it seemed to take Margo hours longer than usual to get dressed. When she looked at her wristwatch that lay on the dressingtable beside the big powderbox, it was eight o'clock already. Sam would be coming by any minute now. She was nervous. She was bawling out Agnes for being so slow bringing her her dress.

Once she finally had it on she was so nervous she was strolling up and down the room. It was a new white spangly dress with a trimming of ostrich feathers. She caught sight of herself in the big triple mirror standing between the beds. She went over and stood in front of the mirror. She looked at the three views of herself in the white spangly dress. Her eyes were a flashing blue and her cheeks were flushed. Agnes came up behind her bringing her the rhinestone band she was going to wear in her hair. "Oh Margie," she cried, "You never looked so stunning."

The maid came up to say that Mr. Margolies was waiting. Margo kissed Agnes and said, "You won't be scared will you deary?" Margo pulled the ermine wrap that they'd sent up on approval that afternoon round her shoulders and walked out to the car. Rodney Cathcart was there lolling in

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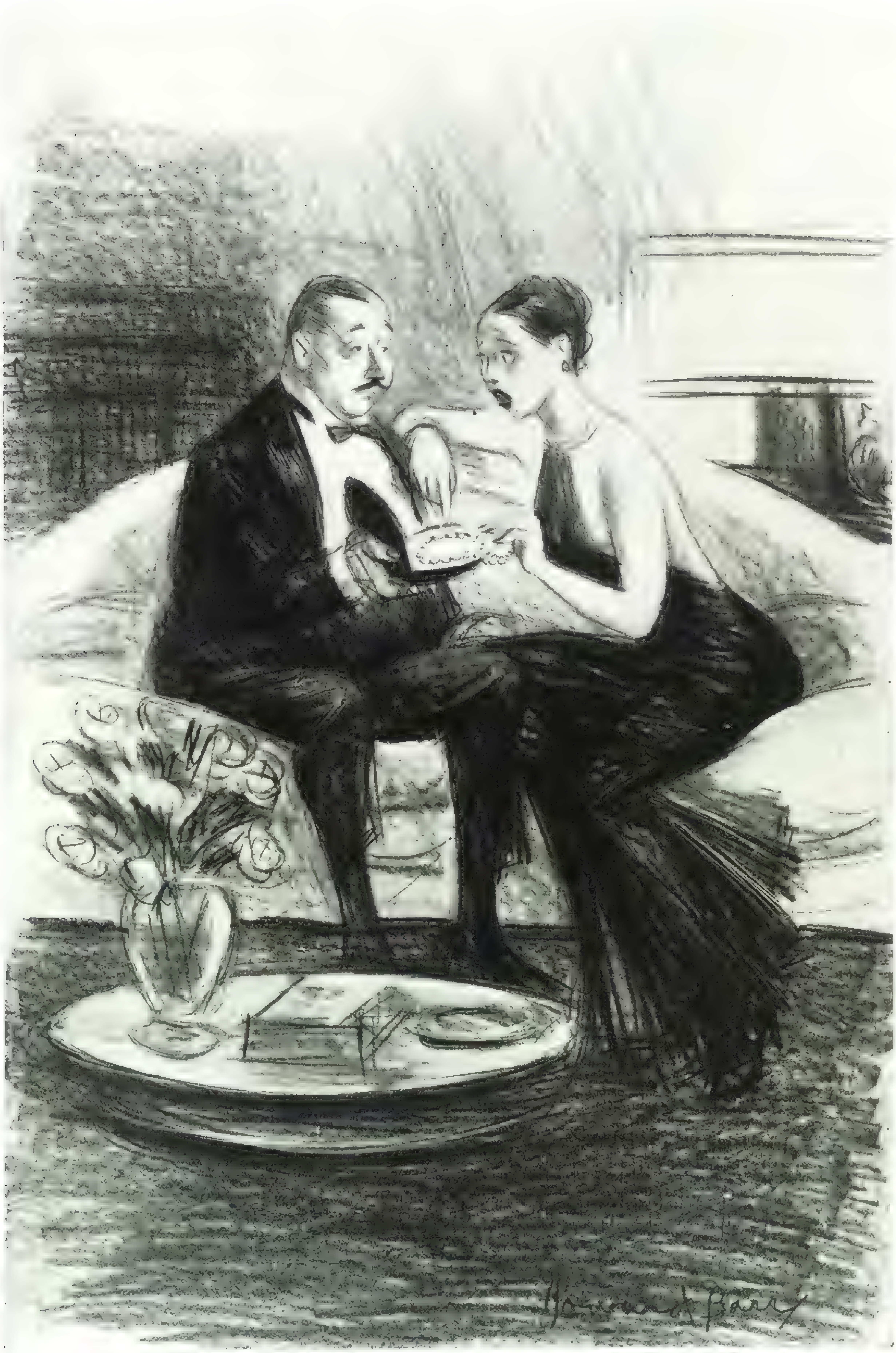

*"If I accept it will I lose my amateur standing?"*

# She's No Longer Faithful If—

## Supposing that she got over the first twenty-five jumps, now put the little lady over these five-and-twenty more

### by MARCEL DESAGE

• ARTICLE •

**26** Convention decrees that only you, her husband, are supposed to see her undergarments, at least you are the only man supposed to see them. For the last seven years she has worn sturdy and wifely underthings, but lately these very articles have become flagrantly youthful and almost non-existent. Likewise if she no longer dresses or undresses within your eyeshot.

**27** She is the most unpunctual person in the world, still she has developed the habit of meeting you punctually at the railroad station whenever you have been absent upon a long and irregularly timed trip: she has trained you to expect this and to send her a telegram with the exact date of your arrival.

**28** She has never shown the least interest in your home: she devotes herself exclusively to spending your money and allows the servants to run the house as they please, punctuating this indifference by an occasional spasmodic household activity or two. Still among all of your friends and your particular circles of acquaintances you are mystified to learn that everywhere she has the reputation of being "the perfect helpmate." If you are enough of a man of affairs to substantiate enough newspaper interest, and your wife is interviewed, you will be astonished to read that she is the tender and devoted mistress of your household, literally its cook and bottle-washer, and that she never dreams of being anything more than your helpmate. She is preparing for public opinion against the time when you will divorce her.

**29** She never weeps, but recently you have often caught her crying secretly. Uncle Ezra hasn't died, and she hasn't quarreled with her girl friend Mabel; she says that the dressmaker has cut her frock wrongly, or again that the hairdresser has ruined her hair. Neither is the truth. Either her lover has just given her the sack or some kind act of yours has aroused her conscience.

**30** You are both seated in your favorite restaurant and a young man who is very evidently a previous acquaintance, comes up to speak to her. She introduces you, and he is very and genuinely delighted to meet you. Subsequently he makes himself so agreeable that, within a short week or two, he becomes a great friend of yours. (Otherwise he would have no entry to your house and would have to communicate with her from afar.)

**31** After months of absence, you meet her at Vichy, and you are introduced to a very spuriously titled young man whom your mistress accepts as genuine. You all go to dinner and he pays for it. No European adventurer would ever pay for an American's dinner unless he were upon a family basis.

**32** The male "friend of the family" has squealed upon you. Last night he saw you in the company of a very attractive blonde, but he doesn't know that you saw him. He has always pretended to be your bosom friend, still this morning your mistress knows about it. As a general rule other men will keep quiet about your indiscretions but your mistress's lover will not.

**33** The "friend of the family" is suspect in direct ratio to his "Harmlessness" and the effectiveness with which such laudable eunuchoid and platonic qualities have been bestowed upon him by the remarks of your mistress, and believed by you. Here is a game: make a list of your very best men friends, and then put a cross after every one whom your mistress has referred to in the following way (a) as being a terrible and congenital liar, though amusing, (b) as being a rather nice man and an amusing flirt but unfortunately tied to the apron strings of his wife, (c) as being rather faintly in love with her to her infinite amusement, (d) as being a nice but thoroughly negligible person and *certainly the last person on earth she would fall in love with;* likewise (e) do they come *regularly* to your house, (f) do they turn up inexplicably at the same night clubs, (g) have they pressed themselves upon your friendship and your household, or (h) have they beseiged you with telegrams, long-distance telephone calls, and countless invitations to have you *both* stay with them at their bachelor summer places strewn about in the cool mountains when you are sweltering in the cities? The name with the most crosses is your "friend of the family," and you are welcome to him! *General Rule:* "The Last Person On Earth" will usually be your man. For the last several years your mistress and he have been selling you his TOTAL IMPROBABILITY.

**34** She exchanges letters regularly and often with a "harmless" male who is your friend, and when in town, he practically lives at your house. You develop a strange and new idiosyncrasy in that you now begin to get up first in the morning to open the morning mail. After two or three days of this she will become nervous and send him a telegram, and you, meanwhile, have left instructions at the telegraph office to save all duplicates of telegrams coming from your house and placed to your account.

**35** She is intellectually inclined and has the friendship of a number of writers, poets, and musicians. Glance in the autographed copies of books or music they may send her. For instance, if you pick up a book by a writer she has never mentioned *to you,* and it is dedicated "to Mrs. Elsie Smith" with the "Mrs." obviously crowded in as an afterthought between the "to" and "Elsie"; the "Smith," written with another dip of the pen, or even in your mistress's clumsy attempt to imitate the previous handwriting so that the book may be kept around the house; then, indeed, one can consider the matter suspect. But when beneath that is added the line "with the hope that this book may help to make her a better woman" then you are sure of the worst. But if the writer is merely courting an untied wife or two, he will write "to Elsie, with appreciation of her beautiful legs." These dedications are harmless. Waste no time with them.

**36** It becomes exceedingly strange and more marked that every time you go out dancing and at the most recherché places John Smith is automatically at the next table. But when, added to that, he turns up at Juan Les Pins, and just when you are both there, it is beyond coincidence. As a general rule this kind of bewildering and reoccuring face, no matter whether it is that of your best friend, is suspect. How should he know exactly where you are going to dine and dance each evening?

**37** Your wife or mistress borrows your new Alfa Romeo and takes it over to Europe, where she motors from Havre to Nice. She accomplishes the first leg of the journey to Paris in one day. But subsequently it takes her a full ten days to accomplish the rest of the trip, which this Alfa Romeo in particular could burn up in one single day if necessary. She has driven

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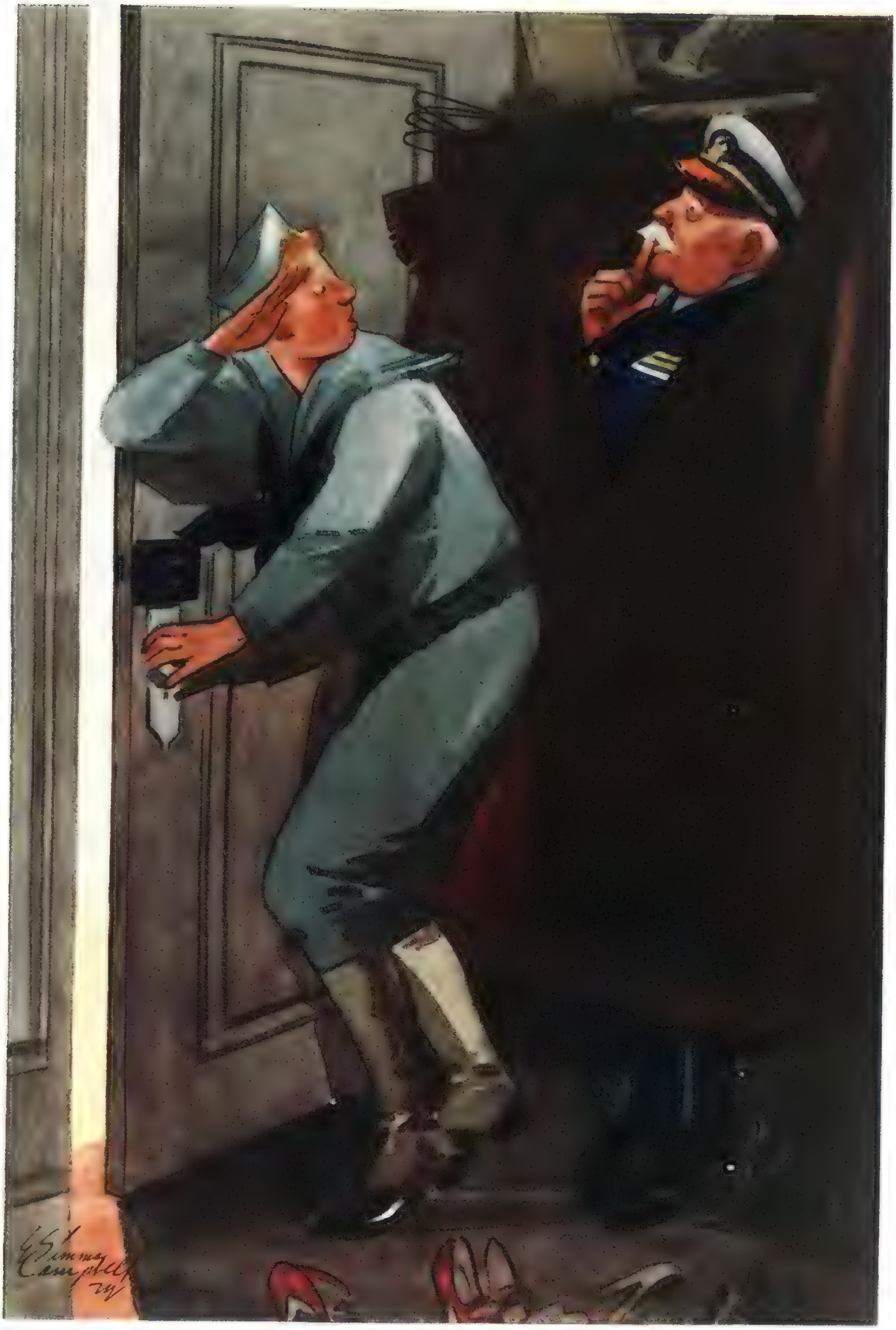
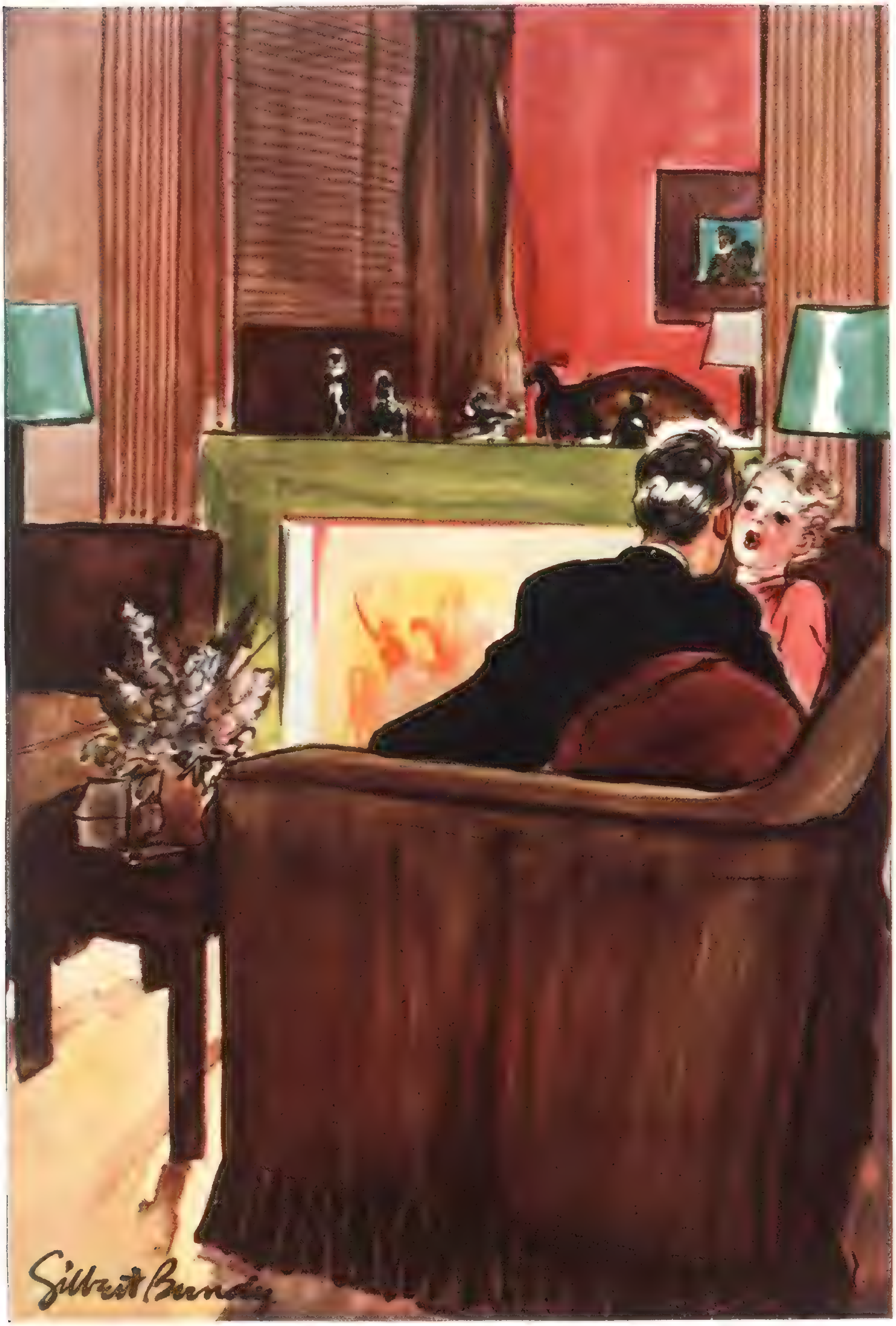
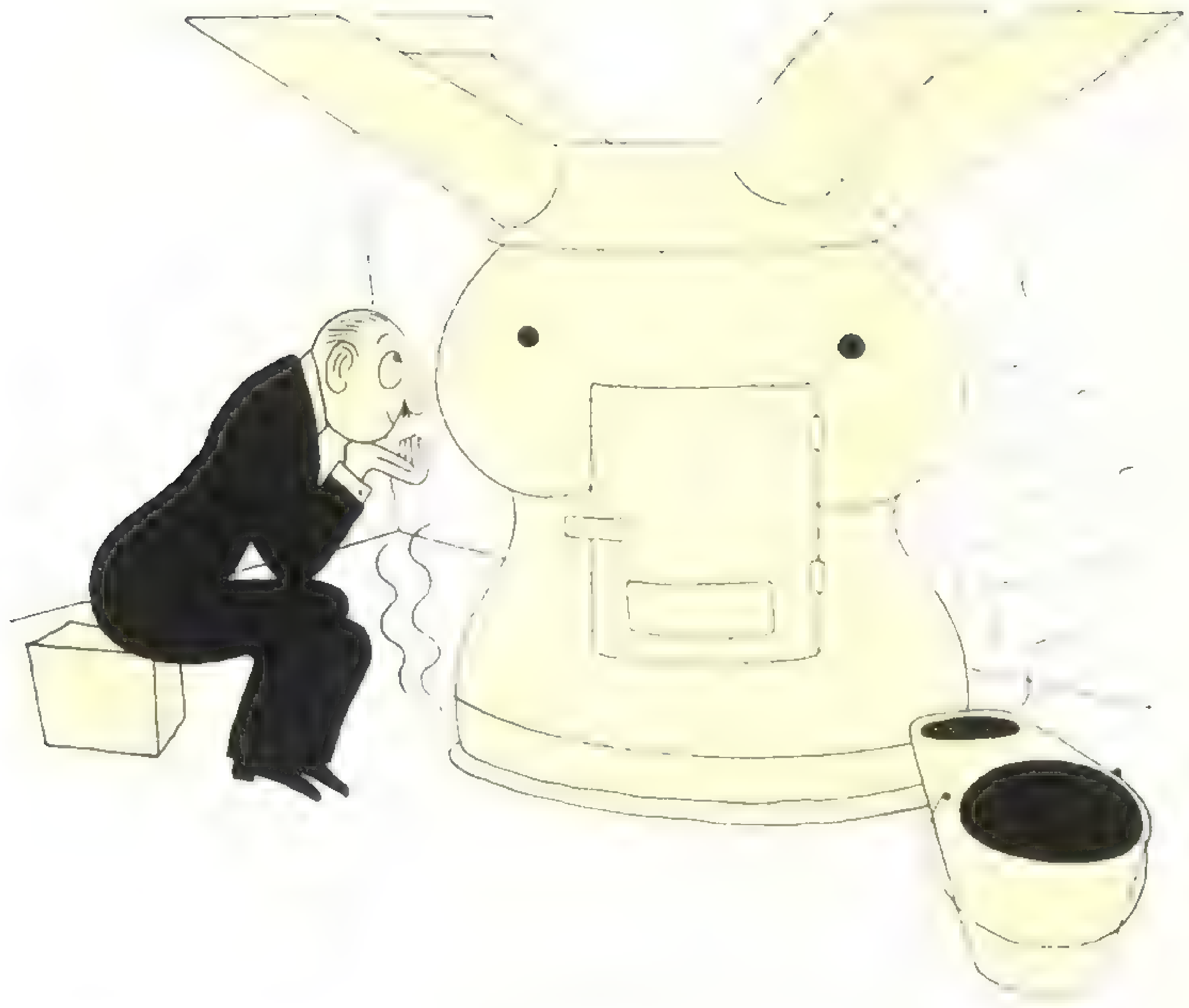

E. Simms Campbell
NY


Gilbert Bundy

*"But Wilbur!—I thought an open fire made a man contented."*



# The Muse, Ground Floor

### by DOUGLASS WELCH

My friend Foster last month began sitting for long intervals in the basement. The first night he just pulled a cracker box up to the furnace and sat smoking a pipe, not thinking about anything in particular. The next night he brought down an old chair from the attic.

He wasn't missed upstairs at first. But on the third night his wife came down.

"Oh, hello," she said. "What are you doing?"

"I'm sitting in the basement," he said.

"I know that," she said, "but why?"

"I guess it's because I like to sit in basements," he said.

"Do you mind if I join you?" she asked.

He pulled up the cracker box. She lit a cigarette. Neither of them spoke for a time.

"I don't know what you see in it," she said finally.

"I like the smell of the coal and wood," he said, "and the warmth of the furnace and the sound of the fire. Somehow it's basic. It's fundamental. I think I shall write down here."

The next night he moved down his typewriter and began writing gloomy, earthy pieces about rural life, about farmers' wives with big bosoms.

"I'm getting the feel of it," he told himself.

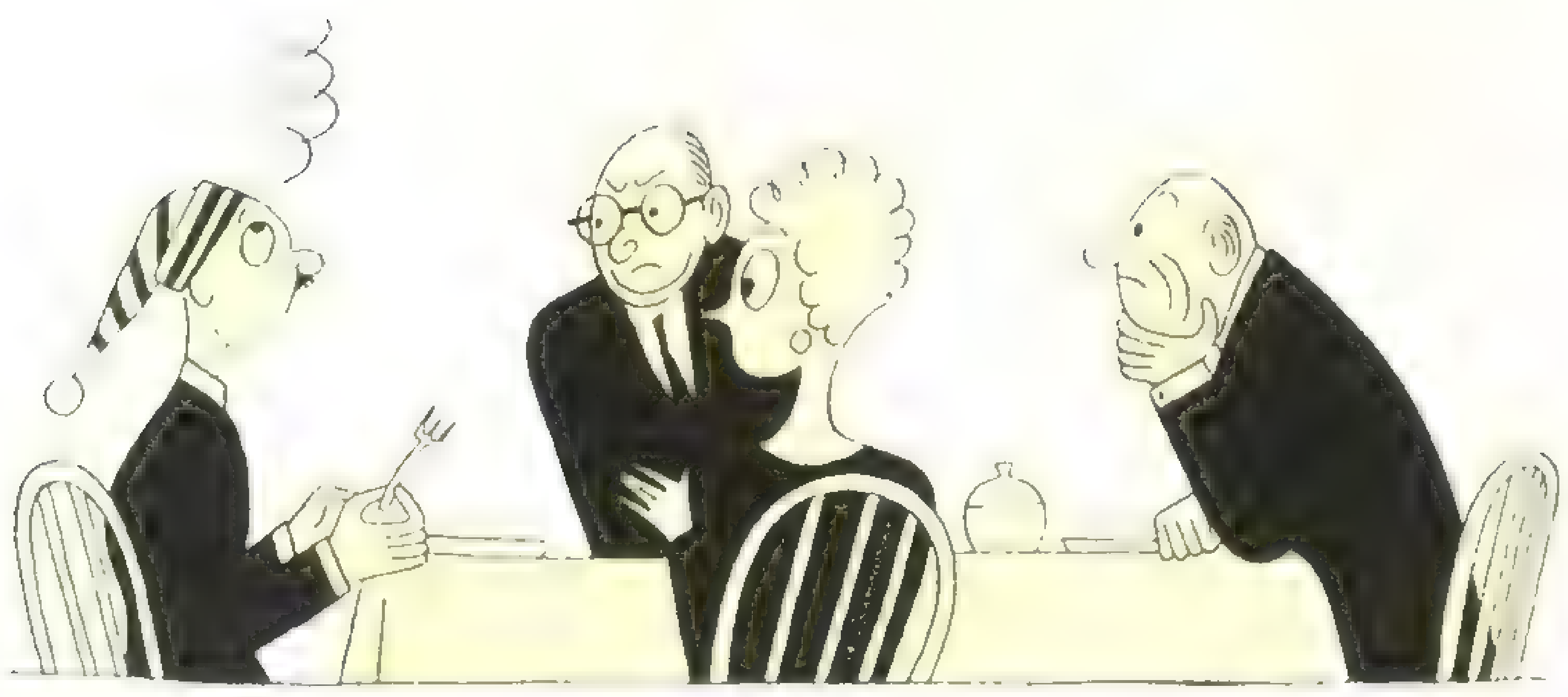
Mrs. Foster explained the situation to company one night.

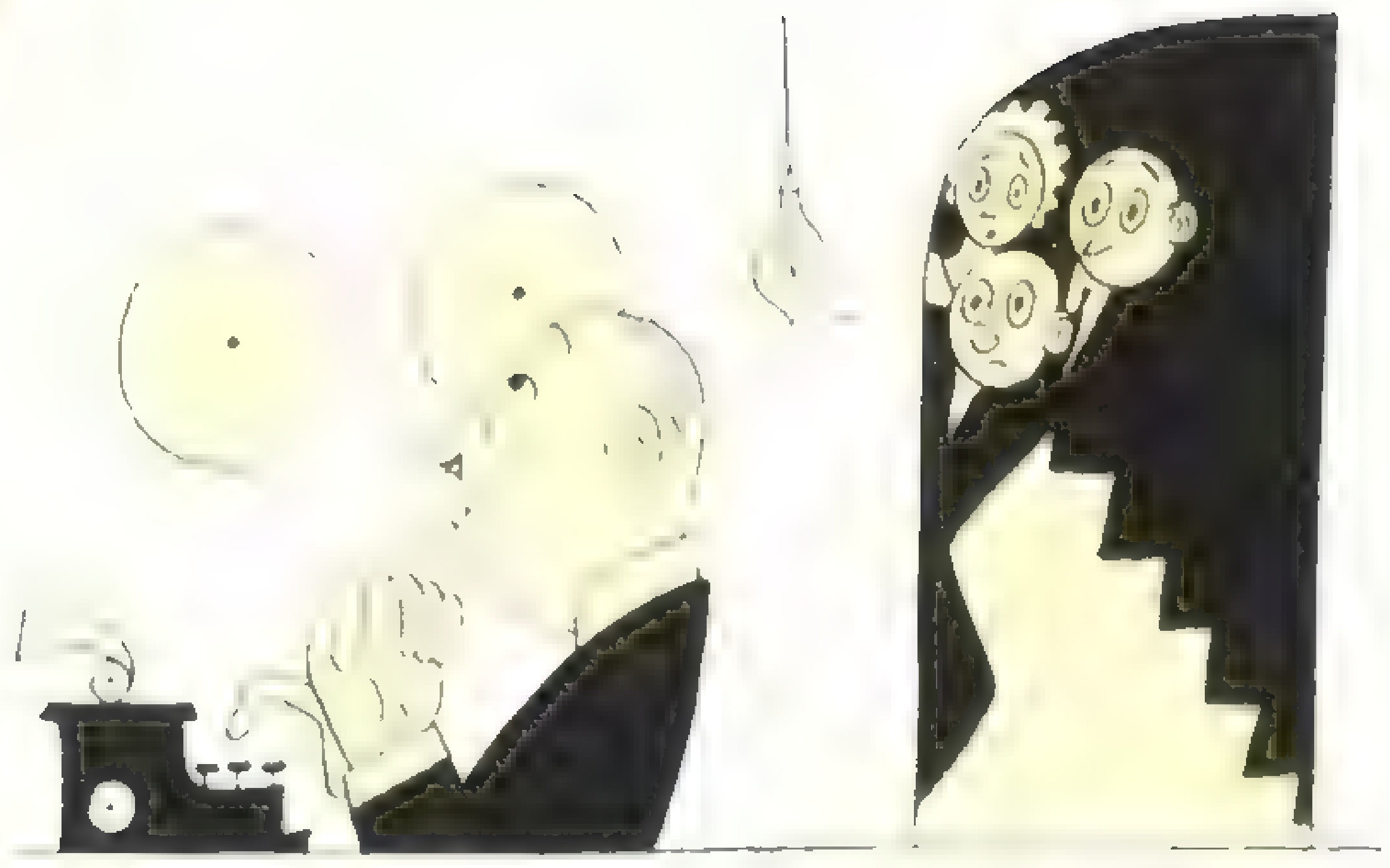
"Mr. Foster is home," she said, "but he's sitting down in the basement. I am afraid he won't come up."

"Why does he sit in the basement?" they asked.

"He says he likes it," she said.

"The last time we were here," they recalled, "he was wearing a wool stocking cap, even to the table."





"It's genius," said his wife, "and it has its perogatives. Last month it was picking lint off the rugs. The month before that he was wandering about the house shutting doors."

The company filed solemnly downstairs and grouped about the typewriter.

"Hello," they said.

"Hello," he said.

"What are you writing?" they asked.

"I'm writing about farmers' wives bosoms," he said.

"It sounds interesting," they said, and went back upstairs.

"You ought not to let him sit in the basement," they told his wife. "It's depressing for a humorist. A humorist should be in the attic."

"I've already taken steps to remedy it," she said.

The following night she showed him a blue print.

"Don't make me read it," he said. "Just tell me what it's about."

"I'm going to make a recreation room down in the basement where you can write," she said.

The next day he was back in his den upstairs, writing hilarious pieces about rural life. No bosoms. ##

# Love Is a Recent Invention

**To the psychoanalyst, love is a modern amusement unknown to such as Antony and Cleopatra**

### by DR. ALFRED ADLER

• ARTICLE •

"JOHNNY," said Papa, with some embarrassment, to his ten-year-old hopeful, "have you been enlightened about the Facts of Life?"

"Yes, Papa," the lad replied with eager solicitude, "what is it you would like to know?"

There is no doubt that we know more about sex today than our fathers did. But do we know more about love? We are sometimes inclined to confuse the two. Many a Miss who comes to me for consultation has an imposing list of "complexes" and "repressed desires." Young and old know the patter of "psychoanalysis" and "behaviorism." And they know a great deal that is not so. Forty per cent or more have at least an inkling of the technique of sex, but hardly one out of five knows the meaning and the nature of love. Nor is this surprising, for love, in its ideal sense, is a comparatively new discovery. Or perhaps, I should call it an invention or evolution. It was evolved only recently out of much muck and confusion. It certainly did not exist for the generality of human beings, even one hundred years ago.

Love is a word that is bandied about too freely. Falling in and out of love is a common experience, but how many men and women qualify as great lovers? How many would receive a passing mark in amatory proficiency? How many, even in this day and generation, would deserve the degree of A. D.—*Amoris Doctor*—Doctor of Love? Poets and philosophers have written much nonsense about love. But the percentage of human beings capable of perfect love was always insignificant. However, it is possible to report "progress." Possibly twenty per cent of those who talk of love today have the right to call themselves lovers. I do not include in this number the Benvenutos of the Automobile or the Vamps of the Campus. Even a "pick-up" or a "date" every night teach them nothing about love. Their elders, men and women shipwrecked in the turbulent seas of matrimony, who ask the psychologist to throw them a life-belt, are little wiser.

Here the reader, with contracted eyebrow, may ask very properly, "What do you mean by love?" Don't expect a humble psychologist to say in one sentence what ten thousand poets and rhapsodists in all the ages have been unable to expound. It is easier to tell what love is *not* than to tell what it *is*. Love is not the glorification of the body that inspired King Solomon's *Song of Songs*. Physical fascination is only one of its elements. It is not the romance of Antony and Cleopatra. Each of these glamorous lovers attempted to beguile and dominate the other. That is not love. Love is not the syrupy song of the Troubadour, whose one-sided adoration feeds on its own lyric frustration. Tannhauser thought he knew something about love. But did he? Love is not the morbid concupiscence of the senses—the "obscure Venus of the hollow hill, the thing transformed that was the Cytherean."

Love is not Don Juan's impotent lust for conquest. I remember one patient who boasted of a new affair every week. I told him: "You are a collector of scalps, not a lover." It is not the pleasure hunger of Casanova. The voluptuary who seeks a sensuous thrill in every movement, in every swish of a skirt, is pathological. He is an amorist, not a lover. Many neurotics come to me who have vainly sought love. They are lost in blind alleys. Love is not a blind alley. It is not the infatuation of Narcissus with his own lovely image, nor the inane devotion of the nymph Echo who pines for the beautiful youth in vain. I have known too many young men and too many young women who imagined that they were in love with others when they were only in love with themselves; I have known too many unhappy women who frantically hug an illusion.

The other day a patient came to me who extolled the Wells of Loneliness in which she had sought her barren satisfaction. I told her: "My dear girl, you are all wrong. The House of Love has many mansions. But Love's other name is not Perversion." The passion of Hadrian and Antinous, the desire of Sappho for her maids, may have vivified sculpture and poetry, but it was not love. All departures from the natural path are sired by neuroses and mothered by inferiority complexes. They violate the first law of life. Life insists upon perpetuating itself. I have met too many erotic egotists, too many defeatists in love, who vainly attempt to transport to Hollywood or to Broadway, the Athens of Plato or the Lesbos of Sappho. Stripped of aesthetic pretensions and psychological evasions, all diversions from the groove of normal love are inspired by fear of the other sex and the refusal to make the mutual sacrifices which love demands of both parties. They are flights from, or substitutes for, reality.

Many of these subterfuges have been mistaken for love, but they were not love. The ideal of modern love did not come into existence until woman was emancipated from her social and economic shackles and human life was placed upon a level higher than the mere satisfaction of physical appetite. Venus, Goddess of Love, according to legend, rose from the white sea foam. I believe that love is more indebted to the vacuum cleaner, the electric refrigerator, the electric washer than to the briny deep. Oscar Wilde once said that civilization depends upon the slavery of the machine. He was right. Only the enslavement of the machine gave the average man and the average woman sufficient leisure to develop the more exalted emotions. To the extent to which our civilization still falls short of realizing these essentials, it still falls short of achieving love.

Century after century, the vital energies of men and women were absorbed by grueling tasks before the conception of the eight-hour day, the five-day week. Women, as a rule, were uneducated, and did not take the exacting care of their bodies which came with the age of plumbing. Marie Antoinette, for all her rococo daintiness, was careless about brushing her teeth. We know this from the letters of her mother, Maria Theresa, to the Queen of France. Bathing was regarded as a luxury, even by royal ladies. The home of peasant and burgher, even the castle of the feudal lord, was primarily a factory. Eve cooked and spun; she made soap and candles and minded the children, but she did not visit the beauty parlor. She was primarily housewife and mother. Adam ploughed the field, he hunted and he fought

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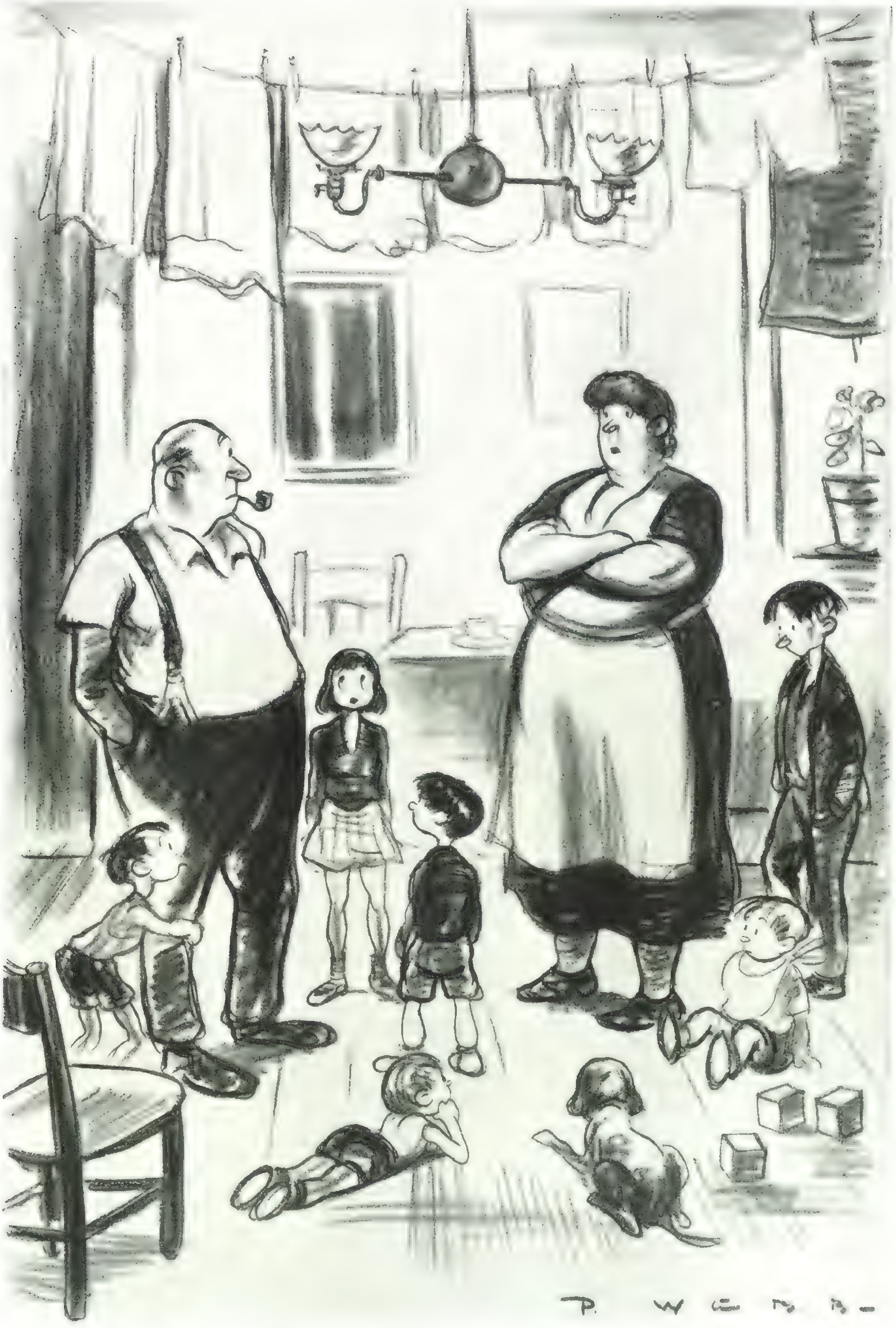
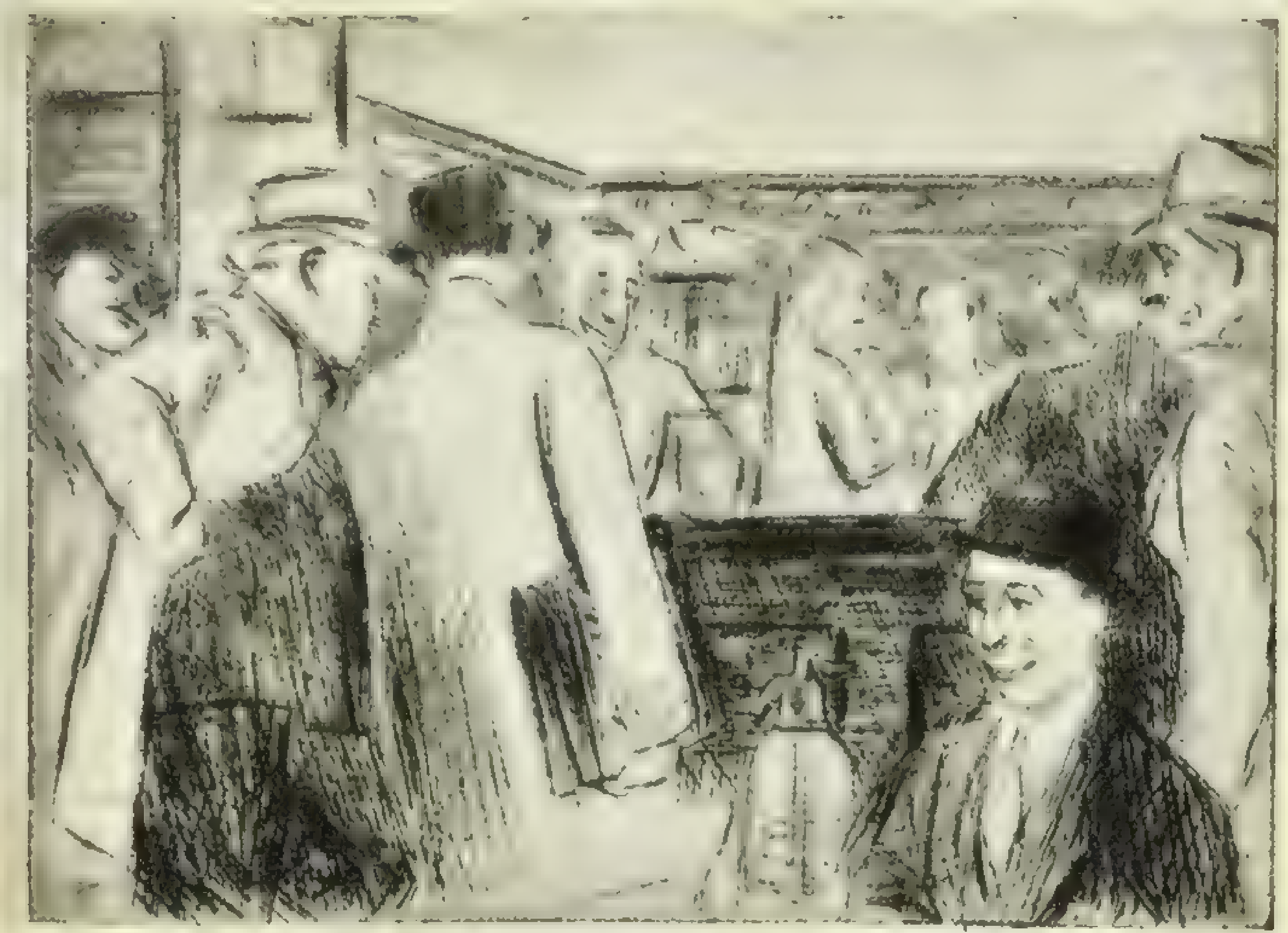
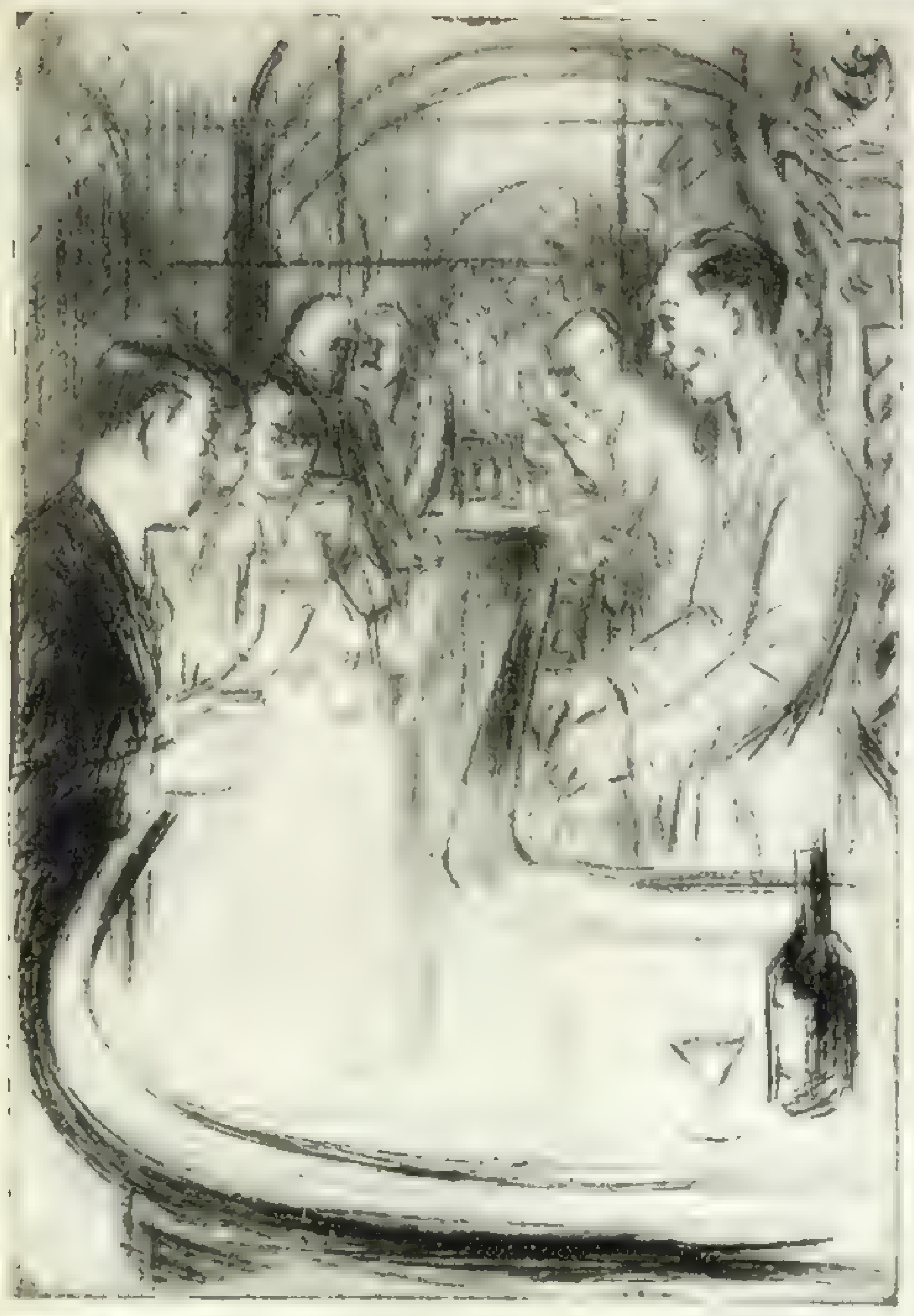


*"Why didn't yuh mention yuh didn't like kids back in 1921?"*

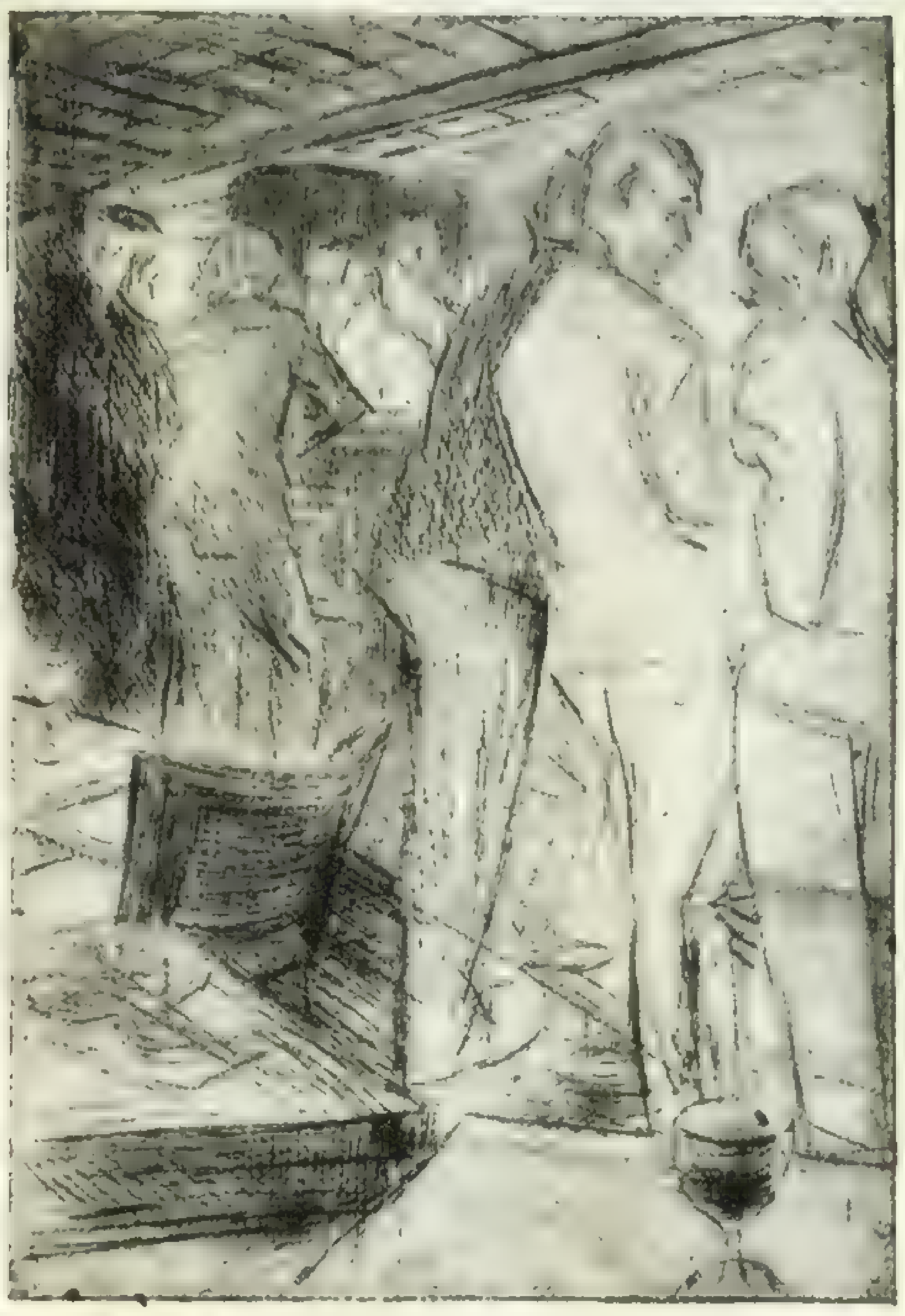


Biltmore men's Bar

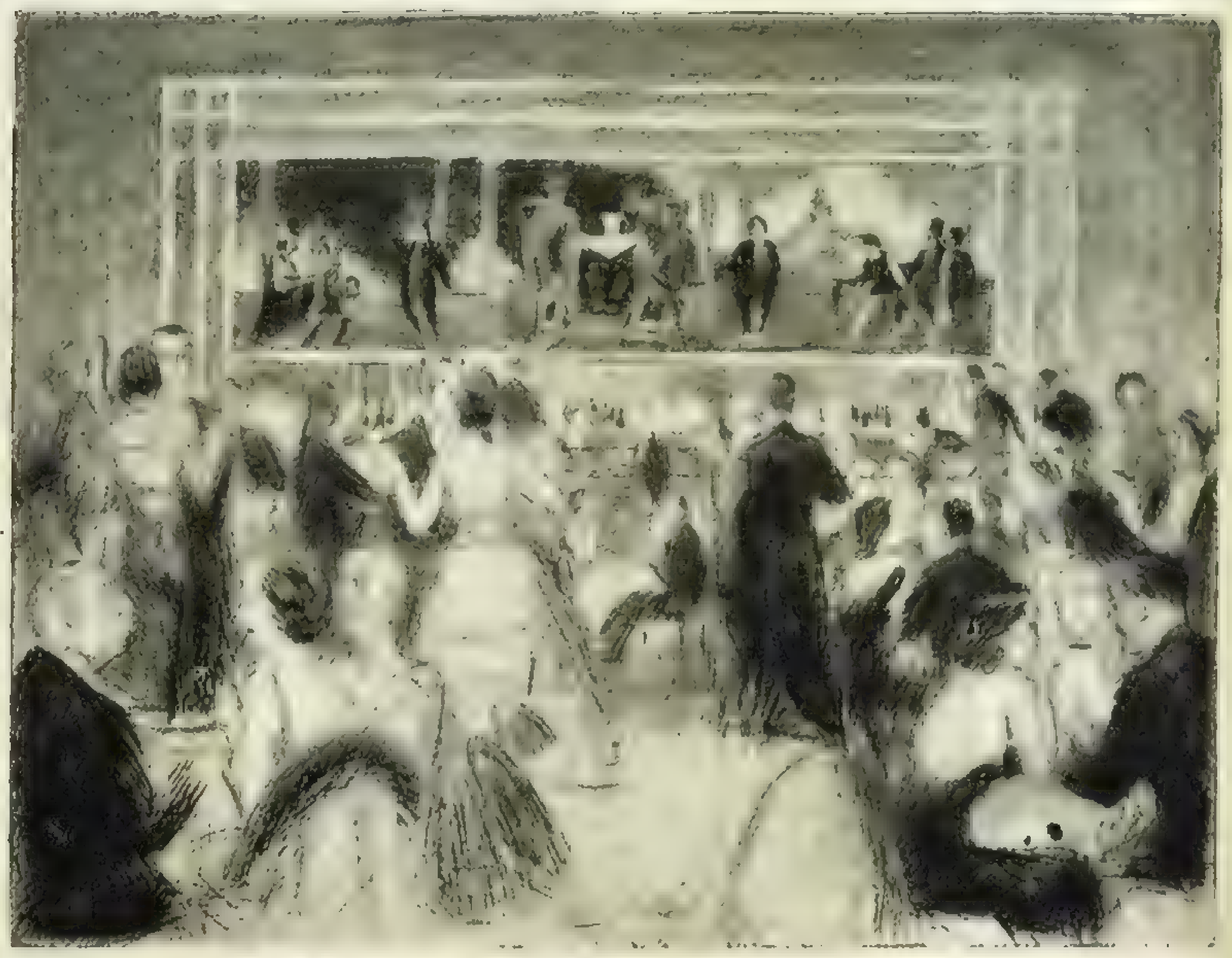
Howard Baer



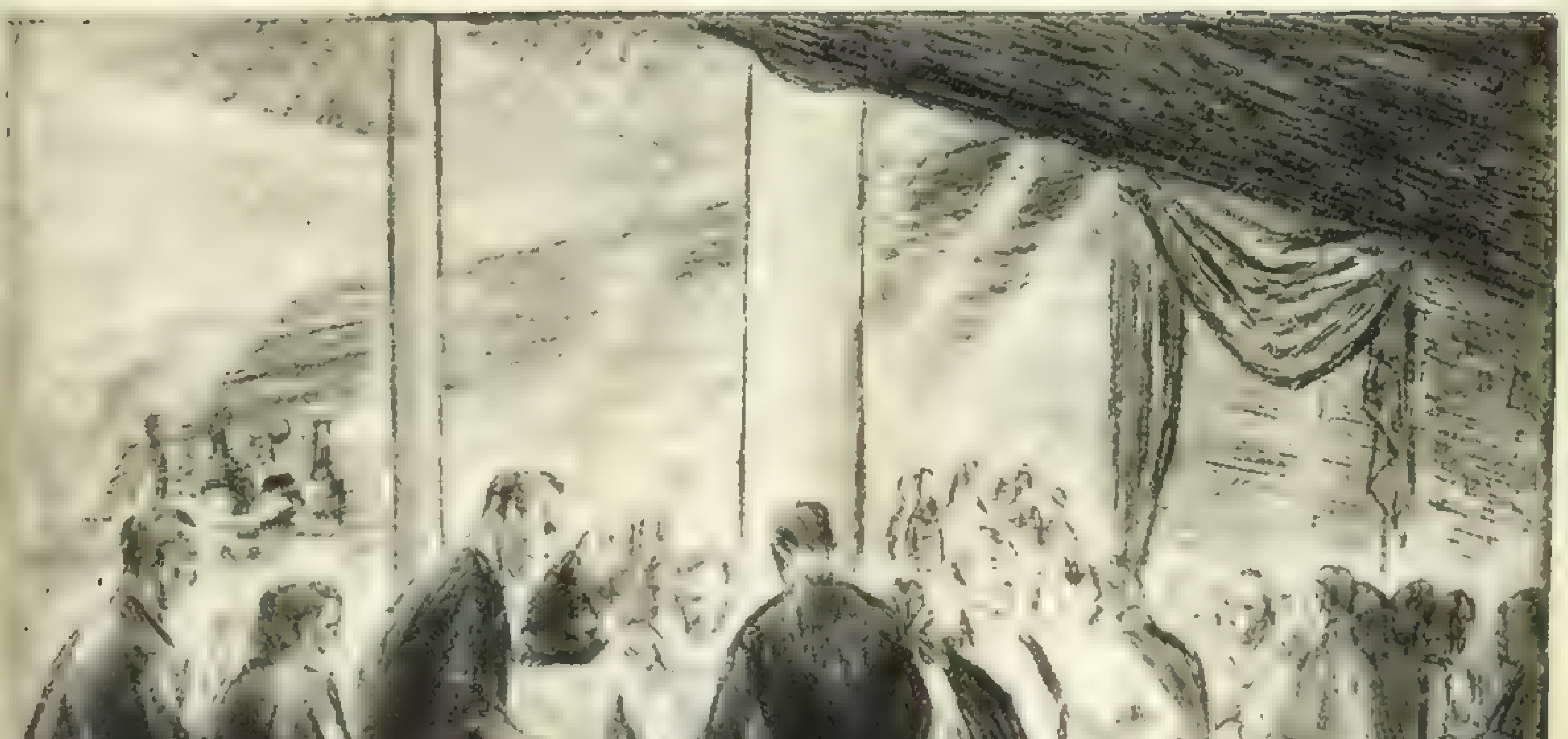
The Madison



Astor Bar

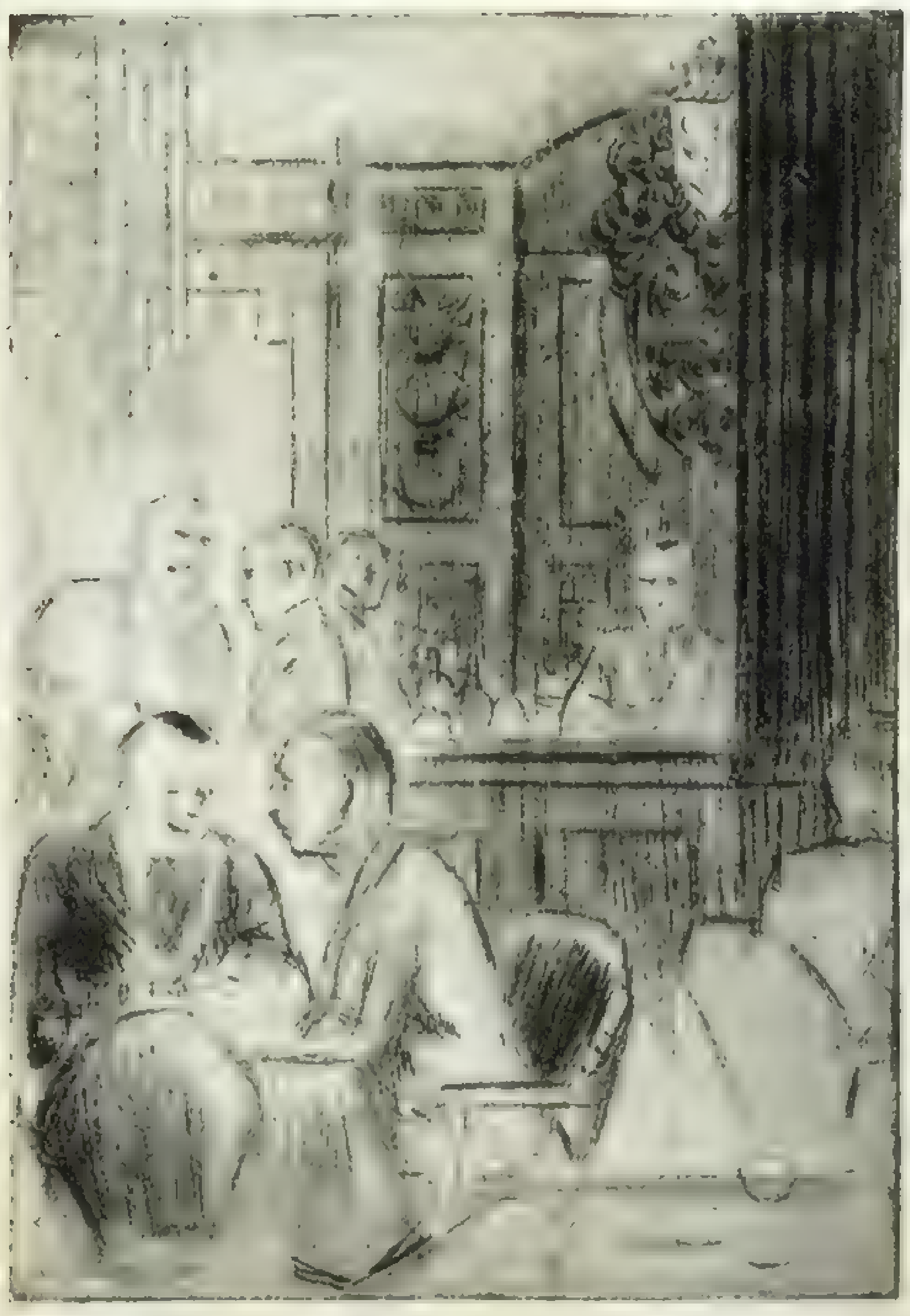


The King Cole Room - St. Regis

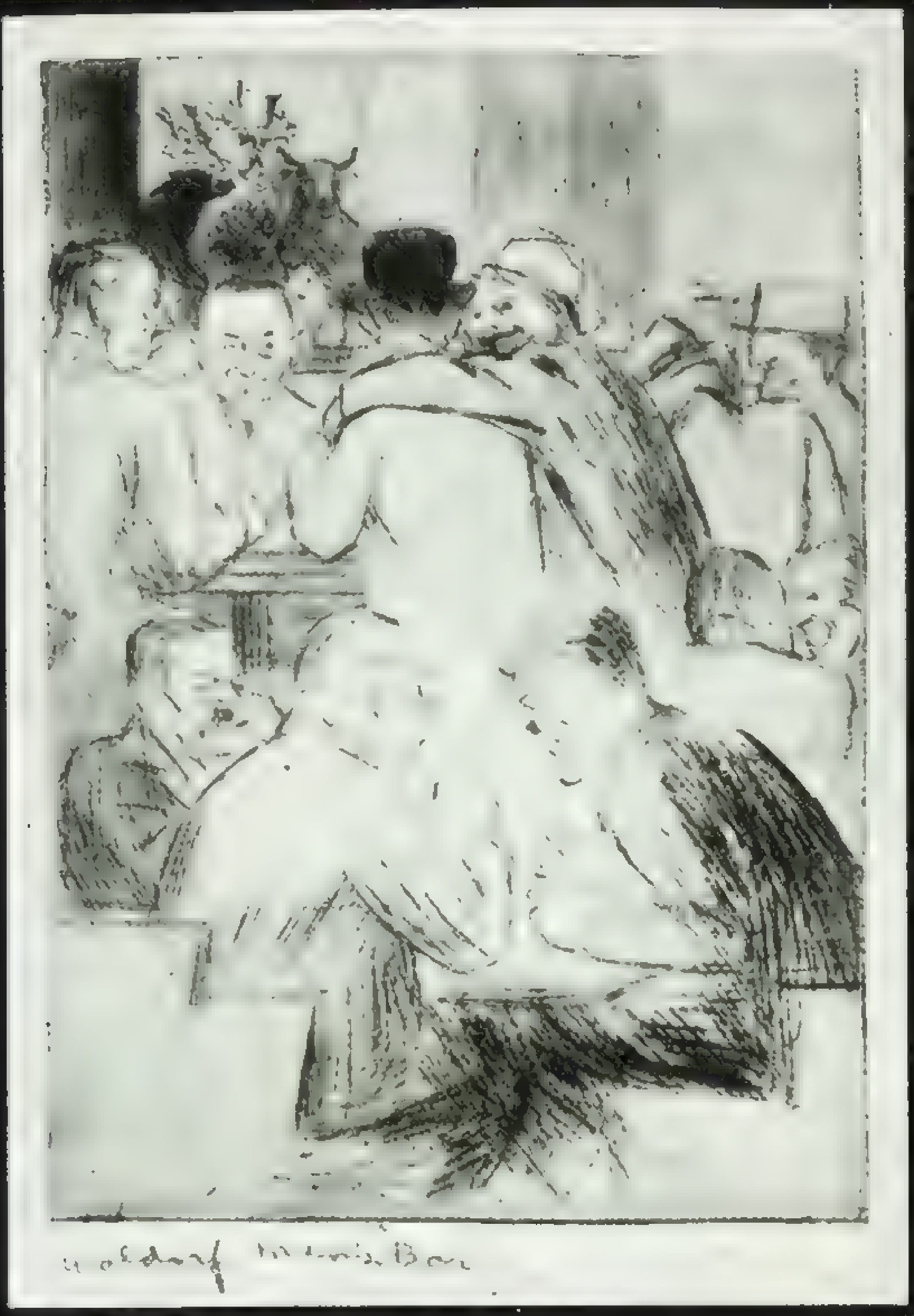


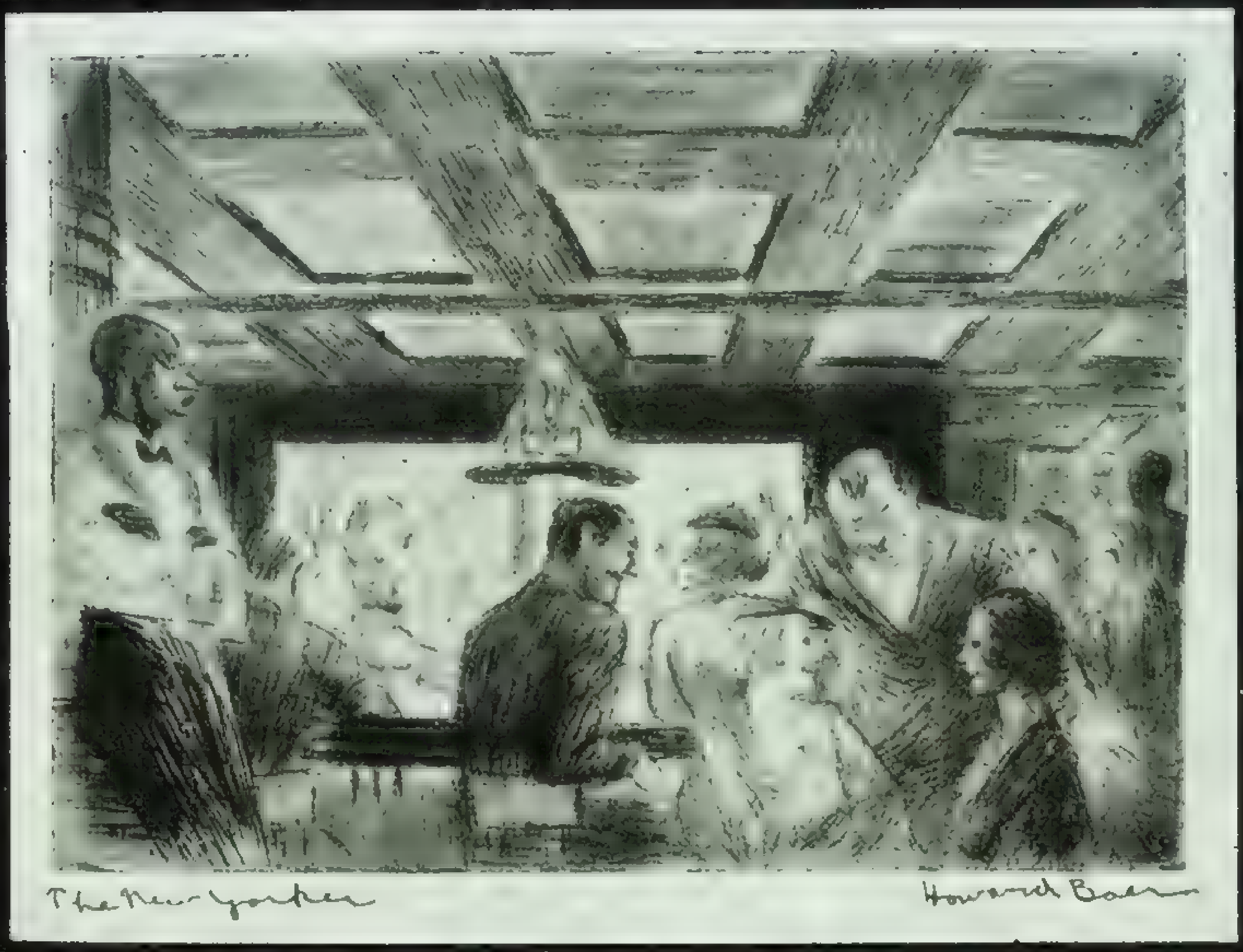
Savoy-Plaza

Howard Baer



Men's Bar - Plaza

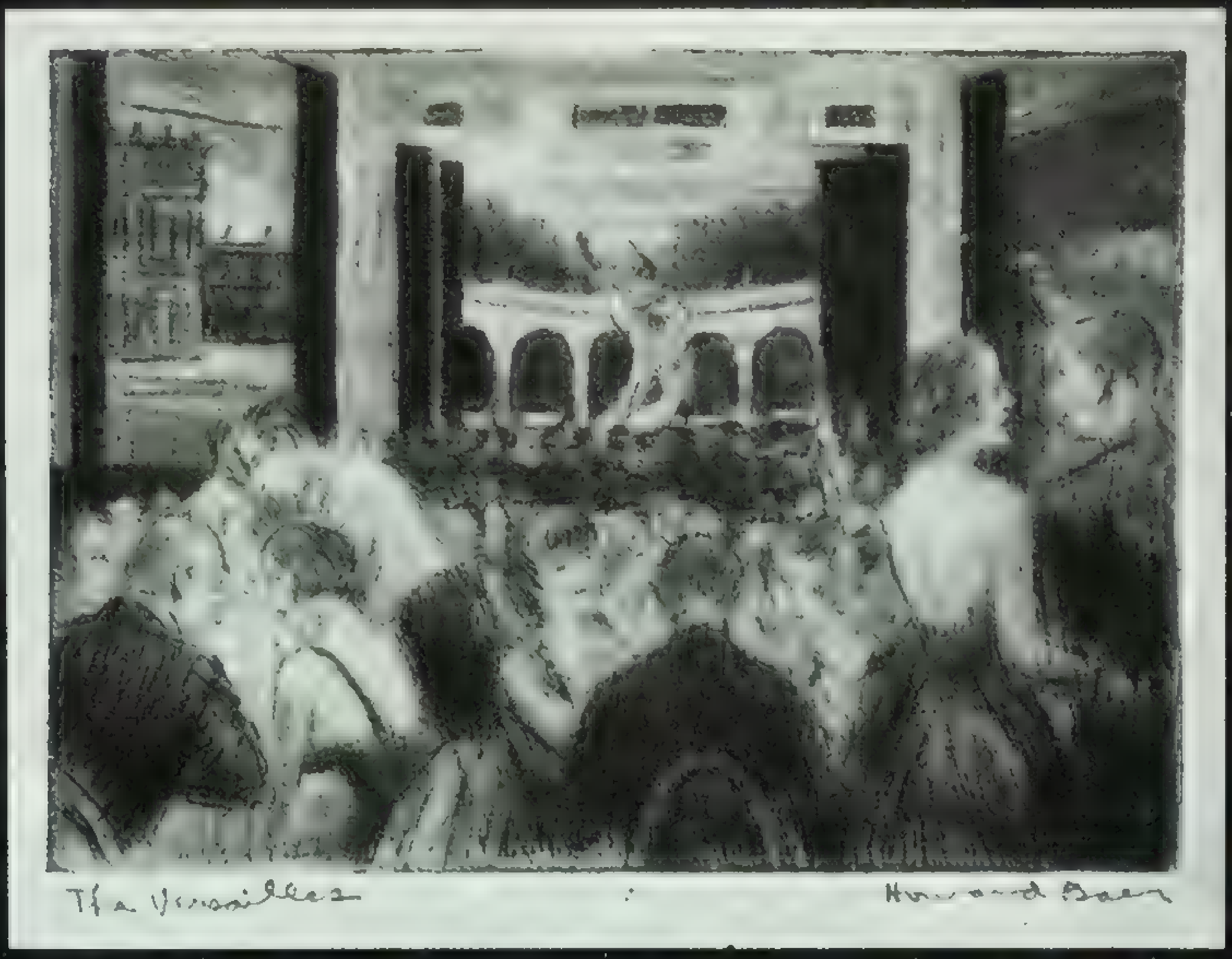


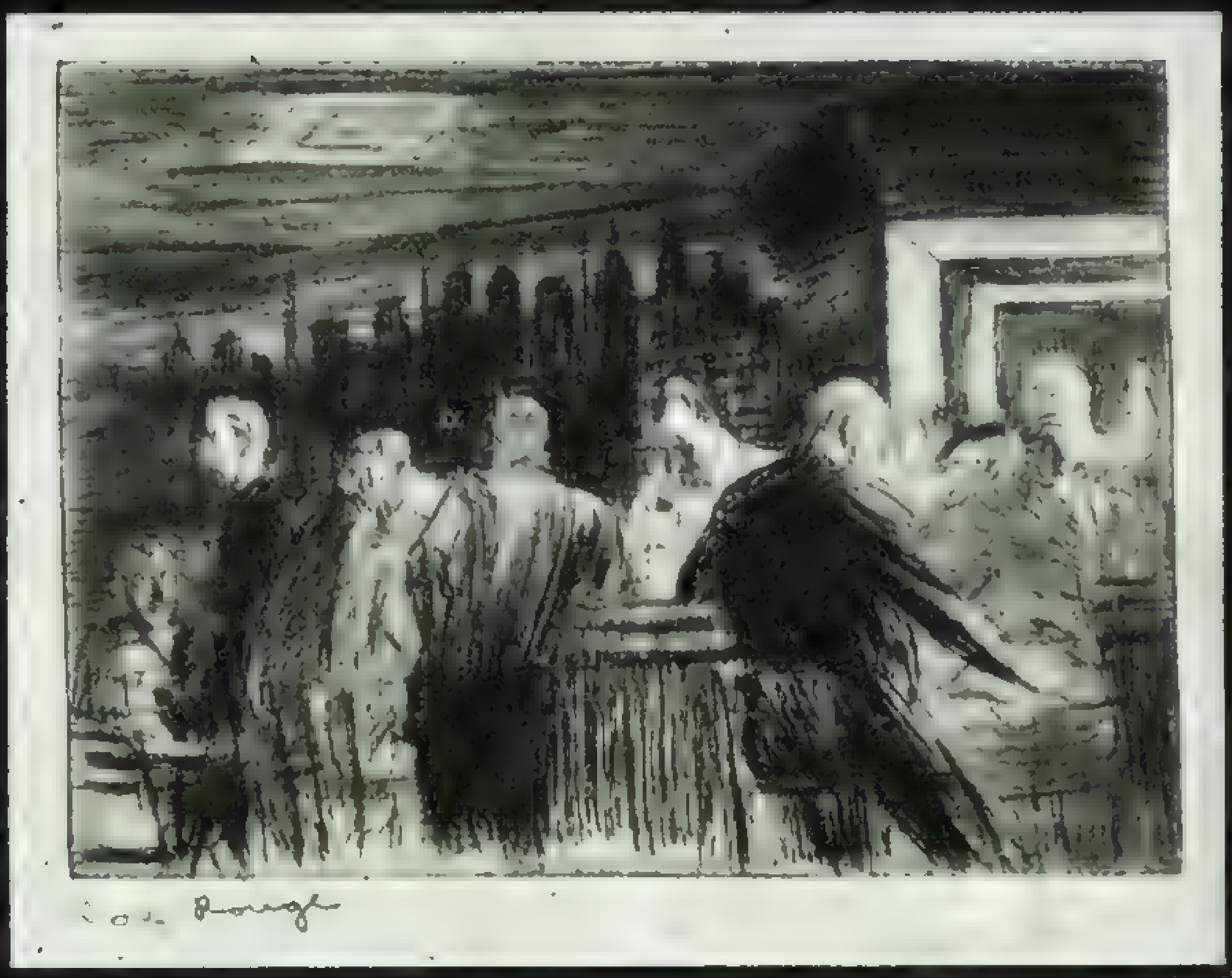


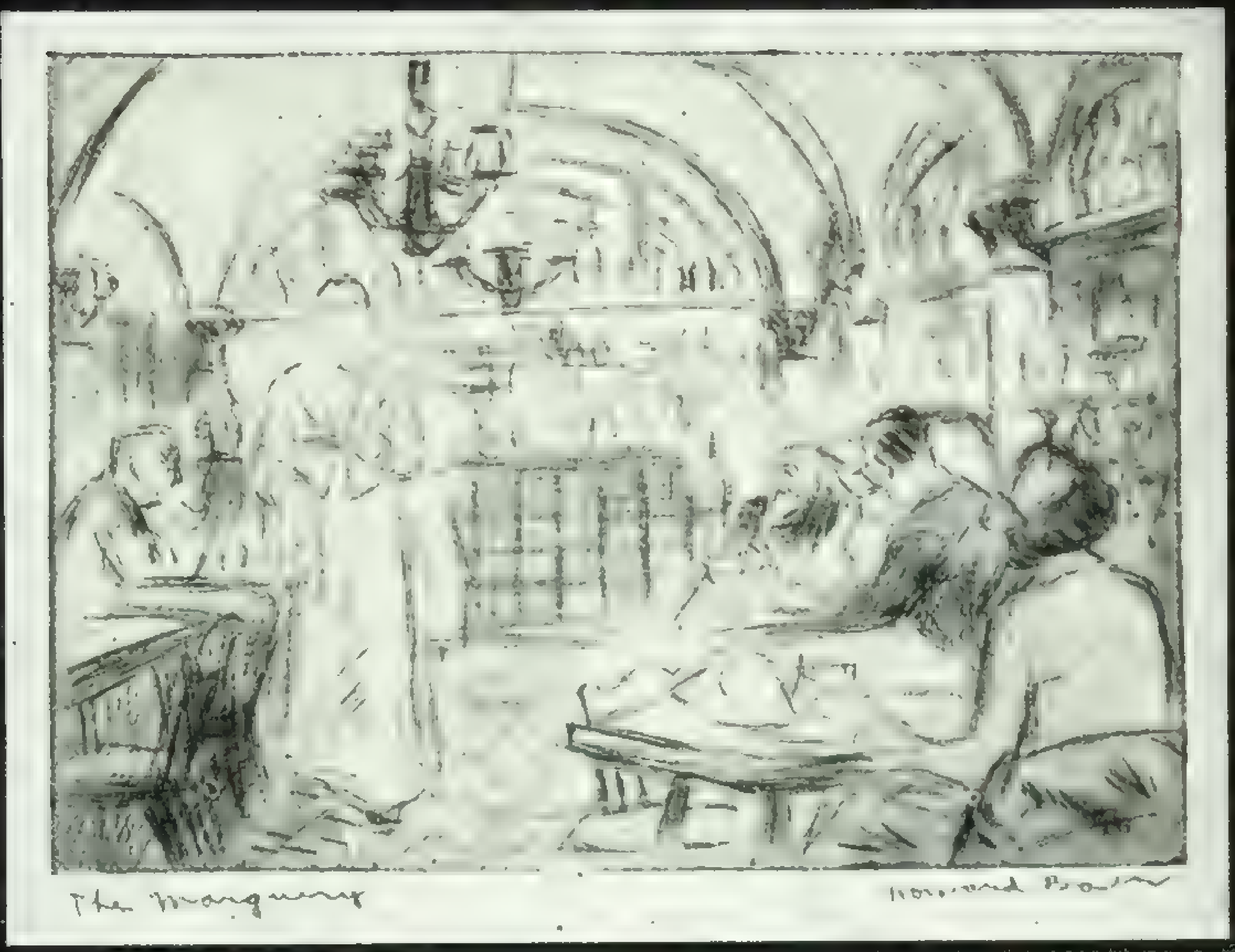
# Isn't This a Lovely Place . . . To Cry In Your Beer?

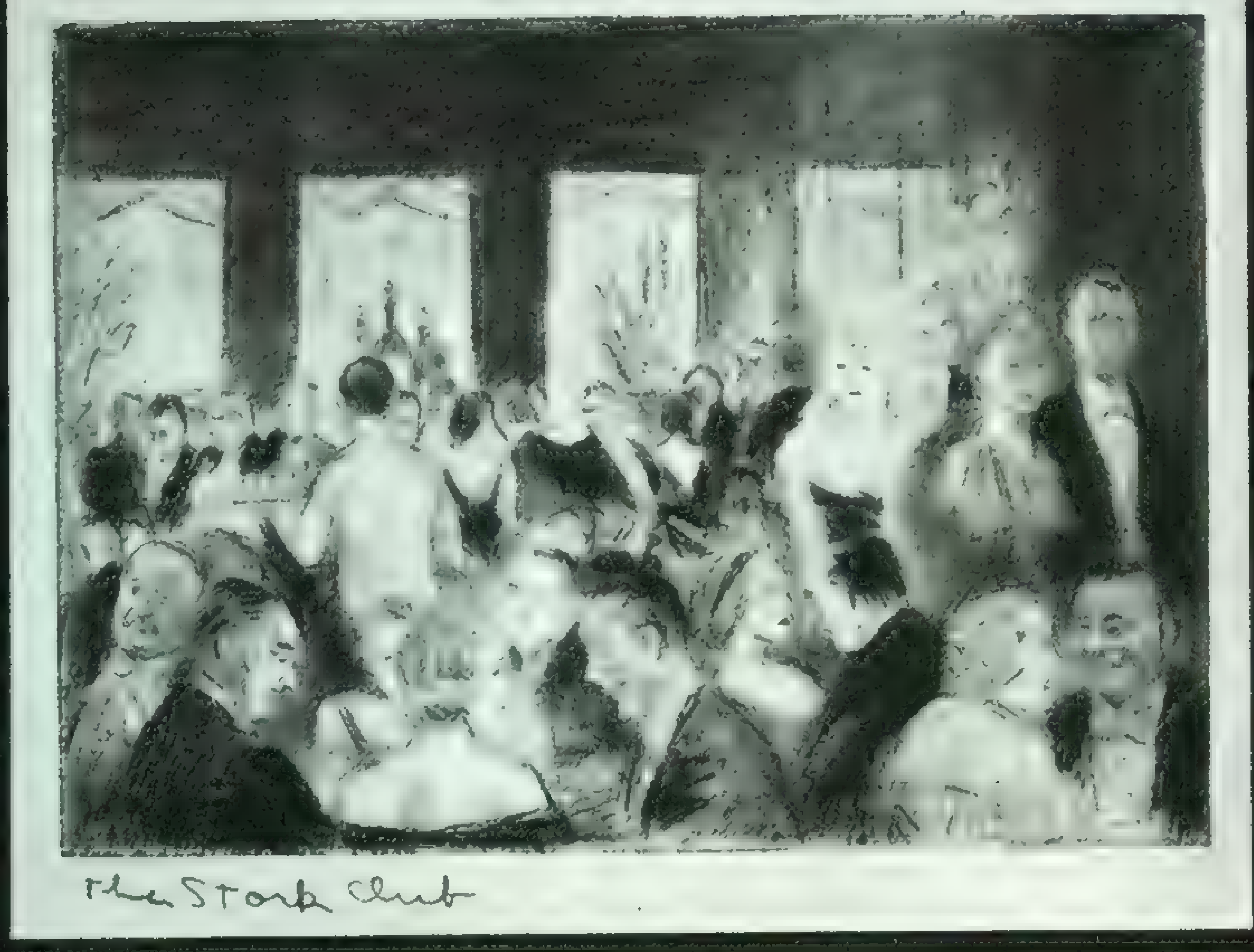
***Drypoints on damp backgrounds by* HOWARD BAER**

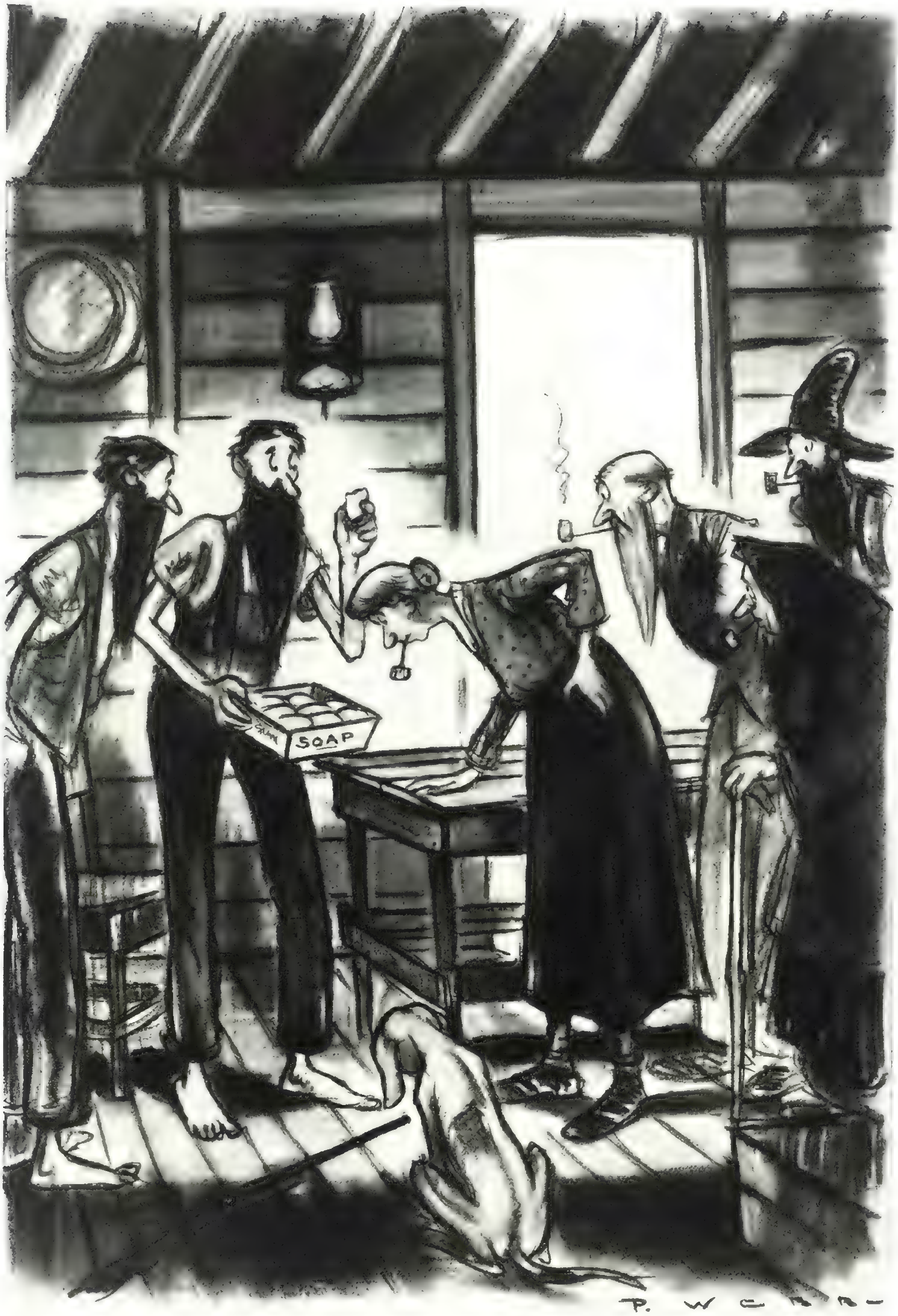
EAST side, west side, and all about mid-town . . . you take the Colonel's lady, Miss O'Grady's hair is coming down . . . boys and girls together, especially in the places once sacrosanct to men . . . there's the Waldorf where you can be ever so noisy (by test) without getting thrown out . . . there's the Marguery, cloistered and reserved, for people who are the reverse . . . and the Biltmore where the business being discussed at the long oval bar can't possibly be one-tenth as big, from the way it sounds, as you know it is . . . and the Astor where every tenth man on Broadway could be stood cheek to jowl at the longest of bars and sometimes you think they have been . . . and the Madison where you almost feel like saying a separate goodbye to each red leather seat . . . and the Savoy-Plaza where life is too good to people who are too tired of it . . . and the Stork Club where you go once to see people being seen and then go back forever in the hope that they may give you a house and lot and two cars . . . and the Coq Rouge, so snooty it's the complete cure for your inferiority complex just to be there . . . and the Versailles conceived in the spirit of let 'em eat cake, or anything they feel like, as long as we can choose our drinks . . . and the St. Regis, that Maxfield Parrish shrine . . . and plenty more and you can take your choice but save us the Men's Bar at the Plaza, for comes the revolution we'd like to be imprisoned there.











*"What d'ya reckon it is, Maw—Shucks—it tastes turrible"*

# The Unteachables

### Some men have to be taught how to sing and dance before they loosen up enough to play golf

### by HERB GRAFFIS

• SPORTS •

There are two cases, both well authenticated, of golf holes-in-one being made by men who were hitting golf balls for the first times in their lives.

As every golfer knows, an ace is a rare thing. Many of the star professionals and amateurs never have shot a hole-in-one. But, notwithstanding, two fellows go right out and smack their first shots into faraway cups without realizing how they have violated golf's holiest tradition—that of its difficulty.

Then what happened to the two miracle-men?

The chances are about 99 to one that both of them liked the game, as far as they had gone, and decided to take some lessons from golf pros so they'd be able to go around the course each and every time in excellent figures.

And when the original aces inevitably were followed by sixes, nines, twelves or more on ensuing holes the two historical characters probably went around their locker-rooms saying to other club members:

"I used to play a pretty fair game, but the lessons ruined me."

The professionals are accustomed to that for, contrary to cynical opinion, the pros are rather intelligent fellows with a conviction that they are expected to do the impossible and to take the rap when the impossible isn't achieved.

It is manifestly impossible to teach muscle-bound and congenitally awkward golfers to play golf. However, it is the custom to try to teach them, even though these pastimers often have more pleasure out of what they call golf than do the fairly orthodox swingers and hitters who worry themselves into grouches when their scores do not approximate par. But, often, these instruction customers to whom coördination of muscle and mentality is just not in the scheme of things are the men and women who expect the most of golf instruction. Pro after pro has heard from some middle-aged athletic incompetent an inferiority complex fiction which runs: "When I was a kid I was a great baseball and football player."

The pro fumbles with his Phi Beta Kappa fob, or scratches his navel if he has no Phi Beta Kappa emblem (which he never has) and reasons out why the former juvenile athlete can't whip this golf game. The answer the pro decides on is that the pupil is guilty of wishful lying about how good he was as a juvenile athlete. Maybe the pupil is not consciously lying because the other eight or ten kids on the teams probably helped to conceal the inherent athletic shortcomings of the present frustrated golf acolyte.

But under no circumstances can the pro come right out and tell the unteachable pupil that his case is hopeless. The less of a chance there is to impress golf's higher learning upon the physically handicapped pupil, the more insistent that pupil is about getting impossible results. Golf has fooled him; it looks so easy he is confident that through golf he can escape his athletic inferiority complex.

The unteachable blames the pro. Formerly that blame was responsible for somewhat of a stigma being attached to golf instruction but experienced pros have learned that there was a very satisfactory "out" to be employed when the customer was bomb-proof against tutoring. This explanation was discovered by approximately 50 professionals who have grown old in the game. These veterans still have their lesson time well in demand, despite anything younger professionals might have to say about the elders' technique being comically old-fashioned.

The reason for the veterans' popularity as instructors is that these old-timers will say to some pupil who has been taking lesson after lesson in the futile hope of some day conceding a dozen putts and getting under a hundred; "Mr. . . . (or Mrs.) Whiff, yours is the most unusual case I've seen in 30 years of teaching golf. I have tried to figure it out myself and I have talked it over with (naming 5 to 15 famous pros) and none of us seem to be able to put our fingers right on your trouble."

After a load like that the patient feels considerably elated. At least he—or she—is lousy for some mysterious reason and on that account is a somewhat distinguished person in the game. Instead of giving up the lessons the customer firmly resolves to stick until the puzzle is solved and that will be some day when the pro and the pupil both are in greener pastures than you'll see at clubs this side of the Styx.

It is an old sure-fire gag these cunning elderly professionals use. They please a lot of golf invalids akin to the hypochondriacs who feel better just because they've had a train ride to the Mayo brothers at Rochester.

It's also a blameless thing these veterans do because their pupils who stick at the lessons year after year obviously are happier than they'd be devoting all their time to the long walk grunting and bunting the ball for 18 holes. The members' investment in the golf club was made for the purpose of paying out in enjoyment, even if the enjoyment sometimes takes the curious form of perennial addiction to golf lessons.

The old pro lets his member enjoy himself as the member pleases. The caste system pros had forced on them in Britain during the pre-Hagen days is accepted pleasantly, though with discreet reservations, by the patriarchal pro. So it is not for the caste-bound old pro to say the pupil nay, and pronounce the instruction enterprise a hopeless venture. Besides, the experienced old man is aware that the pupil also may be caste-bound; he may be one of golf's most patient, most humble caste, the unteachables.

The unteachables look from afar at the shining ones, the Brahmins of par, and worship the sacred instruction bull, but in their hearts they know all sahib Bogey has to do is to clap hands and they, the unteachables, must come running to get treated as less than a public course divot.

It is only lately that there has come prominently to the fore a mahatma here and there to reconcile the unteachable to the unteachable's lowly lot. Not that some consolers haven't been secretly doing their noble work among the unteachables for years, but because it is only recently that conditions and courage permitted pros to admit the existence of unteachables, have these apostles of cheer come out of their hiding.

That unteachables are present in every field of sport is accepted without offense by those who play games. There are thousands batting tennis balls who can be called tennis players only by poetic license; thousands of kids playing baseball who never will be baseball players and more thousands of youngsters playing football who couldn't make the freshman third string of a hundred student high-school team. Statement of these facts to the faces of the incompetents is not a challenge to battle. But let a pro—or almost anyone else—tell any man with a set of golf clubs that the owner thereof never will be a golfer and you'll eat them words or your wife will be a widow woman afore the sun comes up over that there hill.

To make the plight of the unteachable bewildering, it must be said that there are cases of an unteachable temporarily lapsing into respectability so far as that vital item, his golf score, is concerned.

Mr. Tommy Armour, the celebrated ra-

Continued on page 148

# The Last Court

### Nobody must laugh at old men clinging to the shabby relics of a gorgeous princely past

### by MANUEL KOMROFF

▪ FICTION ▪

"Nobody should laugh." He spoke these words with great earnestness and placing a finger to his lips he warned the children and he repeated his warning in a whisper, "Nobody should laugh."

The children, there were nine, were ready to take part in the ceremony. They knew what they might expect and what was expected of them. It was going to be exactly the same as it was a year before. And it was all very wonderful, more wonderful than anything in the world. It was a real piece of fairyland. For a whole year they had spoken about it.

This strange world of make-believe was four flights up in the rear of the New York tenement house and during the last day or two they saw old Demetri climb the stairs, up and down, with packages. The same kind of packages that he had last Easter. And kids are bright and you can't fool them.

Besides, Demetri said it would be the same as last year and that they should all be washed clean and assembled in the yard. And that only the children from this building would be allowed to partake and none other, except that Mary Collins could bring her cousin Fannie, who lived in the next block, because Fannie was with them last year and while she was very young she did her part with the seriousness and charm of a great actress.

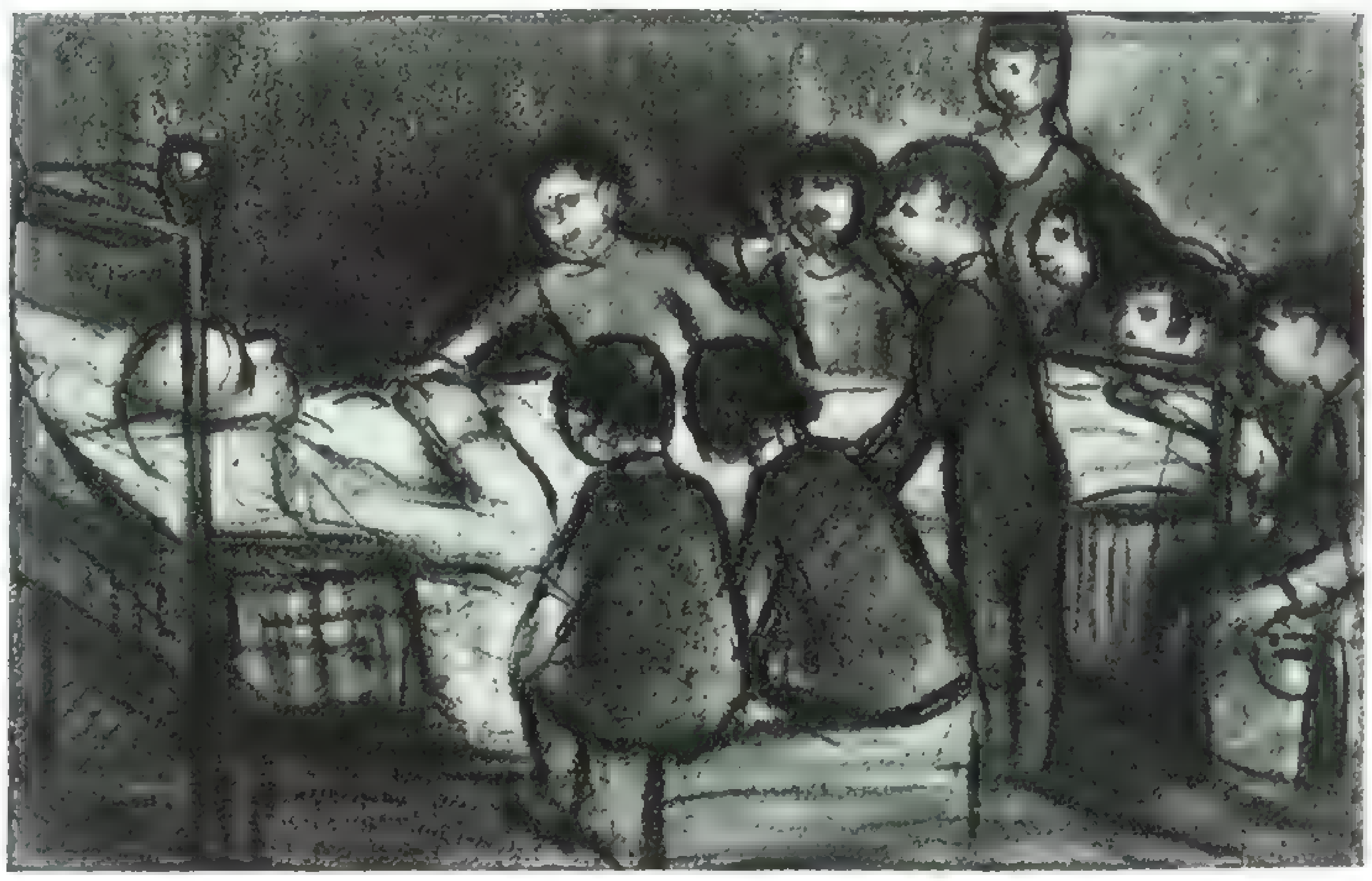
No, it was not Fannie who laughed last year; it was some other child. Demetri was not certain who it was for the laugh burst forth when he was out of the room. But it would not happen again this year for he warned them as they were assembled in the rear of the tenement under dozens of clotheslines that stretched across the yard. "Nobody should laugh."

When Demetri first moved into this little flat in the rear of the fourth floor with the old man, it was said in the neighborhood that these two were gentlemen who at one time were much better off. The old man never left the house but he sat in the window and looked out into the back yards. He watched the boys fly their pigeons from the roof opposite. He saw the women hang their clothes on the yard lines and he learnt all the games that the children played on the flagstones of the yard. But now the old man no longer sat at the window, for alas, he was ill in bed and there was a Russian doctor who came carrying his black satchel once every week.

The children could see that Demetri was wearing his patent leather slippers, those funny ones with the large metal buckles, and they knew that under his old raincoat he had on his grand red velvet suit, all quite as it was the year before. They were ready and Demetri led the way up the stairs.

The children were nine. First came Mary Collins and her little cousin Fannie Collins, both of Irish descent. Then there was Milton Levy and his sister Bertha Levy, children of the Jewish tailor whose shop was close by. Then came Alice Tannenbaum, also Jewish, the bright little daughter of the crockery store owner. Number six in line going up the stairs was Jake Patilo, son of the Italian vegetable vendor, and number seven was Dora Schwartz of pure German descent; her parents owned the delicatessen store on the avenue. And last there were Helen Welinski of Polish stock, her father was a mechanic, and Annie O'Connor the daughter of an Irish policeman.

All in all it was a mixed assortment but a jolly lot and as bright and clever as one could find. As a rule when they gathered together in the yard they were sometimes a little rough and boisterous but now they were all washed and clean and dressed in their Sunday best and just as good as gold. They watched Demetri's patent leather slippers climb the stairs ahead of them and they followed along.



On the top landing Demetri paused and glancing about to see that all were present he again placed a warning finger to his lips. They knew what this meant.

They filed quietly into the kitchen and here they saw Demetri remove his raincoat and underneath was his wonderful red velvet livery. They saw the patent leather slippers, and his long white stockings, silk knee breeches, and then over all the great red velvet coat with gold buttons and gold trimmed braid that was worked in intricate designs across the breast and cuffs. It was all threadbare, and shreds of gold braid hung loose but this was of no importance. His neck was adorned with a lace arrangement that hung loose and fluffy under his chin. And above this gorgeous attire was the pock-marked earnest Russian face of faithful Demetri himself.

He adjusted his coat, smoothed down his hair and taking a long white staff from the corner of the kitchen advanced to the open door. The children stood in line and waited.

The room had been arranged for the occasion. Boxes secured from the grocer were placed in a semi-circle around the bed. The old man with silver white hair was propped up against the large cushions. He wore a snow white night shirt of the old style and there was some red and black cross stitching about the neck band and yoke. He was smoking a long paper cigarette and he held it poised in his long fingers. The skin of his hands was like thin transparent parchment. The bones showed through.

Demetri cleared his throat and then he called out in a deep bass voice with great seriousness and dignity; "Her excellency the Princess Mary and her excellency the Princess Fannie."

Mary held the hand of her little cousin Fannie, and both together, slowly with heads high, they entered the room. They came beside the bed and kneeled.

The old man nodded and said; "Rise my dear Princess Mary and rise Princess Fannie. You are welcome to our royal court."

The children knew what to do. They rose, bowed again and backed up until they stood near the boxes arranged in a semicircle about the room. Then they glanced toward the doorway to see who would be next to enter.

Demetri tapped his staff on the floor and called out, "Their excellencies the Duke and Duchess de Levy."

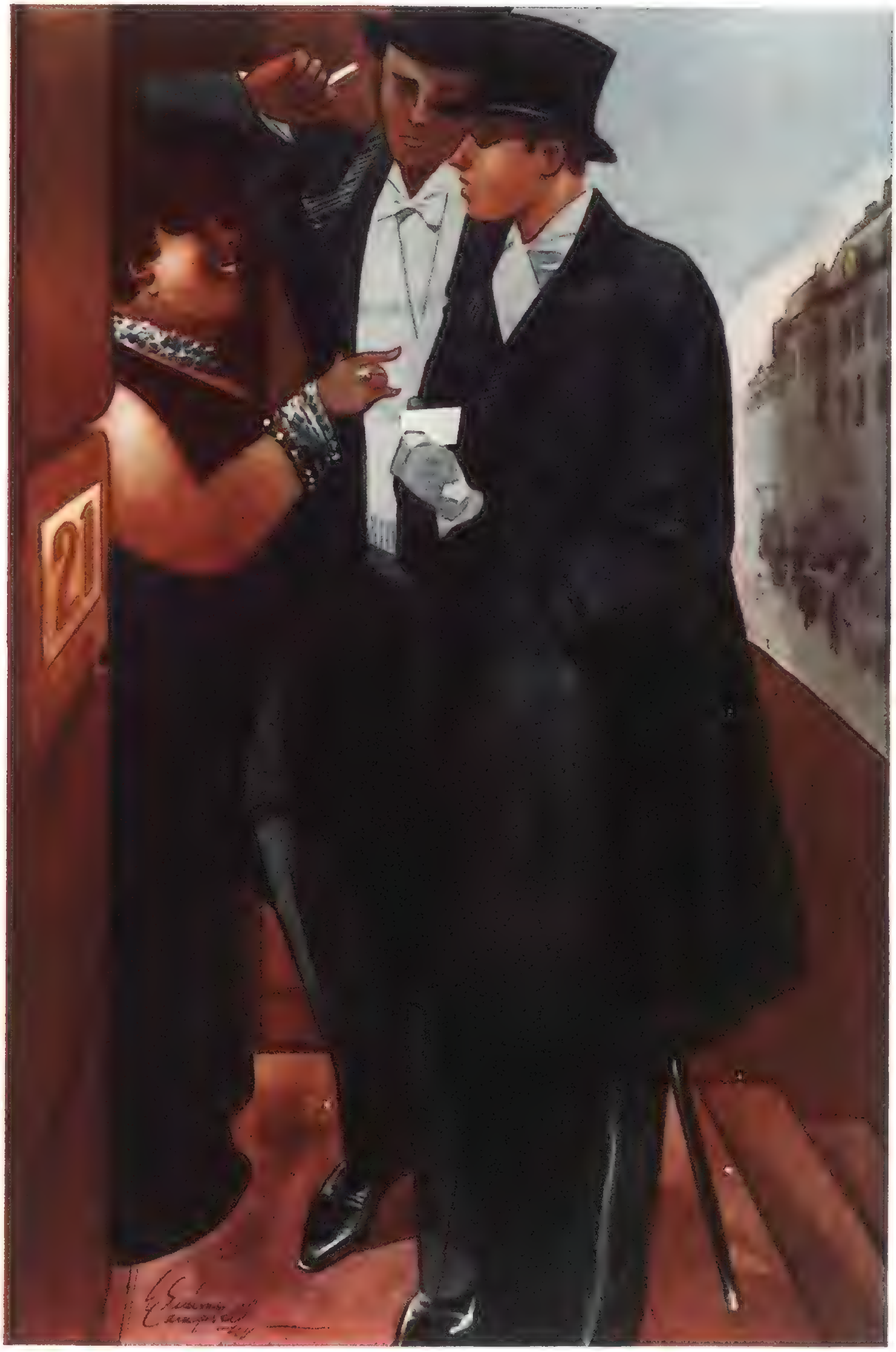
Milton and his sister Bertha, children of the Jewish tailor, marched through the door hand in hand. They came to the side of the bed and kneeled.

"Rise my dear duke and duchess. You are welcome."

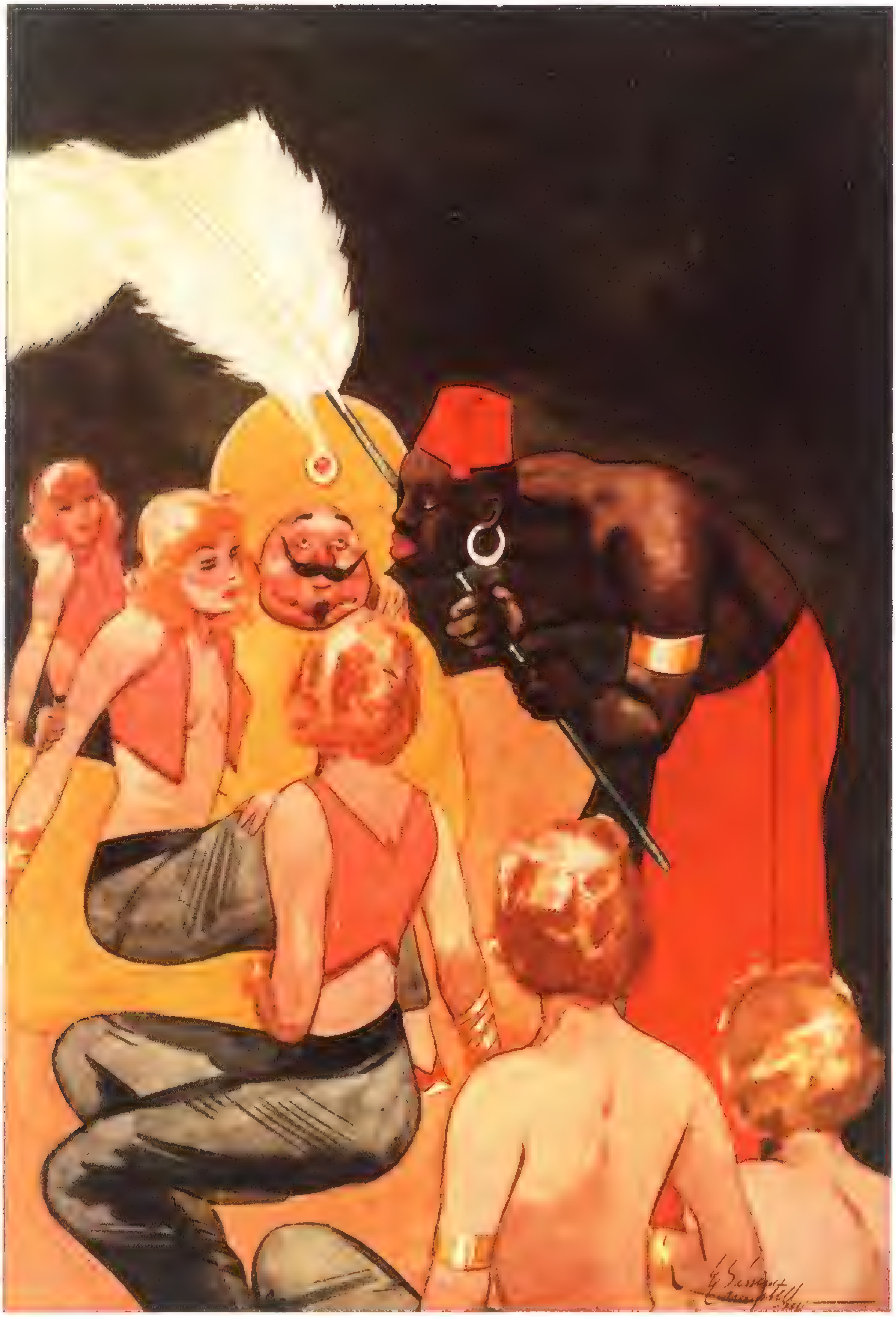
They bowed and stood beside Mary and Fannie Collins and now the four children glanced at the open doorway to see who would next enter and join this royal court.

Demetri announced; "Her excellency the Marquise de la Tannenbaum." Alice entered alone and with great dignity. "His grace the Earl of Patilo," and Jake followed and

Continued on page 175


21
E. Simms Campbell

*“Annie doesn’t live here any more—but the bar is still upstairs.”*



*"Pahdon Suh—but don't it get monotonous with no competition?"*

# Turkey's Modern Mahomet

### Dictator Kemal Ataturk has provided his medieval-minded subjects with a new dogma

### by JOHANNES STEEL

• ARTICLE •

KEMAL ATATURK, formerly Mustapha Kemal Pasha, Gazhi "The Victorious One" and "Destroyer of the Christian Dogs" keeps every door in and outside of his palace open day and night so that anybody may enter and hear what is going on in the next room.

He supported for many years the widow of his most deadly enemy and has adopted a number of daughters, actively cared for innumerable orphaned sons of Anatolian peasants, yet there are incidents in his life that seem to deny that he is a softy.

For, was there not that memorable August 2nd night in 1926 when the moon hung low over the anatolian plain and for the first time the strains of the *Valse Danube* were heard in Ankara, new Turkey's young capital laid out by German architects that Turkey's modern Mahomet gave each one of his guests something to remember him by.

The dance music came from the new palace, whose doors were open so that the people of Turkey could see how their boss was amusing himself.

The diplomatic corps had just moved from Istanbul, formerly Constantinople, to Ankara and was in full attendance.

The silver plated clock in the west end of the ball room struck midnight when the dictator motioned the band with a measured nod of his head to play up and bowed in most continental fashion to the youngest and most beautiful of his adopted daughters, leading her to the dance.

The Ambassadors of the Great Powers stood aghast, for they knew that at this very minute, only a few miles away, two former members of Mustapha Kemal Pasha's cabinet and nine other men, all life long friends of the Pasha were expiating their miserable lives at the hand of Kemal's hangman. Among them was Djavid Bey, modern Turkey's greatest Minister of Finance.

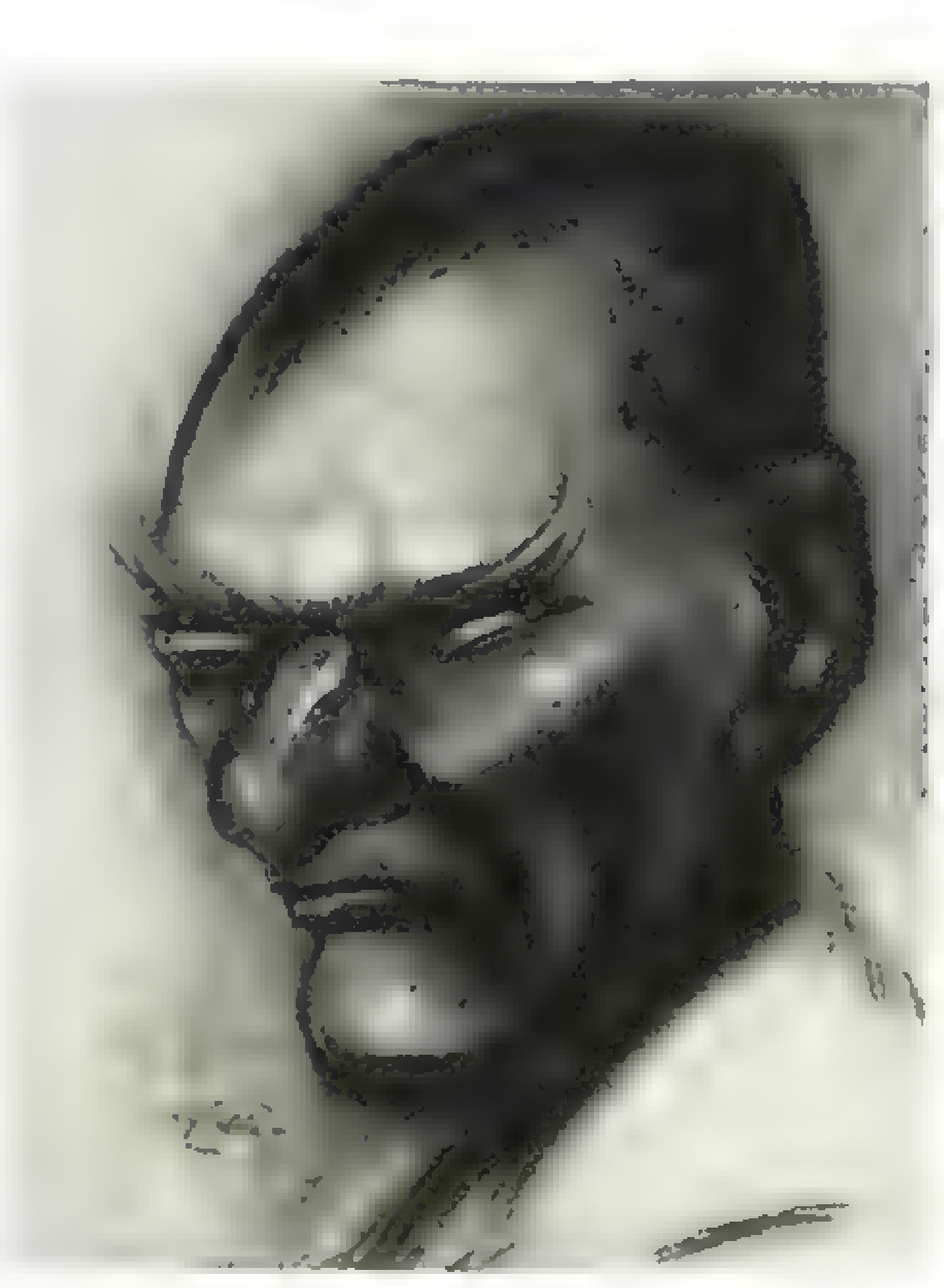
The Ambassadors only four days before had visited the head of the Turkish government and explained to him that the civilized peoples of Europe would be shocked if these men were executed and had pressed the dictator hard to commute the sentences to imprisonment. Some powers even threatened to break off diplomatic relations.

When the band struck, the Ambassadors, the Ministers, their Ladies and "Those in the know" stood motionless—for a minute and began to dance to the dictator's tune.

Kemal Ataturk has never cared about foreign opinion. He fought his battles and won his victories alone, and today he does most of his government alone. His only foreign friends are the Soviets. This shows his matter-of-fact realism at its best, for the future independence of Turkey and its prominent position in Europe and the Near East is in no small measure due to the unequivocable economic and political backing and assistance on the part of the rulers in the Kremlin. Also if Ataturk emerges as he will in all probability, as the spearhead of a great and powerful Pan-Asiatic Minot bloc, it will be in no small measure due to Moscow.

This bloc would of course seriously impair Great Britain's hold in the Near East and Mediterranean. Kemal rejoices in this fact for Imperial Britain is his pet hate.

The British, however, respect him for he is the first Asiatic who successfully withstood their Imperialism when in 1922 after a twenty day battle, in which his troops fought under his personal command with a savagery worthy of the hordes of Djengis Khan, he drove the vastly superior Greek forces from the river Sakaria into the Mediterranean. All of which cost Constantine of Greece his crown, Lloyd George his Premiership, Great Britain the control of the straits and Sir Basil Zaharoff an awful lot of money.



Kemal Ataturk combines in him the improvisatory military genius of Trotzky, with the political insight and the inflexible will of a Lenin.

He is by all standards the greatest living statesman, military commander and dogmatic politician rolled into one.

He was born in 1881 in Salonika, the son of an underpaid civil servant in the Turkish treasury, and a devoutly religious Jewish mother, who was descended from a family of Spanish Dutch Jews that were expelled from Spain under the rule of Ferdinand de Aragon and Isabella de Castille.

At the age of fifteen he entered the Turkish military academy. At twenty-one he began plotting against the redoubtable Abdul Hamid, whose government was then the world's most spectacular example of complete corruption. He was arrested in 1908 but fled and helped to make the 1909 revolution which overthrew that worthy descendant of Mahomet the Sultan Abdul Hamid.

Kemal then fought in the Balkan wars of 1912 and 1913. At the end of the World War he found himself in command of the Turkish armies in Asia Minor.

In 1919 he defied the Allies in general and Great Britain in particular since the latter wanted the Mossul oil, by refusing to demobilize, and by summoning the first Turkish national congress to Erzerum and assuming the dictatorship over Turkey.

In 1922 he wiped out the Greek armies.

In October, 1923 he called the Grand National Assembly and had himself elected President of the Turkish Republic.

During the ten years that followed he accomplished the greatest job of national reconstruction known in modern history.

To make Turkey a modern nation he practically remade the medieval minds of his countrymen and went ahead with such a pace that within a decade Asiatic Turkey had made a progress it took Europe a century to make.

He dis-established religion, abolished religious tribunals, closed convents and religious schools, brought about the end of the Caliphate, and did away with the fez. He introduced universal suffrage, emancipated the Turkish woman, and made an end of the harem. He cleaned out a corrupt Civil Service and created a code of honour among the Turkish Civil Servants, who, for a century, were unable to exist except by corrupt practices, for under the Sultan, their salaries were seldom paid. He purified the Turkish language, worked himself out a new alphabet, and made Latin script compulsory. He has created a modern judicial code, taken from the best European examples, to replace the abolished Islamic code.

The social legislation he enforced is modeled upon the best of what the Scandinavian states have accomplished.

He has called to Ankara the world's most famous architects; established compulsory education and given government jobs to more than three hundred exiled non-Aryan German intellectuals.

He has at his disposal the best trained and equipped army in Asia Minor and fears nobody and is always ready to strike. In the winter of 1935 when Kemal's old enemy Venizelos attempted an unsuccessful revolution in Greece, Ataturk mobilized his army within twelve hours on the Greek borders, in support of the established government of Greece and with whom he is jointly a partner to the "Balkan Alliance" which also includes Rumania and Yugoslavia.

In spite of which it would be difficult to say what he really thinks of the Greeks today, for not one single anniversary of his victory of the Hellenes has passed without Ataturk the "Great Father of the Turks" getting stone drunk. #

# Going Native, American Plan

### Describing several stages of elation in man's lone contact with a kindly physical world

### by T. HOWARD KELLY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Stand by if you ever secretly dream or openly talk about sailing off to an uninhabited palm-fringed island and living like Robinson Crusoe for a little while, perhaps forever.

Here's the way to answer that old primitive urge so deep in most of us to leave the world behind and play beachcomber without having to take a long and probably expensive voyage to a remote South Sea atoll or to some other island far beyond the scheduled call of ships.

I put out of New York in the 45-foot power yacht, *Irreb*, October 18 last, with a crew of two men aboard.

The *Irreb*, owned by a friend, was Miami-bound. But I was going along to be dropped off alone on Little Talbot, one of the many mysterious and deserted Barrier Islands, which lies just off northeastern Florida about 900 water miles to the south'ard of Sandy Hook.

My voyage aboard the *Irreb* was beset by bad weather and other troubles. But finally, towards sunset of a perfect November afternoon about four weeks after we had cleared New York, Little Talbot lay only about two miles due west of our bow.

The island loomed lovely and enchanted in the soft amber light, primeval, happily forgotten by men. Not a thing stood on its beach except the handiwork of God and Nature. The white strand sloped slightly upwards for about 200 feet, finally forming a long low wall of sand, the land's first line of defense against the threat of swirling tides.

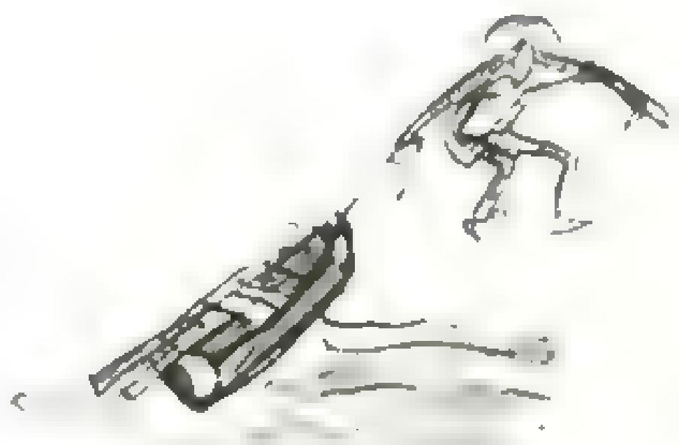
Dunes rose behind the white rampart, manned by sentinel palms. Beyond that natural parapet bulked the dark, brooding jungle. Somewhere over there on Little Talbot, between its dunes and secretive wilderness, I was going to build a palmetto lean-to. For experience had taught me that the ideal camp site is on the seaside where you can enjoy the benefit of the cool ocean breezes and the vista of the surf coming in.

Born on Amelia Island that was plainly visible a few miles across the breaking shoal waters of Nassau Sound to the north'ard of Little Talbot, I had often come back to our Barrier Islands for Robinson Crusoe adventures because I had always found them to be places of golden days and silver nights where the best things of life were free; where a man could go back to Nature for the unquenchable fire of life and live like a physical king under the sun and stars; where he could also find spiritual sanctuary and let the tiredness run out of his soul; and where, perhaps, two lovers could find the paradise of their dreams.

But possibly you have never even heard of the Barrier Islands. Well, neither have millions of other persons unless they recently chanced to read in the newspapers about the expedition I organized to hunt for buried pirate treasure on my native Amelia Island.

The fact that our Barrier Islands—so-called because they bar the open sea from the mainland—are not well known is another good reason why they are still the sort of shores where civilization-weary men can go as "native" as ever a man has gone on a mid-Pacific beach or in the African bush.

White-beached, green-jungled, more than a hundred of the Barriers will be found lying just offshore, like a jade and ivory archipelago from Charleston, S. C., southward to Fernandina, Florida, Amelia's historic seaport.



The larger ones—Wassaw, Ossabaw, St. Catherine's, Blackbeard, Sapelo, Wolf, St. Simon's, Jekyll, Little and Big Cumberland, Tiger, Amelia, Little and Big Talbot, and St. George—are usually shown on the ordinary maps. All the others will be found on the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey charts of the Charleston-Fernandina areas.

A few are privately owned and "No Trespassing" signs are posted. Sapelo belongs to Howard Coffin who has developed Sea Island as a resort. Jekyll is the site of the famous old "Millionaires' Club." Big Cumberland, just below Jekyll, is the winter home of the Carnegies. Several others are sparsely peopled. But most of them are uninhabited except for native wild life, itinerant hunters and fishermen, occasional pirate treasure seekers and casual Robinson Crusoes.

They have had their yesteryears of romance and history. Once they were the legendary Paradises of the Indians who gave such lovely names as Guale, Missoe, Ospo, Asao and Zapala to Amelia, Big Cumberland, Jekyll, St. Simon's and Sapelo respectively. Spanish, French, and English explorers, missionaries, soldiers, adventurers, freebooters, buccaneers, smugglers, slaves, hunted men and stolen women, and rum-runners have visited them and departed.

They were our first frontier but they have been forgotten since the War Between the States. Today you will find them almost as they were before the red men lost them to the white men who came out of the dawn in wide-winged galleons. Aloof, almost untouched by the nearby world, they seem asleep yet mysteriously awake with cabbage palms and Spanish bayonets standing guard.

Coming upon them for the first time gives you the fanciful feeling that you have unexpectedly reached islands at the tip of a rainbow. They are enchanted shores where summer lingers on almost forever and time seems to stand still. In the deep calm moments the surf rolls against the islands with the rumble of distant drums. But more often it comes booming in like white liquid thunder and the frothing league-long combers roar.

The sea birds are always in the air and on the beaches except in those certain isles where the fierce white-headed eagles hold sway. Quail and other game birds abound in the woods. Fox and deer are usually plentiful. Occasionally a bear shows up. Many years ago, the late George L. Carnegie stocked Cumberland with bears to add excitement to the hunting there. A few of the Bruins still range the Cumberland jungles but most of them have swum the channels to other islands. Sometimes there are sounds of stealth in the tangled hammocks followed by feline cries. For the pad-footed wildcats have cunningly survived traps and rifles.

Do these isles lure you?

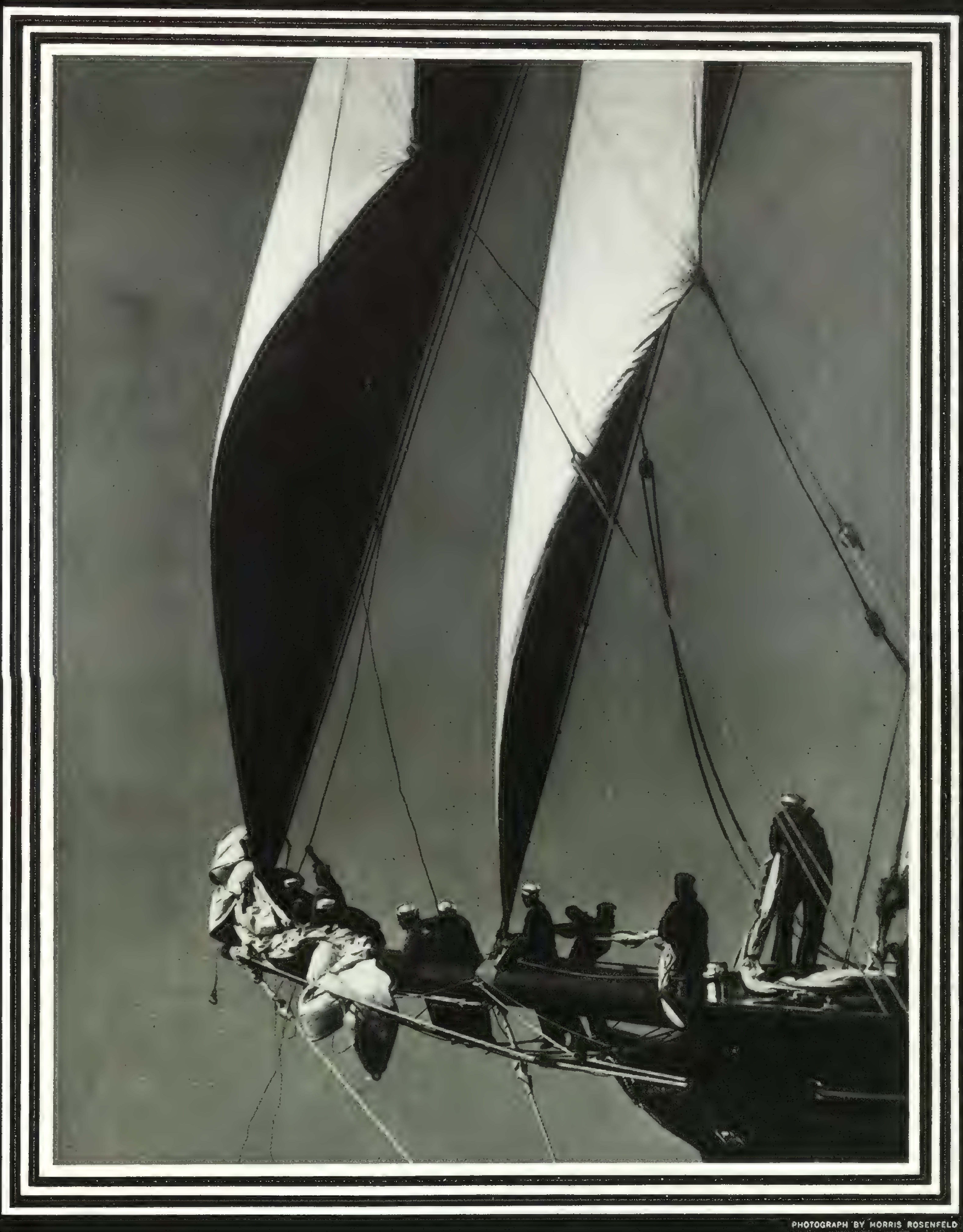
Then buy a set of U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey charts of the Intracoastal Waterway Route to Florida embracing the Charleston-Fernandina section from the U.S. Department of Commerce. Study the charts and select one or several islands for your adventure. Proceed to the town nearest the island of your choice and use it as a jumping-off place.

Practically all the jumping-off points for the Barriers are easily reached by planes, trains, automobiles, coastwise steamers and private yachts.

As there is no rent to pay, the only expenses involved are those of transportation, equipment, and food.

I have journeyed to the islands by all of the above methods. From New York, you can reach Fernandina, historic seaport on Amelia and

*Continued on page 144*



PHOTOGRAPH BY MORRIS ROSENFELD

SETTING HEADSAILS

*on Board the Migrant, owner Carll Tucker, New York*

# The Diagnosis

### A doctor who has often withheld the hopeless truth wonders what he can believe about himself

### by FREDERICK H. EDWARDS

FICTION

DAYBREAK. A light breeze rattled the shade in Dr. Luke Sladen's bedroom. Not a sound came up from the deserted suburban street. Occasionally the hum of an automobile increased and diminished on the nearby state road. A street lamp shining through the maple trees threw twitching mosaic shadows on the ceiling. Luke stared up at these with sleepless strained eyes. His hands were moist and his face felt hot. His limbs were cramped and tense.

A sense of terror, of imminent, horrible danger weighed like a hot metallic ball in his chest. Luke got to his feet, and barefooted went to the bureau and lit the light. He peered at his face in the mirror. He was surprised at its pallor when it felt so hot, but he remembered that mirrors usually make one look a shade paler than actuality. He put his face close to the glass and stared long and steadily into his own eyes.

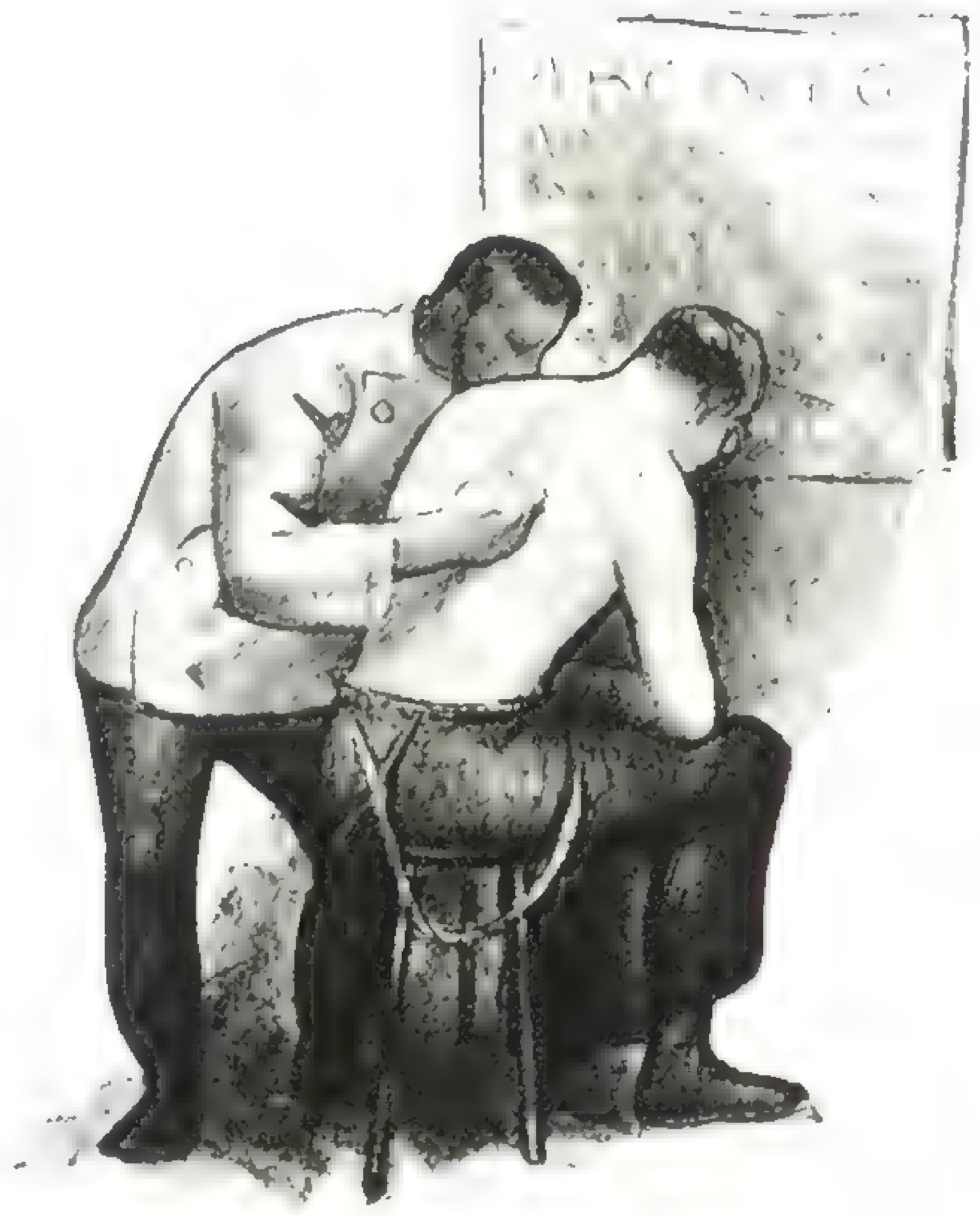
They told him nothing. He looked at his hands. The veins stood out blue and distended. His hands seemed so white. They throbbed with a pulsation synchronous with the throbbing in his head. A feeling of nausea almost overpowered him.

He swallowed a glass of water, walked back to bed and was about to sink into it, when he thought of Marion and the baby. Holding his head up, his mouth partly open, he listened intently, a little wildly, for sounds from the next room. Softly he padded to their door, and put his ear to the panel. His heart was pounding and that weight in his chest made him bend forward in the darkness. Little Edith turned in bed and sighed. They were safe, but he, he felt as if he were spinning into space.

Back in bed, Luke made a determined effort to evaluate his situation and decide on a plan.

In an average, busy, suburban medical practice he had seen much of hypochondriasis. He had seen patients in sweat and tears over nameless and nonexistent diseases. He remembered old Dr. Alfred, who rarely visited a patient without asking for a dose of bicarbonate of soda. "My damned acid stomach," he would mumble. That patient who, when he left the room for a moment, always took the thermometer from her mouth and held its little mercury bulb against her hot electric bedlamp. He was really alarmed at her high temperatures until one day he caught her at it. And then that other patient who could not sleep, because one night shortly after her husband's death she dreamed that she was sleeping with him again. She woke with a delicious feeling of satiation, and then suddenly realized that she had been in the embrace of a dead man. She had a feeling of terror, and for months could not sleep, for fear the phantom would return.

But surely his own illness must be real. Luke's attitude toward life had always been one of benignity. There were no important worries. And yet for the last few months his interest in the daily routine had been difficult to maintain. He had to fight down an overpowering feeling of unreality. He had little interest in food. His weight was decreasing. As he looked across the desk at his patients and listened to interminable stories of distress, real and imaginary, he felt his mind wandering to his own internal sensations, and with difficulty maintained a decent appearance of sympathetic interest.



A month ago he had gone to several of his colleagues for advice. There was Dr. Walker in the nearby town. Walker, a classmate of Luke's, was rapidly becoming a man of prominence. Luke did not like him but was urged to go by his wife. Walker had an ingratiating way with the women. A big smile, an effusive handshake, a provocative touch on the arm. Those who were jealous of him said he lay awake nights devising ways of pushing himself to the front. He maneuvered into the best clubs, was a member of every conceivable organization, and managed to say something, even though inane, at every medical meeting. He dressed with great care, and somehow Luke held it against him that he put shoe-trees into his shoes every night at bedtime. He read scientific papers all over the countryside, and wrote prodigiously, but the material, it seemed to Luke, was rather thin, mere repetitions and extensions of a few unimportant facts.

Then he had spoken to his friend Dr. Jackson. He had always liked Jackson. Luke had not seen him for about five years before his personal visit, but after he came away he reflected that Jackson needed a doctor, or something, more than he did. He had a distinct impression that the nurse, her pink slip showing beneath a mussed uniform, was rather alcoholic. Jackson himself was none too steady. And this at broad noon!

He tried once more, Dr. Nery this time, a man with some slight reputation as a diagnostician in the southern end of the state. The procedure and the result were always the same. Examinations, tests, a delay of a few days, and then the advice to go home and forget it. All would be well again with a little rest. Perhaps a boat trip might help, or a little light wine with meals, this or that.

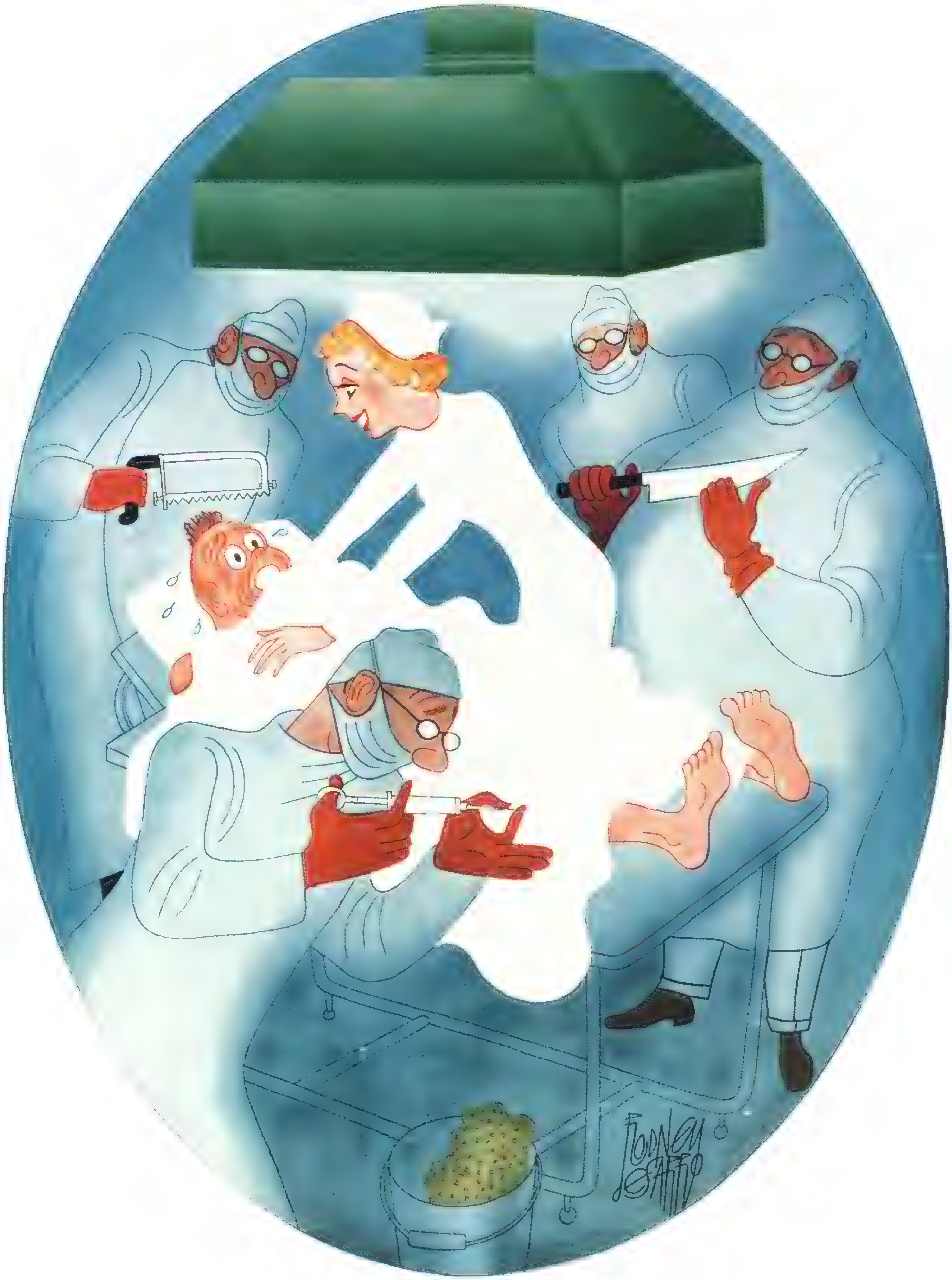
Luke felt the advice was given without conviction.

Their joviality seemed to be forced, or did he imagine it? He knew that if the outlook were serious they would conceal it. Possibly with reason. He remembered that doctor at the hospital who had tuberculosis, and who lay in real terror for months that he would have a hemorrhage and bleed to death. And that was just what happened. But after months of fearful expectation he accepted the actual event with a resignation almost happy.

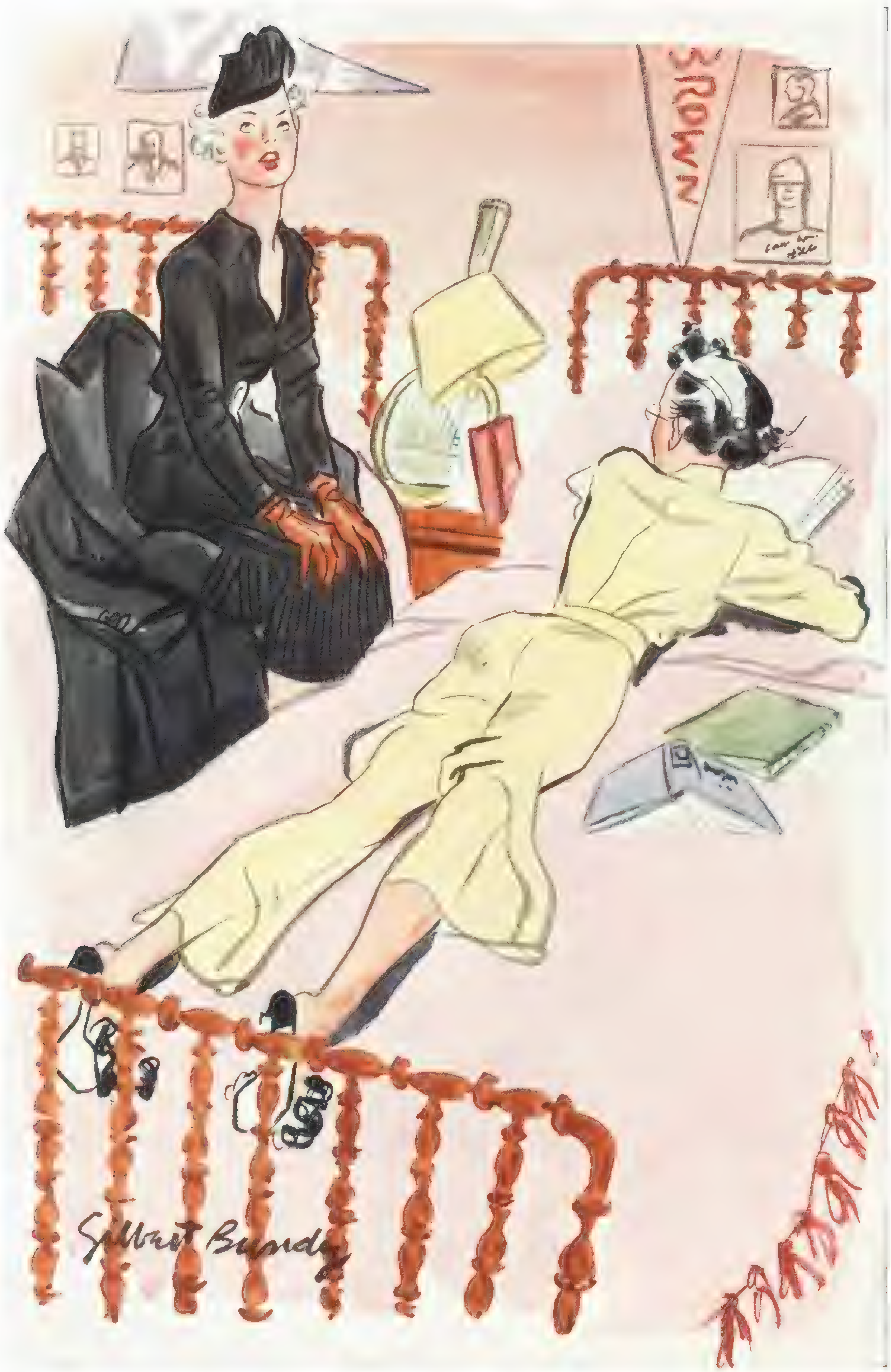
Luke himself had often tried to conceal the truth from someone it would hurt. With what insistence they demand it. It almost seems as if they wish to be hurt. Or is it release from doubt that they seek? At any rate Luke must know. But how? He had seen neurasthenic people spend a large part of their lives consulting countless doctors, and seeking a non-existent diagnosis.

Suddenly an idea formed in his mind. There was a famous clinician in the neighboring metropolis. He was short and plethoric, but had bright small eyes. He was considered the best consultant in the state. After seeing a patient for an hour he would send out a report which reflected a deeply sympathetic understanding of that man, and his problems. Luke had sent difficult patients to him on more than one occasion, and shared the general esteem in which the man was held. They had corresponded frequently, but had never met.

*Continued on page 156*


RODNEY deSARRO

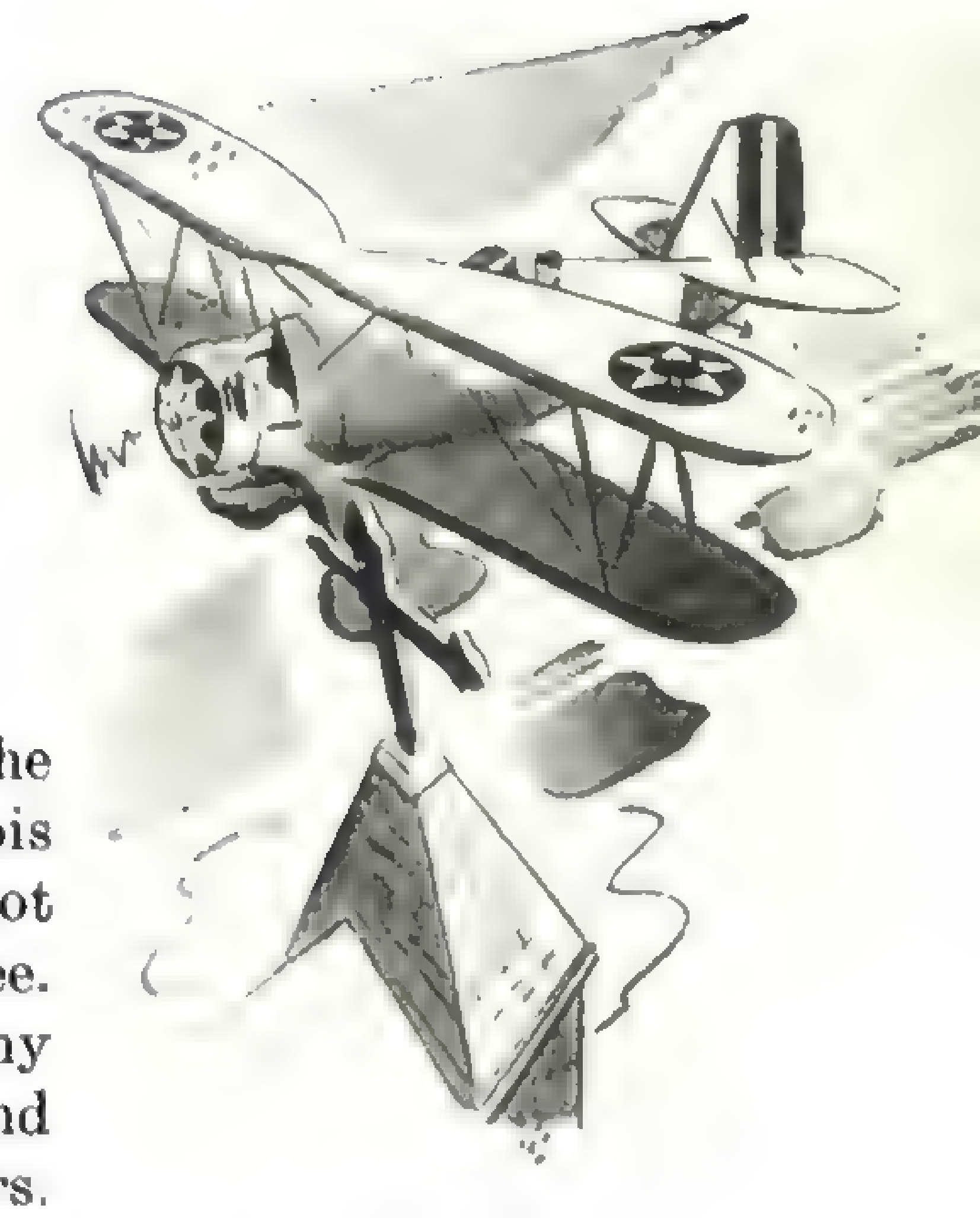
*"Comfy?"*


BROWN
Gilbert Bundy

*"You never know whether Charlie is serious or just fooling—until it's too late!"*

# Hell Bent for Earth

## Portrait of Lee Gehlbach, the test pilot who took up the plane that Jimmy Collins left



### *by* J. D. RATCLIFF

• ARTICLE •

IN a Washington barroom recently the country's foremost test pilot hunched his lank form forward in a chair and picked up his rye highball.

"The main point to all these test flights," Lee Gehlbach said, "is that it is better if necessary to crack up one plane and maybe one pilot than have hundreds of faulty planes flying around the country which are liable to fail at any moment.

"A test pilot uses his head for all its worth. You know your object is not to crack a plane up. Too many thousands of dollars are involved—aside from your own life.

"You can get a pretty good idea of what a plane will stand before you take it through the worst dives, and that's what you're supposed to do. In this plane I've been testing this week, the Grumman company has taken pains to correct whatever faults they think might have caused Jimmy Collins' crack-up. And I'll say I never flew a sweeter ship or enjoyed flying a ship so much."

Next day the pleasant, easy going pilot who boasts: "I'll fly anything, anytime, anywhere, for money, marbles or chalk," took the little ship up again. Grim faced naval officials looked on—men who had seen a carbon copy of the ship carry one test pilot to his death. The scene of the second test was Dahlgreen, Virginia, down the Potomac from Washington. The Navy moved its test ground there when Washingtonians complained about too frequent showers of parts of planes that had been undressed—flown to pieces—over Anacostia.

Smiling, Gehlbach climbed in the X-739. He knew it was a good ship—so good in fact that the Navy intended to put it on all its aircraft carriers as the swiftest, most potent flying machine man had ever been able to fabricate. Then he buckled his safety belt tightly about his middle. All he had to do was take the ship up to 18,000 feet, then whip it into a spin. If it came out O. K. the Navy would be ready to start filling out order blanks.

Gehlbach sat comfortably back in the cockpit and roared off. Everything was jake. A simple spin, a good landing and the day's work would be over. At three miles plus he started the ship gyrating crazily.

On the ground Naval observers squinted eyes to binoculars. The plane was growing rapidly larger. "About time now," they agreed, "for him to pull out." They noticed the ship's control surfaces being whipped into all positions. But still the plane spun.

Then they saw Gehlbach stand up in the cockpit. He had loosened his safety belt and was hanging on for dear life while the ship plunged downward. Standing up in the cockpit is an old pilots' trick. And a good one. Sometimes that little bit of extra wind pressure on his body will get a plane out of a spin. But not this Grumman.

Observers froze. Were they going to have to watch another superbly able pilot dashed into the ragged grave of a wrecked plane?

"At 2,000 feet," one Naval man reported, "with the earth rushing toward him at 200 feet a second, he bailed out . . . descended easily while his plane hurtled into a nearby pine tree." The Grumman jinx missed Gehlbach by ten seconds. Or maybe less because "the damn plane chased me." Gehlbach fell 1,200 feet before he opened his parachute. When he did the spinning plane missed him by a scant 20 feet.

What sort of man considers such hair raising antics "just a business, like any other business?" Let's look at Gehlbach.

Lee is 32 years old. He is slender and sparsely built as all plane manufacturers like test pilots—they don't want too heavy a load while their planes are getting the worst drubbings they will ever have to stand. He has a brown pompadour neatly parted by some surgical stitches—a souvenir of an accident. And he has blue eyes, a red face. He talks easily but with a degree of shyness—that is until he has had a good ration of rye.

He insists he isn't brave and that driving a car in the Indianapolis races would scare the daylights out of him. He also insists that there is more danger driving with a reckless high school motorist than test diving planes, all statistics to the contrary notwithstanding.

Probably the truth of the matter is that Gehlbach really isn't brave. To most men bravery consists of taking a good bite out of the heart that is in their mouths, then doing something that scares the pants off them. Since Gehlbach's heart seems never to get in his mouth it may be that he is just a human being built on slightly different specifications from the rest of us.

He still can't explain how a man temporarily blinded by a 400-mile-an-hour power dive—a scant five or six seconds off the ground—is in such a sheltered spot. Lee started life on a farm outside Lincoln, Illinois. Haying, milking cows and painting barns didn't appeal to him. "Somehow," he says, "I could not get used to getting up every morning at four o'clock. So I took off to find a softer existence."

This he found at the University of Illinois where in 1924 he got an engineering degree. Like the late Jimmy Collins, Lindbergh and scores of other flyers, his next stride carried him to the army training ground at Kelly Field, Texas. He survived the "wash out" tests that generally get rid of 75 per cent of the would-be flyers.

Officers who commissioned him 2nd lieutenant lived to regret the day. To Gehlbach the book of army regulations was a kind of comical military equivalent of Joe Miller's joke book.

One of the final and most spectacular nose thumbings he gave the rule book came in Montreal in 1927. With Selfridge Field's first pursuit squadron he had gone there to give the Canadians a good look at our military aviation. What most of them saw and still remember was about the finest dish of solo flying they'd ever seen.

Lee banked about church spires, scraping a little slate dust off. His final sally made the army's hardiest perennials hold their breath. He looped a St. Lawrence bridge!

Since few commercial lines want men who might on a whim loop a bridge with a plane full of passengers, Gehlbach sought itinerate work when he resigned his commission. He flew in the races whenever he could get a plane and an entrance fee. In 1930 he picked up $17,350 by winning the All American Flying Derby which circled the United States.

In 1933 in the Bendix Transcontinental Air Derby, which always opens the National Air Races, he had bad luck. Touted as the favorite and flying a chubby little Gee Bee racer which had lots of motor and not much in the way of wings, he was forced out at Indianapolis. A sputtering motor ruined any hope of winning that event.

These things make the skeleton of Gehlbach's career to date. But they don't furnish the drama that his test diving does. To a casual observer diving a plane at 400-miles-an-hour just to see if it is possible to make a sharp pull out at the bottom of the dive seems like pretty silly business. But it isn't.

No matter how good the engineers and testing material laboratory men are planes still have "bugs" that all the paper and pencil work in the world won't get out. It takes a man's hand on the control stick to find them, not infrequently at the cost of his life.

These bug hunters must have nerves made of fine drawn tool steel and heads cooler

*Continued in center of page 178*

# The Golden Hill

### Happy tale of an old sourdough prospector who proved his dream of a lifetime was not a mirage

### by LOUIS PAUL

▪ FICTION ▪

FROZEN CREEK nestled securely between mountain and sky. The gold-pocked hillsides were alive with human ants grubbing industriously under the hot sun. A hum like gentle waves at the seashore rose from the banks of the creek as sluice pans endlessly sifted pebbles and sand and inconspicuous fly-specks of gold. Up the mud-rutted road from Martinstown with bacon and booze and two newcomers a decrepid wagon rocked crazily. Someone was singing a bawdy ditty in a wavering bass voice. A drunken miner staggered down the shack-lined street happily, kicking up clods of filth with his boots. Sweat standing up in dark streaks under her shoulders, a woman in a gingham dress picked determinedly into a gravelly hillock. Spread out from the nucleus of the one street, fan-like, a town of tents rose like orderly mushrooms.

A hard little man with grey eyes close together, a shiny well-shaved chin and a grim slit of a mouth sauntered slowly, thoughtfully, between tents, his glance straying involuntarily toward a certain point in the west. He carried a dull-edged shovel on his shoulder. Another gruelling day taking ore out on Thorgesen's Claim. His back complained of the labor and he nodded absently to those he passed. Nevady threw his shovel down before his own tent, pushed the flap aside, crawled in and sank upon the hard canvas bunk.

Murmuring conversation and grunts of laughter thickened in his ears. Old Nevady shut his eyes, and immediately the shining dream of The Golden Hill took on size and shape and color. The lofty peak shimmered in the golden glow of sunset in his mind's eye. Green turned to azure blue, melted, then coalesced into a mountain of molten yellow metal. The set hardness of his features softened in imagination's warmth. The dream began to vacillate between color and sleep. A familiar voice shattered the illusion. It was his tent partner.

"What's new, Nevady?" The young man's face was coffee brown, his eyes healthy. His blue jeans were caked with creek mud. He had come down from Oregon a year ago, in '51, broke, working for stakes.

"Back mostly bust," said the old man. " 'Nother day."

"Yop. How you doin' over there with Thorgesen's?"

"Good enough, I reckon. I ain't git none of it but my ten dollars. I brung in wood at noon. We got that good tea, Shelton."

"Why don't you buy a nice little place in Frisco, Nevady? Or anyway prospect with me for a spell. Together we could get out."

"Humpf," said Nevady. "I'm grubstakin', like I tole you a hundred times, kid. Golden Hill."

"You ain't got good sense, Nevady. It's a shame."

"Not much longer I ain't got to wait, neither. Why you do so much worryin' all the time 'bout me?"

"Cause I like you, Nevady. Sun shinin' on a mountain don't make it have gold in it. Plumb foolishness. Everybody in camp's laughin' at you."

"Ever'body ain't got but little t' laugh at, Mister."

"Minds me, I heered tell of one feller down Frisco way got drowned tryin' to scoop up the gold ofn the water in the Golden Gate come sundown."

"Ain't no foolisher than some things I've seed in my day. Why ain't you git after them beans and fry 'em up? Dog me if ever'body don't take their most de-light in mindin' other folkses business. If Ole Nevady's crazy that's his misery, tain't nobody else's. Git them beans and bacon fried up proper, youngun."

"There's a new field up Smoky Hollow way. Let's me and you go pardner. Got enough together to buy an outfit in Martinsville."

"I'm makin' fer The Golden Hill."

Shelton shook his head, laughing. "All right, Nevady. When sour-doughs is sot, they is sot. You been stakin' in these hills ever since '49, they tell, and ain't never pulled a dime in metal of your own outn the ground. You won't never come out o' California with no gold. Some men is born like that."

"If some men is born like that why you tryin' t' change 'em? My belly's achin' fer beans moren my head's achin' for argument. Git your fire started."

After supper the two men rolled cigarettes and squatted on a ragged piece of 'paulin in front of the tent. The sun began dropping gratefully in the west. "Hiya, Nevady," someone called. Ed Billings started to toot a sour tune on his cornet. Crashy tin *pupps* sounded off somewhere, someone firing good ammunition at bean cans. The sun sank. Miners were drinking and singing already. The boy was talking about Up-Oregon, where his dad's farm was.

"Farmin' ain't so bad. You ever farmed, Nevady?"

"Sun's settin'."

"I notice it. Most every night 'bout this time sun sets," he grinned.

"Golden Hill lightin' up." Nevady stared, his narrow grey eyes full of starry joy. For a few moments a shaggy peak caught the reflection of shimmering golden yellow. The old man began to mumble crazily. "Flowin' up from his ole belly, gold. Light and shinin' up. Millions. Moren there is in the world, sonny. Oozin', like that there color. Ain't you see it? There, right inside his ole belly. Golden Hill. Oh, Gawdy. Lightin' up the whole yearth with its color." The mountain's rocky green surface picked up the brilliant light like a mirror and shot it off dazzlingly into space. "The Golden Hill," murmured Nevady, awe-stricken over again each evening. "Sweet and lovely, Golden Hill. Full o' joy. Full o' gold."

"Does sort of look pretty."

"Mountain o' gold. Solid gold. See it shinin' blood. Blood's gold. Money's gold. Gold."

"Goes quick, though. Fadin' off into purple. That's the way them dreams of gold vanish, Nevady." The boy took his arm. "Nevady. Don't go, Nevady. I got a feelin'. I don't care personally. Something terrible's up there in The Golden Hill."

"I'm sot," said Nevady.

Darkness descended. He went happily to bed. Sleep brought him nearer his golden hill. Each night lovely visions came to usher in a new day of determination and hope. Down in the belly of The Golden Hill lay melted streams of pure metal. Gold. He'd have it all some day. Men laughed at him. Younguns scorned his intuitions. Thought him crazy. Only crazy for gold. That wasn't crazy.

Why should he care if he was the butt of the miners' wit. He stolidly labored with pick and wheelbarrow and shovel on Thorgesen's Claim, a rich vein mine, for his grub-stake. The men laughed at his mad conceit and ribbed him goodnaturedly.

"Whut yu goin' t' do with all that gold anyway, Nevady?" said Hairy Tate.

"I'll let ye know when I git it," Nevady said.

"Ain't no gold up there," said Williamson, one of the owners of Thorgesen's Claim. "Geologist from down Frisco way been all over them hills."

"I'm not pardnerin' with no geologists."

"Mighty long way up Golden Hill. Mules costs money," said Hairy.

"Why you worryin' if I ain't?"

"Tain't no question o' worry, Nevady. We like you, that's all. What's ole Frozen Creek gonna look like with you away in the mountains?"

"You boys is mighty sendimental."

"When you leavin', Nevady?"

"First day I ain't round here for you to pest my life away."

"That liquid gold'll run right through canvas sacks. You gonna carry it down in pails, Nevady?"

"Maybe Nevady ain't so crazy. I'm goin'

t' foller him. If they's gold up there all I got to do is plug the ole boy in the back an' file claim."

"Maybe you ain't no liar, neither," said Nevady. "You jest as likely to plug somebody in the back."

"I would plug anybody for all the gold you say is up in Golden Hill, front or back."

"Leave the old feller be, now," said Williamson. "An' git to work. You think this diggin' here is a picnic?"

Slavery. But old Nevady had a strong dream. A few more weeks and he'd have the money for his mules and stock. Never mind what these scatterbrained dirt grubbers said. He'd lay it all on The Golden Hill. The gold went deep down in that mountain. He knew. He knew by the way the sun shone. When day was done he hurried back to his tent, his eyes turned toward the horizon. Mexican Hosey was washing a red shirt in a pail. "*Benevolencia, Señor.*"

"*Buenos días*, Hosey. What luck?"

Hosey shrugged his shoulders, rubbing the suds into the shirt. "*Aun cuando no tengan nada, no deben perder la esperanza,*" he smiled.

"We'll be rich someday."

"*Gustar Díos,*" Hosey nodded politely.

The days went by. Hairy Tate was shot by a gambler in Bill's Place, a gambler named Silent from Sacramento. They hung Silent and Nevady bought Harold from Hairy's "estate." Tate had a widder off somewhere. Harold was the dead man's pack mule. One of the most marvellous beasts ever to come up the Sacramento trail. Gold shone more brightly when Harold brayed, the sun lit the Hill into a fiery furnace, and Nevady bought stores, impervious to the importunities of young Shelton.

The whole town of Frozen Creek stopped work to see him off. They liked crazy Nevady, hated to see him walk up into death. He was setting off alone into the wildest country in California. Mountain lions were a dime a dozen in the hills. No sense to it. Sheer ravines no human could negotiate. A sunny mountain and a crazy dream. Impenetrable forests. Last we'll ever see of good ole Nevady. Too bad. Well, luck, anyway. Free country. Every man to his taste. Gold drove 'em light-headed. Grub-stakers were all insane. Gold. The Golden Hill. Madness. So long, Nevady.

"Can't let you go, Nevady," said young Shelton, gripping his arm with affection. "Don't go, Nevady. You'll never come outn them mountains with no gold. I know. I feel it, Nevady."

"I'm sot," said Nevady.

He flicked Harold's belly with his twig. The mule started off. Nevady's grim line of lips parted in a smile. This was the day. The hills beckoned like benevolent angels. *Benevolencia.* A chorus of heavenly voices sounded in his ears. It roared, sang. Comin' up The Golden Hill. I'm comin'. Comin', comin', comin' up The Golden Hill.

He readjusted his navies in their holsters more comfortably and pressed on up the trail. As the sun drew a hot smudge across the sky he stared into the blue distance, his eyes fixed upon that jagged drawing which was his destination. He thrust the kinks out of his stiff shoulders and breathed in the pungent perfume of pine and raw earth. The wild trail twisted like a writhing rattler. Harold deftly maneuvered the steep, rock-slippery path, pleased at the end of inaction, glad that he was in his element again. He seemed to sense Nevady's mad purpose, to be happy over it, for he kept nodding acquaintance at the towering mountains ahead and snorting joyfully.

The third day The Golden Hill was grown out of all proportion, a fantastic giant of shimmering purple, like the swollen djinn of Aladdin's lamp. Nevady's feet were swollen, too. He had disdained rest and was now feeling the effects of it—fifty hours of hazardous, back-breaking climbing over slippery gravel and sodden woodland, trailless. Harold brayed at the first flicker of dawn, inconquerable, tireless, mocking old Nevady's screaming pains and blisters. The prospector tightened his cinches, marked off his bearings, and flicked the mule's rump from habit. The morning miles unwound in a glory of loveliness, unconscious of man or his purpose. At noon Nevady sank down into the damp moss of an icy stream. The leather of his body felt like a pulp of dust. Harold munched rare grass leaves for pastime. Several hours went by. For the first time in his life Nevady was unable to rise. The sun swung in a quick arc and burnished the Hill with its dazzling glow. Nevady mumbled a sentence of encouragement to himself, then crawled to his pack and opened it and made his camp. Food ironed some of the weariness out of him. He even forgot to dream of the Hill.

The next day he felt better. No sense in such hurry. Gold would be in the Hill when he got there. 'Twarn't sense. People called Nevady crazy, and maybe he was a little. Anybody'd be crazy if they knew where there was a mountain full o' gold, dog if they wouldn't. He brought his routine down to marches of six hours in the morning. Take maybe a month thataway. Harold was disappointed, a definitely sour expression on his grey lips.

"I ain't young no more," Nevady told him. "You got to have patience, Harold. It is gold we're after. Gold don't never come easy, even ifn it's layin' there in the

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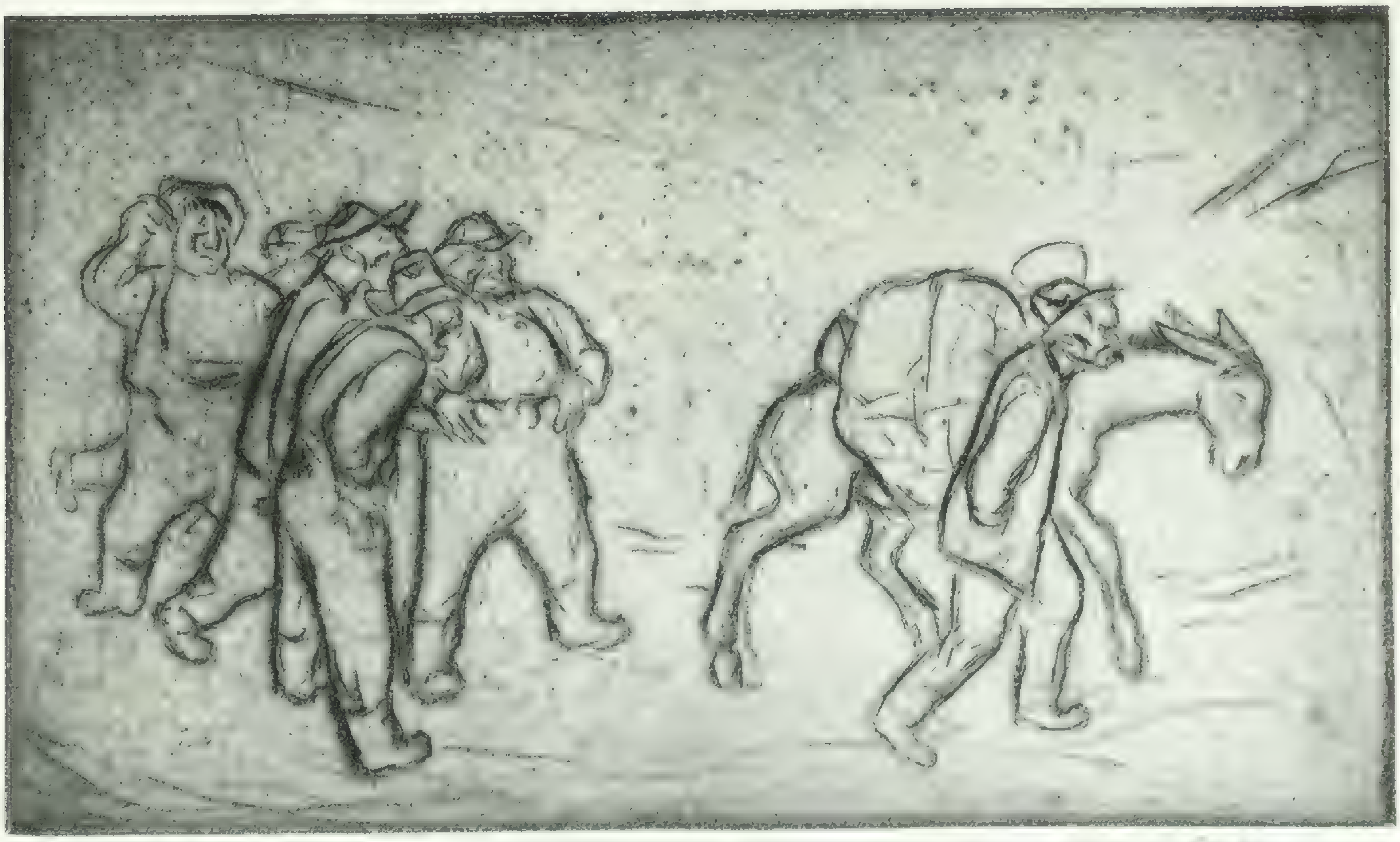

DRYPOINT BY JOHN GROTH

# Protest at Thirty

### The young may get the new world and the old don't care but the middle generation works in mud

### by NARD JONES

• ARTICLE •

It just so happens that my three best friends and I represent a fair cross-section of our generation.

Jack is an attorney and a reactionary Republican. He was a Republican when he was born and he'll be a Republican when he dies.

Pete sells securities, and when Roosevelt was elected Pete was for him. About eight months ago he began to weaken, and at the next election he'll vote against the New Deal.

Jerry is secretary-treasurer of a small business, and a *Jeffersonian* Democrat—which means that he's up in the air politically.

I pound a typewriter, shamefacedly attempt to dignify myself under the name of "journalist" and I fail to get excited about politics of any description.

We are all college graduates, and of course there's nothing unusual about being a college graduate if you belong to our generation. Remember that we graduated from high school in 1922 or 1923, right at the beginning of the Golden Age.

We never worried in college. The Last War had been fought, and we had begun to realize how lucky we'd been in missing it. Outside the campus there was a vague world called Business, and we had a notion it was all right and would give us a place when we graduated. It did. In 1926 or 1927 you just decided what firm you wanted to work for and you kept trying, and in a couple of weeks—or a month, at most—they put you on. If you had sense enough to come in out of the rain you stuck until 1930. If you had average intelligence you stuck through the depression, although your salary began to take it on the nose.

Of course, everybody didn't stick—but I think the record of our generation was pretty fair. We were young enough to have lots of energy and to work for what we could get, and yet we weren't so young but what we'd had a little experience in the business world.

We didn't know, while we were at college, what we were in for. But we knew that we wouldn't have any trouble getting a job. We studied a little and went in for "activities"—because every alert undergraduate knew that it was the "activities" that fitted one for the world. We discovered Edna St. Vincent Millay and *Jurgen* and golf trousers. We were willing to take H. L. Mencken's word for almost anything. We went for sophistication in a big way. But that didn't make us forget what had been drilled into us in grammar school, in high school, and at home. It didn't make us forget that, as American youth, we had an inherent right to homestead on American resources and make our living in fair competition.

Well, we started out with a bang. We did all right. Only two years after graduation one of our class was making ninety dollars a week. He may not have been exactly bright, but he had a lot of nerve and a nice personality. I've forgotten what he sold, but I know he made the "calls" all right. Those were the days when, if a fellow made twenty calls a day, about half would turn out to be a sale. So he made ninety dollars a week. We who went in for dignity instead of hard cash, we who went in for one of the professions, as they say, didn't make so much. But we did all right.

We didn't know that October, 1929, was going to be an unusual month. So we bought cars, and married, and had kids. Maybe we bought some General Motors, but we didn't buy a home, as our fathers would have done at our age and in our circumstances. Hell! we were on the way, and the next month we might be sent to Cleveland or Chicago or New York. Why buy a home?

That reasoning was all wet—but it was lucky reasoning for most of us. We did well if we got our insurance through the last five years. Only now we're beginning to think about a home again. We're older, and our kids are getting to the age when they ought to have a home background. We know that if the next ten years pass as quickly as the last ten we'll be forty damned soon. And most of us have come to recognize that not *every* young man in America is going to be a millionaire. That was a hard pill to swallow, but we've got it down now.

I can hear some of you saying, "Why the faint tone of sadness? You mutts don't know what trouble is!"

That is your reaction if you aren't, say, somewhere between the ages of twenty-eight and forty. Well, that's all right. I'll even agree with you, but I'm not speaking for your generations. And I'm not kicking about the breaks my friends and I didn't get the last five years. I know perfecty well that right now we have more than our fathers and grandfathers ever thought of having. I know we're better off than men of our age in Germany or France or Russia or Ethiopia. Sure, we're lucky to be alive!

But are we? That's what I'm wondering now.

I don't pretend to know anything about economics or politics. I know only what I don't *know*, and with all due modesty I'd like to add that this is more than a great many articulate persons know today.

Jack, Pete, Jerry and I would like to settle down to the next twenty years. We're willing to say, "It wasn't like it was in the story books, but that's all right. We've lost some wind and some ideas about fighting fair, and we're heavier around the waistline—but we'd like to stay in the ring."

"Nobody's stopping you!"

That crack would be from the generations I mentioned above. And I hope they're right. But I have a feeling they aren't. "The trouble with you," says Jack to me very frequently, "the trouble with you is, you don't think. You just feel. You're all emotion and no logic." He's an attorney, so I suppose he's all logic and no emotion.

All right, then, I just feel. I don't belong to any political party, I'm neither Right Wing nor Left Wing. I don't know anything about this world. I only work here for a little while. I've never had two consecutive thoughts that fit together and made a pattern of logic—but I know a little about men and women. I know a little about men and women, even if I don't know very much about the beautiful abstractions behind which they hide their pitiful hatreds and ambitions and vanities.

I have an awful feeling that my three good friends and I are going to see another war involving this country. I think it very probable that we will be faced with the choice of joining the colors or being spat upon in the public square, or maybe being jailed or shot as a slacker. I have no reasons for this, no historical background for it. But I remember what happened last time; and I know perfectly well that there is nothing on earth or in Heaven which will keep an industrialist from selling to a warring nation if he has something it wants. And I know, too, that it won't be entirely the industrialist's fault. He will be on his mettle, he will have stockholders, and there will be the American people saying, "Let 'em fight, and we'll keep out of it and make a few dollars."

Sure, it can happen again. You know it can, if you just stop thinking and reasoning, and start looking into yourself as an example of humanity. Haven't you seen all the nice new movies glorifying war? Haven't you seen all the thrilling newsreels packed with war as news—with finales showing Uncle Sam's new war planes and new battleships?

Well . . . it won't be tomorrow. But other things will be tomorrow. Starvation will be

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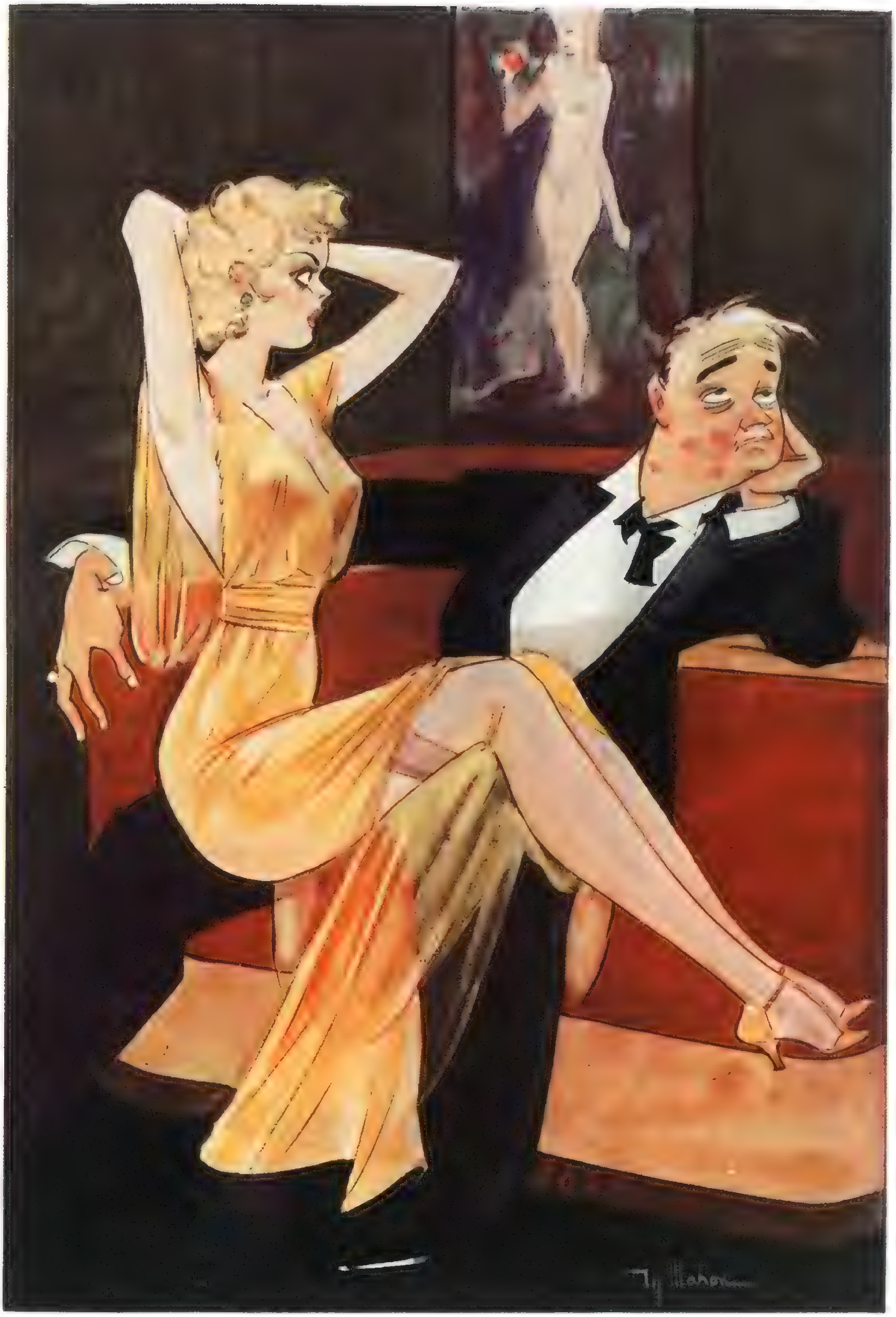
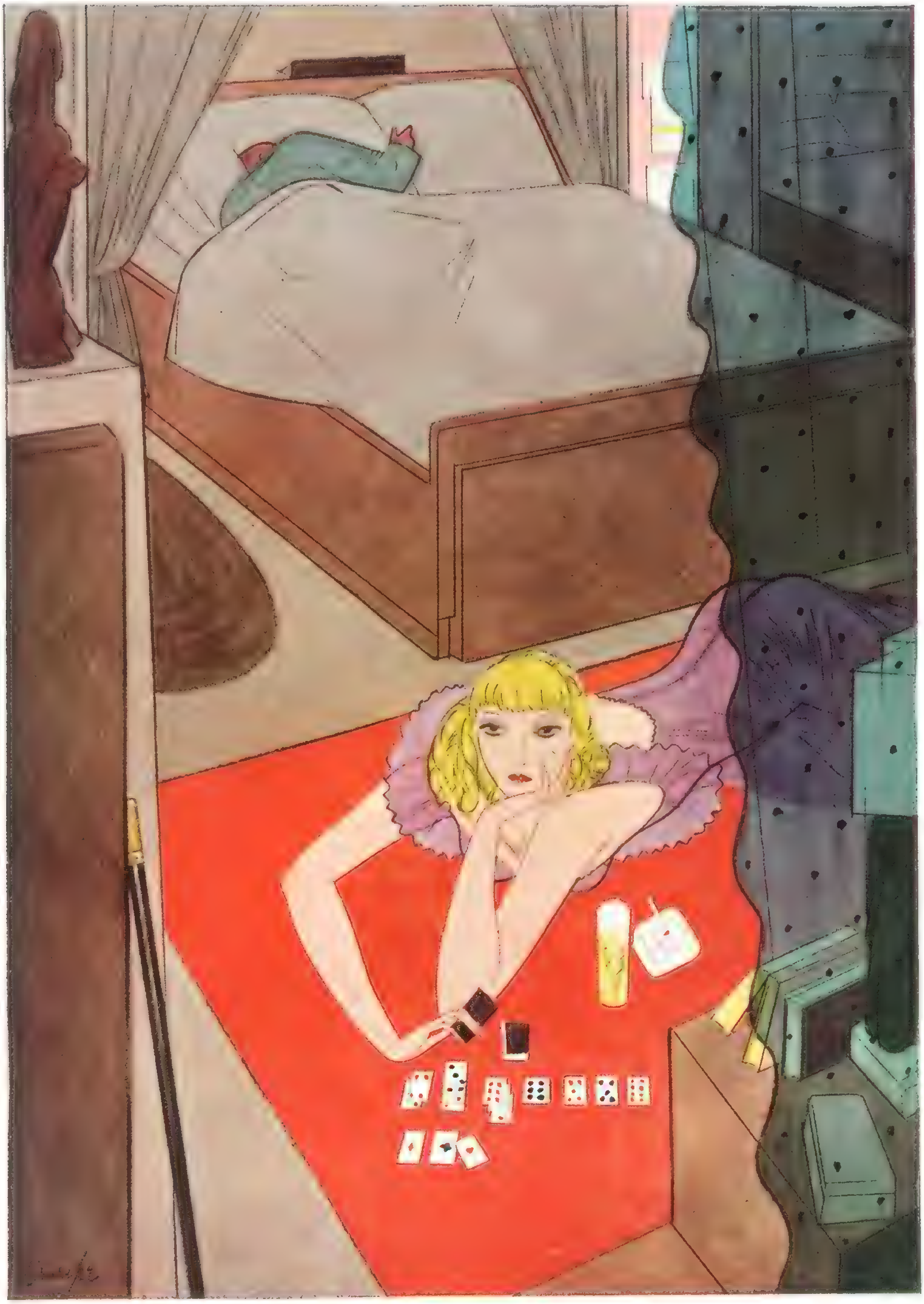


*"There you go—thinking about the wife and kiddies again."*



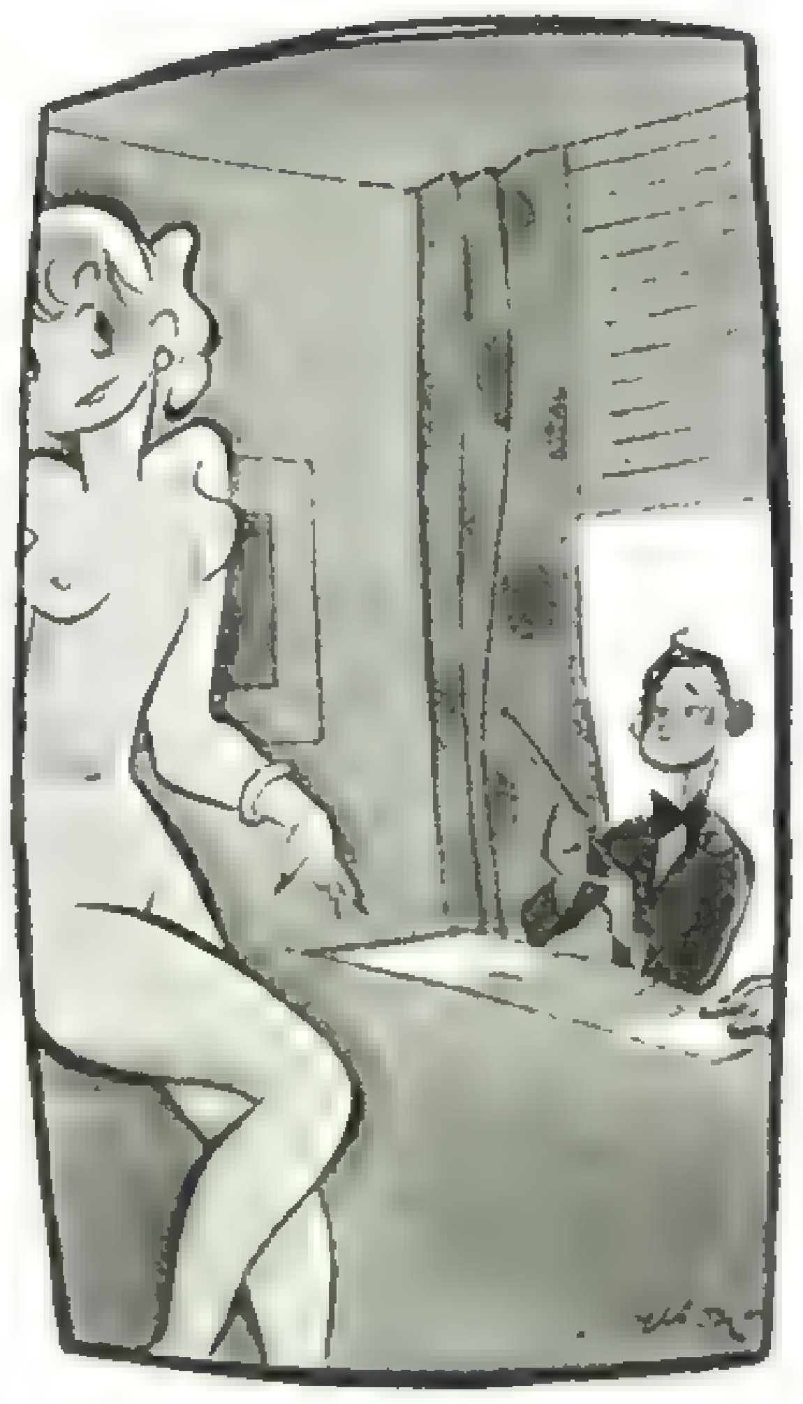
# A Bare Possibility

### His invention worked fine on public dignitaries and private secretaries but not on his wife

### by WALTER BROOKS

▪ SATIRE ▪

THIS ED WAGSTAFF was a member of the publishing firm of Samphire & Mellow but he had a laboratory fitted up in his attic because he liked to dabble in science and one day when he was dabbling he got something pretty good. He had been fiddling around trying to get a ray that would make whatever you turned it on disappear because he had figured that such a thing would be pretty useful to doctors and in gold mines and such places but he hadn't been successful. And then this day he made a few changes in his machine and what a surprise. He focused it on a cracker box and the box disappeared. But there was a fly walking across the box and the funny thing about it was that the fly didn't disappear at all. He stayed right in plain sight.



Well Mr. Wagstaff was delighted but puzzled and he tried focusing the ray on some other things. They all disappeared all right but when he turned it on his hand nothing happened. So he went to the head of the stairs and yelled Hey Sybil come here a minute! because that was his wife's name.

So pretty soon Mrs. Wagstaff came upstairs and she was pretty cross not that there was anything unusual about that. Well what now? she said Goodness Ed don't you think I have anything to do but run up here to look at your crazy machines and if you are going to the Dribletts' tonight you'd better be getting dressed for—And then she stopped suddenly and gave a scream for she had looked down at herself and although she could still feel that she had her clothes on she seemed to be standing there perfectly naked.

Well Mr. Wagstaff laughed and turned off the ray and calmed his wife down and when she had stopped yelling and was just crying softly he went and got dressed. He was kind of distrait at the Dribletts' that evening thinking about the new ray which apparently made inanimate things disappear but had no effect on living tissue and he wasn't even disturbed at the behavior of Mrs. Wagstaff who spent the evening out in the hammock with Mr. Vincent Lasher the playwright which was what she always did anyway. And when he got home he sat up all the rest of the night working out plans for reducing the machine to a size that he could carry about with him.

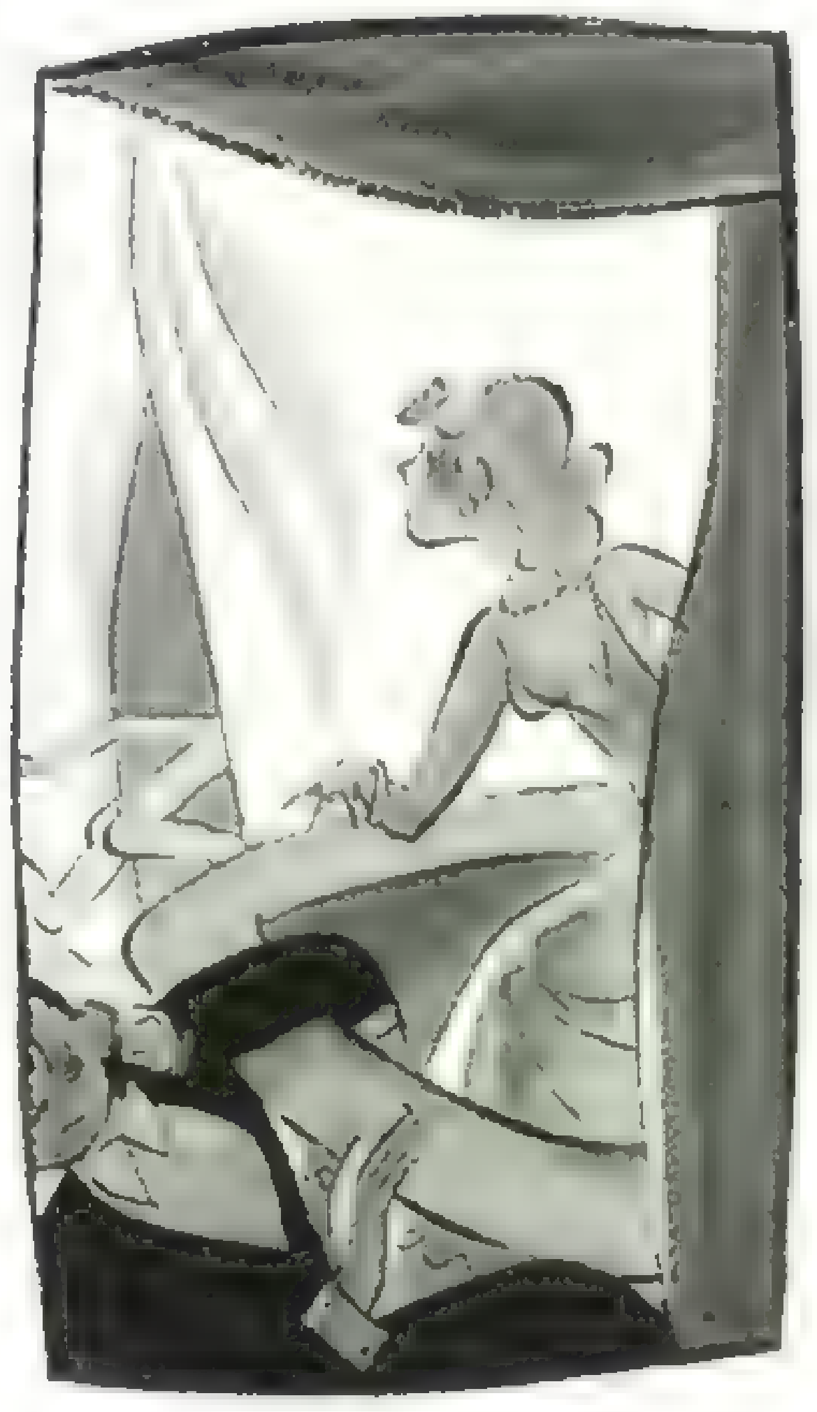
Well he finally got the machine down so that it would go in an aluminum rod that looked like a walking stick and one morning he carried it into town. He knew he would have to be pretty careful so he restrained himself from pointing it at the conductor or any of his enemies that he saw on the train. He wanted to have a little fun with it in a quiet way but he didn't just know how to go about it. When he got to his office there were temptations on every hand for there were many women on the staff and while those in executive positions were mostly rather plain and earnest the main work of the organization was done by younger assistants and secretaries some of whom were very cute indeed. But Mr. Wagstaff put the tube resolutely in the corner and went to work.

About eleven his secretary Miss Deering came in and said O Mr. Wagstaff that Mr. Orcutt is here again and Mr. Samphire says will you see him? Mr. Wagstaff cursed a little because Mr. Orcutt had once written a book about Hoover and ever since he had been badgering Samphire & Mellow to let him do another one. But Mr. Samphire felt that the time was not yet ripe for a second one and Mr. Mellow felt that it was if anything a little overripe. So it was up to Mr. Wagstaff. And he cursed some more and Miss Deering laughed and said Mr. Samphire said if you could get rid of him inside an hour he would buy your lunch. Ha! said Mr. Wagstaff and he phoned Mr. Samphire and said Say Jed I bet you five dollars I can get rid of Orcutt in three minutes. You're crazy said Mr. Samphire but Mr. Wagstaff said Is it a bet? and Mr. Samphire said Sure. So Mr. Wagstaff reached for the tube and said Show him in.

Well when Mr. Orcutt came tearing out gibbering in just under one minute Miss Deering went in and said Well how on earth! Mr. Wagstaff said O it's a secret process. And Miss Deering said O do tell me and Mr. Wagstaff reflected that as his confidential secretary she would have to know about it sooner or later so he said I'll show you if you'll promise not to scream. And Miss Deering thought a minute and then said All right I promise so Mr. Wagstaff showed her.

Well Miss Deering was startled all right and she said Oo! and put her hands up to her face and blushed but she was a good secretary and anyway she had nothing to be ashamed of so she recovered herself and said O isn't it marvelous! And Mr. Wagstaff said It is indeed. And Miss Deering said Well hadn't you better turn it off now. So he did but he was kind of preoccupied for the rest of the morning.

During the next few days Mr. Wagstaff didn't use the ray much. Once in a while when he got bored he would go to the window and point it at somebody down in the street and start a small riot and he tried it on two insurance salesmen and a young lady novelist from Tennessee. But one of the salesmen fainted and the other jumped out of the window and was killed and the young lady although startled at first seemed rather pleased than otherwise and became more confidential and Southern than ever. So he decided that it was too uncertain in its effects to be of much use in embarrassing people. He couldn't think of any commercial use for it either. It might be valuable in discrediting public figures and he supposed that if he were in Italy he could make Mussolini look pretty silly and probably there were men who would pay him a lot to do it.



But it would be dangerous. And then too he would be giving any public man he turned it on a lot of free publicity. It would be bad publicity but everybody knows that bad publicity always turns into good publicity in the end. So it began to look as if its only usefulness would be in the sphere of private relations.

But in his own private relations it certainly hadn't helped him much. He only tried it on Mrs. Wagstaff once after that first time and she got so mad she threw a clock at him and it cost $8 to get it fixed and even then it wouldn't run right. She often threw things at him but usually they were small inexpensive articles. And she made a lot of cracks about what he wanted the ray for and how he used it and some of the things she said you wouldn't believe. According to her he was just a sort of low-minded lecher and once she told him so in front of Mr. Lasher whom she had brought home to dinner. And she told Mr. Lasher about the ray and asked him if he didn't think it was a pretty low form of amusement.

Mr. Lasher laughed sort of embarrassed and said Why no he didn't know that he

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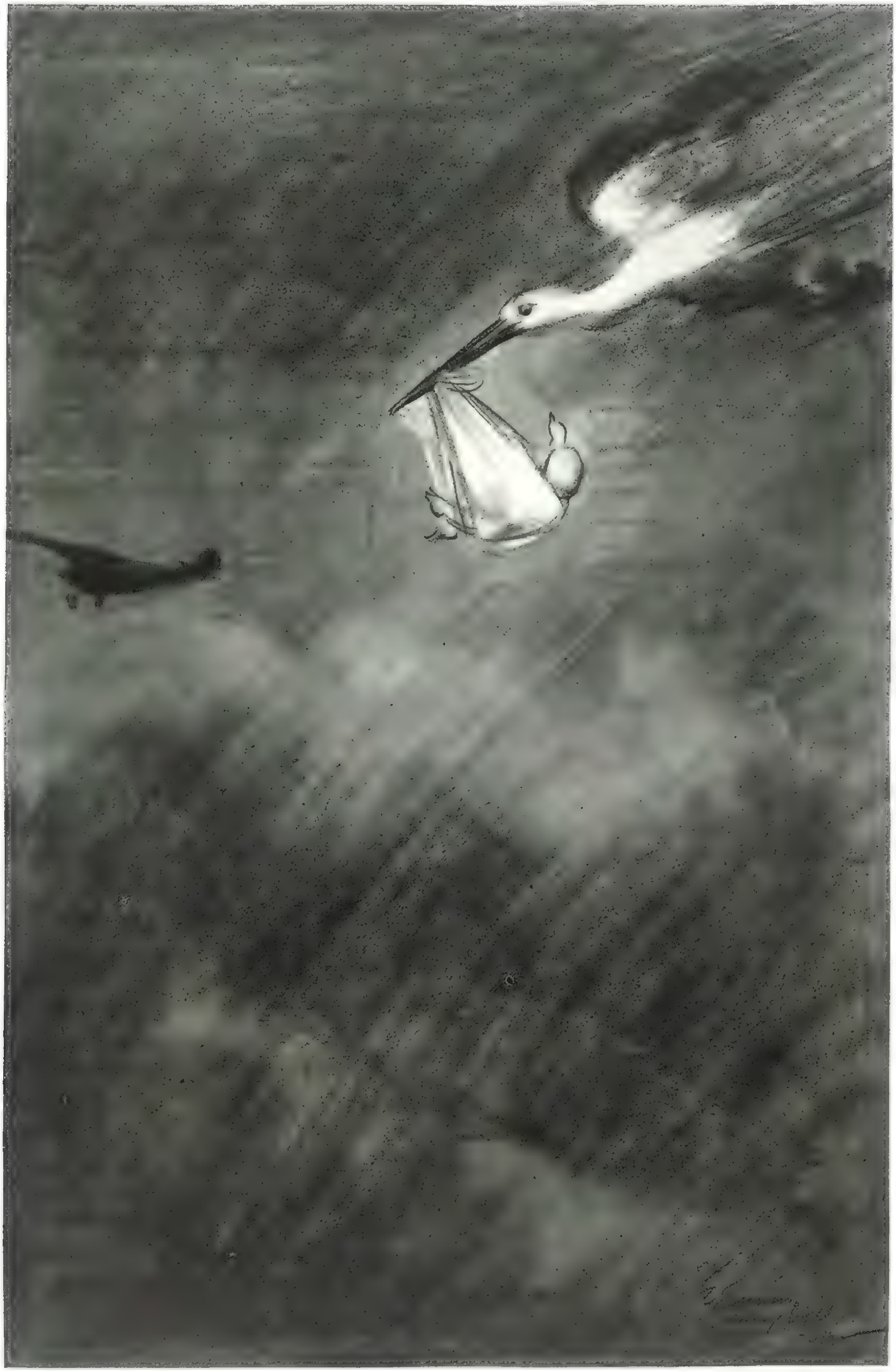

*"Careful now—we're flying over the Old Maids' Home."*

# The Blunderer

### There is one thing all good cooks have to have, and wise is the master who provides

### by HEWITT L. BALLOWE

▪ FICTION ▪

A DOUBLE calamity had struck Kinta. There was weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth in the Big House, and the whole internal economy of the plantation was disrupted.

Marguerite had married and gone away. Of the new cooks that had been hired and dismissed in endless array not one had given the slightest satisfaction. Madame was on the verge of despair. Monsieur, something of a gourmet, had a continuous *bouleversement d'estomac.* The children cried at every meal and violated every canon of deportment that Mademoiselle Stephanie had drilled into them.

Tacite, who ran the store, was dead; and his books were in such a mess that Monsieur Émile could make neither head nor tail out of them. At best he was not *beaucoup fort* on figures. He was not, he roared, a damned clerk; but he was shrewd enough to know that the store had to be a financial success if the plantation was to prosper.

Each night Madame Émile poured her troubles into unsympathetic ears, and, when she could endure it no longer, retired to her room with trembling lips and streaming eyes.

"You don't love me any more!"

"*Pour l'amour du bon Dieu, mignonne,* spare me. My problems are colossal. Unless they are solved we shall not be able to afford a cook at all."

Monsieur Émile was, indeed, seriously embarrassed. He was working in the dark. The man who ran the store was also the timekeeper. From the crazy condition of Tacite's books, Monsieur couldn't tell how much a man owed and how much work he had put in to pay for it; but each darkey knew, and he knew that something was amiss, otherwise M'sieu wouldn't be sitting at the table in the little office behind the counter, with his face in the big book, and using cuss words, the like of which had never been heard on Kinta. And they bought and bought. And he dared not refuse them. Suppose a nigger asked to see his time and account? He would never survive the humiliation of it.

Out of the darkness came a ray of hope. A younger brother arrived for a visit. Never was a visitor more welcome. Adraste had taken a course in a business college. Le bon Dieu had sent him to bring order out of chaos.

Adraste did not fulfill his mission. He made matters worse. There were not words in the dictionnaire, groaned Monsieur Émile, to describe his utter worthlessness.

"*Espèce de gros dada, il vaut pas la moitié d'un foute.*"

Mademoiselle Regina Loupard was visiting on the adjoining plantation. Adraste had come down to court, not to work.

And then, in the twinkling of an eye, his troubles vanished. Monsieur Tordelet, his friend and business agent in New Orleans, realizing that something had gone wrong, sent a young man down on the boat.

That one walked down the gang plank, introduced himself as Georges, went into the office, and took up the work as if he was returning from a vacation. Monsieur stared at the paragon a few moments and hurried home to tell Madame of his good fortune.

"Congratulate me, mignonne. My troubles are at an end. Tordelet has sent me the prince of all bookkeepers."

"Congratulate me, rather, *mon cher.* Listen at the happiness that radiates from the kitchen. Marguerite has sent me a *cordon bleu.* She has submitted to me a menu for dinner that will make your mouth water merely to read it. She is making bonbons for the children. Hear them scream with delight."

In a few days everything was moving smoothly at the store. The time was straight, the accounts in order. The pay roll was ready to be sent to Monsieur Tordelet so that he could go to the bank and get the money.

Within the week Babet's artistry had restored the household to normal.

She was a little peculiar. She did not seem to have a single interest outside of her work. She did not mingle with the other servants. Her position ranked the best room in the maids' quarters but she chose one in the end of the wash house in the back yard. She did not go to the balls in the settlement below the plantation, nor to mass. Madame was perturbed. Maybe Babet was hoarding her money, and, when she got enough, would go away. She shuddered at the mere thought of such a happening.

Georges was a little peculiar, too. He did not play cards and join the poker parties in the plantation. He didn't hunt, nor fish. He didn't seem to have a diversion. He spent his spare time on his books. On Sunday afternoons he saddled one of Monsieur Émile's gaited horses and rode over the place as if he owned it. And he knew something about cane, too. And he had a lot of bulletins in his room. One suggestion that he made about fertilizer saved a tidy sum of money.

Adraste prolonged his visit. On the neighboring plantation Mademoiselle Regina prolonged hers.

Monsieur Émile grew to hate the sight of his brother. He said that he was a hopeless *niais-niais* and a fool.

One night Adraste was returning from a late visit. He had stabled his horse and was making his way to the garçonière where he slept alone. The little Émiles had not reached an age to sleep outside of the house. He was about to enter when Babet's door in the end of the wash house opened. From the shadows stepped Georges. He entered and the door closed behind him.

Adraste crept to the window and listened. Laughter came from within. He went round and round the house like a rat *de bois* investigating a chicken coop. The walls were well constructed and there were no cracks that he could peep through. He removed his shoes and crept into the wash room. There were several chinks in the partition that divided Babet's room through which the light within shone. A most appetizing odor was coming through. The wings of his nose dilated. He was very hungry.

He crept to the partition and glued his eyes to a convenient crack. It was all he could do to keep from crying out in indignation

Georges was kissing Babet. She clung to him in a frenzy of illicit love.

In the center of the room was a table covered with a snowy cloth. Places were set for two. He recognized the pattern of Belle Soeur's Sèvres plates. Silver and crystal gleamed. In a vase from the salon were Marechal Niel roses from a bush that no one but Madame and the gardener were allowed to touch.

Babet led Georges to a stove that was going full blast. She raised the lid of a pot and they sniffed the

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# The Burgoomaster

## The real Burgoo King was the man who first put two hundred pounds of blackbirds in the pot

## *by* ROGER BOURLAND

• ARTICLE •

Everywhere else in America it is Saturday, May 7, 1932 . . . but in Kentucky it's Derby Day—when the pick of the three-year-olds meet for the first important stake of the season.

Thousands of people are crowding to the rail for a view of the race. Railbirds charge across the infield through police lines. The Derby field files out of the paddock. A cheer explodes as the thoroughbreds start the mile and a quarter grind. They pass the stands for the first time—swing into the back stretch—round the curve—and thunder down the stretch where champions are made.

*Tick On* is the odds-on favorite. But as the race ends and the champion three-year-old is led into the winner's circle, a wreath of American Beauty roses thrown about his neck—that horse is *Burgoo King*, bearing the green and white silks of one of America's best loved sportsmen—Colonel Edward R. Bradley.

Everyone is happy! It's the most popular finish of a Kentucky Derby in its fifty-eight years. But the happiest person in the world that day is an elderly, white-haired man—leaning over the rail in center field about ten feet below the finish post. He has left the clubhouse to mingle with the railbirds so familiar to him. His head is bowed, and his eyes are closed as a few tears of triumphant happiness drop at his feet. Like the stout Irishman that he is, his defeats are more bitter, his conquests more stimulating than those of the average man. He is the grand old man of the "boiling pots"—for whom this champion Derby winner was named—"The Burgoo King."

The romance of Kentucky's racing history is exemplified in the old man—Colonel James T. Looney. He is a staunch friend of every horseman in Kentucky. He has raced his own horses for thirty-five years. He has lived the life of a millionaire, but more often the life of a pauper. And he has made his famous Burgoo for "nigh on to" forty years.

Burgoo? Oh, yes—you're probably wondering what it is. The outsider who sees Burgoo for the first time says it's "thick soup," to the great disgust of Kentuckians. It's "nectar and ambrosia" to the hard-boots. And it's delightful to everyone. Burgoo is the specialty of the "Burgoo King."

Down in Kentucky no thoroughbred or standardbred meet or sale can be complete without the King and his Burgoo. No political candidate can be elected without having the King's Burgoo served to the populace. This is a jinx that never fails. Millionaire horsemen entertain their friends with Burgoo feasts. When funds are needed for charity, the sure way to make every Kentuckian part with his money is to offer him a cup of Burgoo. Charity or no charity, he will pay a handsome price for this aristocratic stew. Police guards are always essential for the King's Burgoo, for a pot of it has more fascination for Kentucky's Negroes than a ten-acre field of watermelons.

Burgoo-making is an intricate and fascinating job. Colonel Looney will not make Burgoo for less than one hundred people, and his average feeding is about one thousand. Many times he has fed ten thousand, and fed them well. It takes a big utensil to prepare enough Burgoo for ten thousand people—or even a hundred or so. The Burgoo King, confronted with the problem, got some real antique "kittles." One of these, the largest, is mentioned in Early American history, and is described as having been in use before 1800. It was a saltpeter kettle used by Neil McCoy in the making of gunpowder. McCoy had his first powder mill on the Brandywine, near Philadelphia. He came to Lexington in 1805 and set up a mill to make gunpowder for the government. This kettle was a prized possession of McCoy's grandson, Judge James Hilary Milligan, for many years. He delighted in loaning it to Gus Jaubert for the purpose of making Burgoo.

Jaubert was the originator of Burgoo. He was one of Morgan's men, probably the most famous group of cavalrymen in American history. They fought on the Confederate side, raiding, covering up retreats of the Confederate army, and constantly policing the state to be sure none of the "damnyankees" got away with anything around "My Old Kentucky Home."

One afternoon in the fall of 1863 Morgan made camp near Lexington, Kentucky. He had a bunch of "Bluecoat" prisoners who were worrying him no end because he was low on food and didn't know how he could feed them. So he called Jaubert and said: "What to do?" Jaubert might have been one of Morgan's regular cooks or he might not. Anyway, it's a matter of record that cooking was his hobby, and he was a very exacting man for whom to prepare food. So when General Morgan called on him, Jaubert said "Leave it to me, General," and Burgoo became the twinkle in its father's eye.

The cavalrymen had a big shooting contest that afternoon. Blackbirds were the targets. Someone suggested letting the damnyankees enter the contest so the Morgan side could show them up, but this was finally voted down, due to the uncertainty of which way the damnyankees might shoot.

Before nightfall the ground was littered with blackbirds as far as you could see. The prisoners set about picking them, and Jaubert was busy rigging up the saltpeter kettle and getting the water boiling. He dumped in the picked and cleaned blackbirds, sent the kibitzers to the cabbage and tomato patches and the corn fields about, and the stew was under way.

Before the vegetables were returned and made ready the blackbird meat was falling off the bones . . . and, incidentally, sending off tempting odors to torment the hungry soldiers. Since the meat was done, and the vegetables raw, they decided to take out the blackbirds while the vegetables cooked. Several of the hungry bystanders started picking the bones out of the meat pot so they wouldn't be hampered with them when the time came to get down to serious eating.

The vegetables cooked properly, the meat was added, and the tempting aroma—was terrific! All the cavalrymen gathered around, and as the story goes, began to "taste" the stew in the well known manner of the kitchen pest. It wasn't long before Morgan's men were eating the stew—cleaned it up, in fact. So they turned their own grub over to the prisoners—with apologies.

Some tongue-tied individual in the group made a remark about the stew being "very good" or "pretty good"—or something. What he said about it has been forgotten. But it sounded like "Burgoo," and that is how the stew got its name.

So Gus Jaubert became Kentucky's first "Burgoomaster."

Gus added various ingredients to the pot, such as rabbit, squirrel, wild fowl, beef, mutton, chicken . . . and they even accused him of throwing in a side of horsemeat occasionally.

Gus developed a way of seasoning that he kept secret until just before he died, when he passed it along to young

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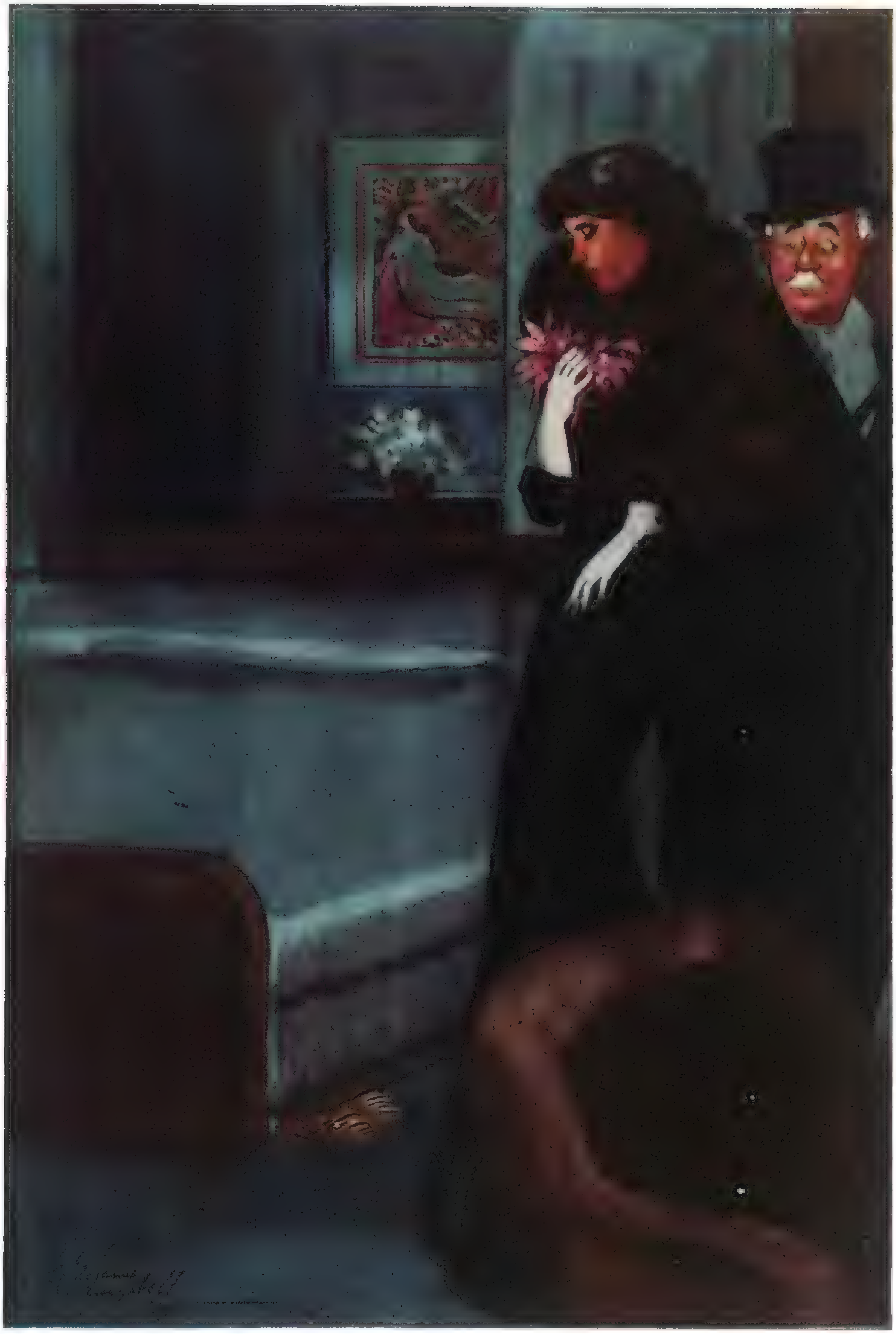
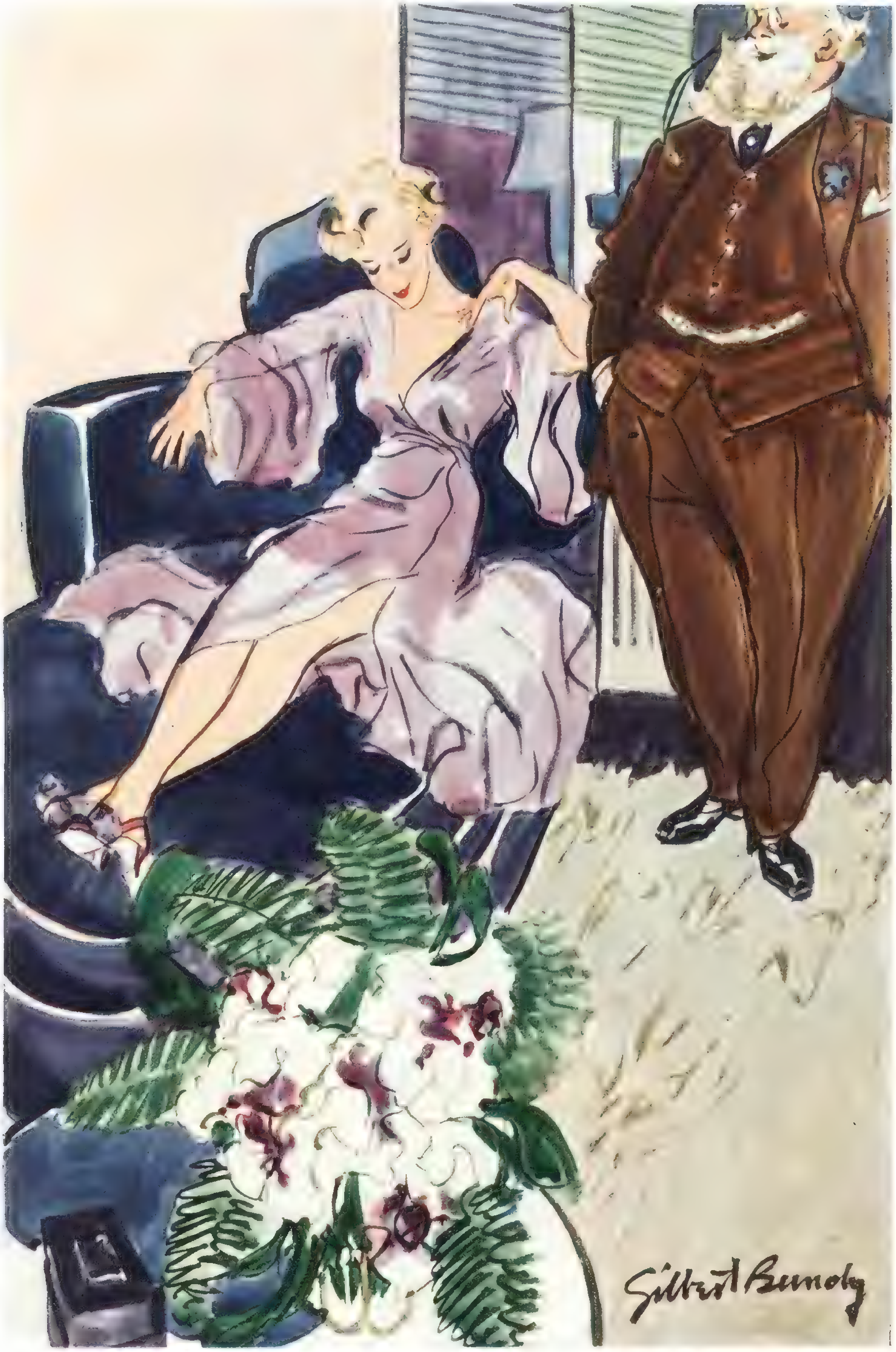


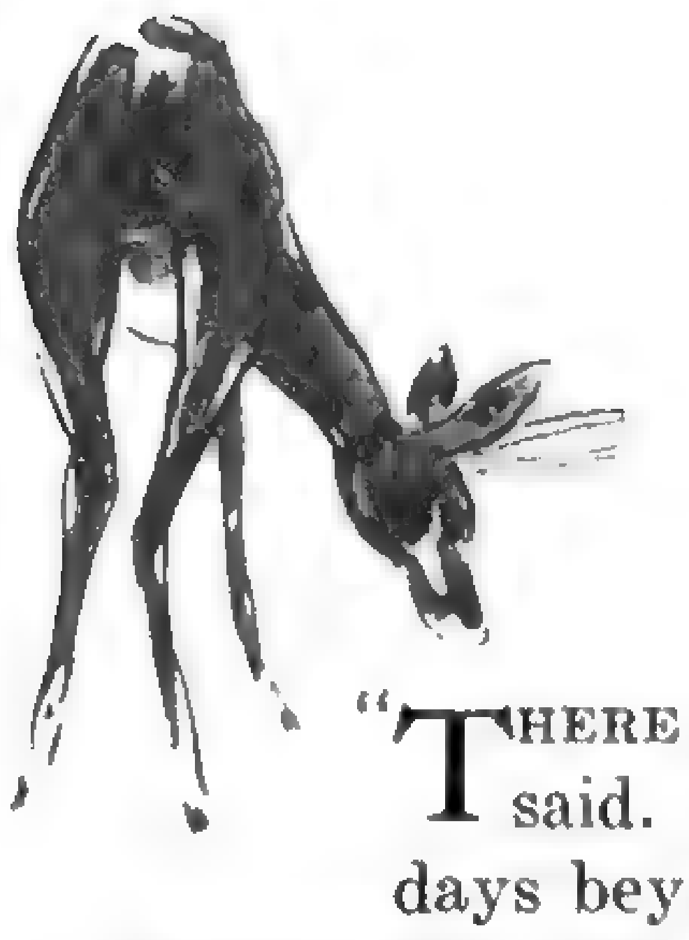
*"Oh—you just have a one room apartment?"*


Gilbert Bundy

*"Ah, Miss Bentley, you have restored my self-respect."*

# My First Gazelle

## With women, too, there is a kind of hunter who prefers to let the game get away



### by EUGENE WRIGHT

• SPORTS •

"THERE they are!" the doctor said. "In Salah is just a few days beyond."

He was right; the heat had made it almost impossible to see for any great distance since leaving the fort, but now that the sun was going down I could distinguish ahead of us an outline of hills. By twilight, we were marching noiselessly along a sandy stream-bed, flanked by outcroppings of rock and dotted with mimosa trees, all of which had been cropped to a common level from the ground.

"We should see gazelle here," I said.

The doctor straightened himself in the saddle, gazing at the landscape and smiling with his fine, soft grey eyes. "I hope so," he replied. "I have not seen a gazelle in some time."

Achmed drew a line of *kohl* across both eyelids and pulled an edge of his black turban low over his brows. He knocked out his hasheesh pipe and replaced it carefully in the leather sack that hung from his saddle horn. You could almost smell gazelle.

Achmed, so far, had been the hunter. A sinewy, bronzed fellow with three wives, he rarely failed, when opportunity offered, to bring home the bacon. The Sahara was still strange to me, somewhat hostile. I could not feel that complete confidence in myself that makes for good stalking and accurate shooting. But I had bet Achmed fifty francs that I would kill a gazelle before we reached In Salah, and the flowering mimosa trees with the earth pebbled beneath them seemed to offer the chance I had been waiting for.

Suddenly we stopped. A buck and a doe, sleek and statuesque in the evening light, were standing with their heads raised, not twenty yards ahead, staring at us.

"Magnificent!" the doctor whispered. "I have never seen gazelle so close!"

I reached slowly down for my rifle but Achmed, evidently anticipating a shot from the saddle, warned me with his finger to be patient. We would wait until they had moved on, unalarmed, and then we would dismount and go after them.

The doctor turned his head. "You are not going to shoot them?" he asked.

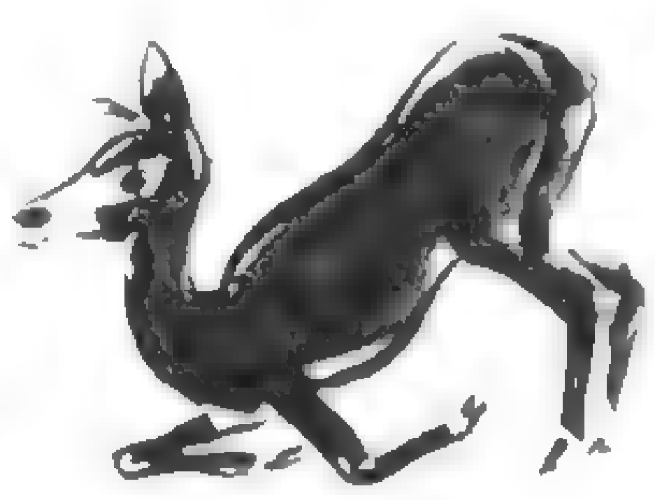
I made no response.

"Please!" he said. "You already have meat. Let them go—I beg of you!"

This was too much. The gazelle had heard him and in a split second were bounding marvelously in a zig-zag course towards the hills.

I swallowed my disappointment as best I could. The doctor had been my host at the fort and this trip to In Salah had been an opportunity for me to repay his kindness. And I was particularly anxious that it should be a pleasant trip—if not the beginning of a real friendship, because when he had been informed of his transfer to In Salah he had chosen to accompany me by camel, eating the native food and sleeping in the sand, instead of taking the automobile that had been placed at his disposal for this short journey.

I felt, however, that I knew him well enough to ask his objections against killing gazelle, and after we had gone on a little way I inquired, in an oblique fashion, if he had a distaste for the meat.



"I am very fond of it!" he exclaimed. "There is nothing more delicious! But," he added with a distressed smile, "I cannot *bear* to see them killed—they are so beautiful!"

"Yes, they are beautiful," I said.

"There is nothing more beautiful in nature!" he added with a constrained gesture. "They remind me of the most beautiful women—goddesses, if you will! Dianas!" He turned towards me, a note of supplication in his voice. "And why should one kill them when there is other meat to be had?"

I shrugged my shoulders; I had no other reply.

"You are not like the Arabs," he continued. "They enjoy killing—like children . . ."

"But I do, too," I said.

He caught his breath, subjecting me to a close, puzzled scrutiny. "For sport? Even when you have no use for what you kill? A beautiful bird, for example?"

"Yes," I replied, "even then. I've always liked to kill birds and animals—and especially when they were beautiful, or tried to get away from me."

It was some time before he could convince himself that I had been speaking sincerely. He glanced at me now and again, still puzzled, and as if trying to appraise me anew. "I cannot understand it," he said finally, and to himself. "It is too much for me."

We spoke no more on this difference between us, but his words lingered in my mind, and after we had made camp and eaten our supper I began to wonder about the kind of women he had known during his life and what his relations with them had amounted to. I felt that they must have been unusual in some respects, if not actually beautiful in figure, and made a deep impression upon him, because during all his years at the fort he was the only officer, so far as I could learn, who had not at some time taken a native wife. I could picture him in Paris, gracefully bent over a cool, chaste hand in his close-fitting uniform and pecking it gently with his small red lips. I could see him escorting this woman—somehow elderly and wan, to her doorstep in St. Germain, brushing her brow, this time, with his brown mustaches and departing with long, light strides and a full heart.

And these ruminatings, as the evening wore on, recalled to me the women I had known, and how I had acted with them, and what I had thought and felt; and I began to desire them, and to imagine myself with beautiful, inaccessible women whom I had seen and desired. And gradually, as by a sort of natural process of deep desires, I found myself thinking of the gazelle that I had missed, of how beautiful they were, and how I longed to kill one. I pictured myself stalking gazelle, and I felt the enthusiasm of approach, and the rapid beating of the heart, and the chagrin and anger when I had shot, and missed. In spite of the doctor, and regardless of my obligations to him, I determined that I would hunt gazelle the next morning and vowed to myself that I would kill one.

All Sahara dawns are beautiful; this one, disclosing the desert as a garden surrounded by blue walls, impressed me as particularly so. The mimosa trees glowed with the golden, reflected light; the dunes soared, shimmering against their shadows, and the long, tawny surfaces of the distant hills turned black, and purple, as the dawn faded, and darkness again came over the land before the slow rising of the sun.

I had a strange sense of elation, of fleetness. Never had I felt so certain of my movements, so joyously affected by the dry, crunching sand and the sharp rocks. Keeping to the high spots I moved, I thought, brilliantly, pausing to scan the hollows beyond, cautiously exposing myself to the open spaces. And suddenly I froze: something white had flashed across the valley. More white shapes moved. They were gazelle—six, seven of them, feeding down the slope of a ravine.

The situation was clear to me: I withdrew slowly behind a ridge and ran swiftly to the opposite side of the valley before the gazelle had descended onto the plain. There, as close to their probable point of descent as possible, I concealed myself and waited. My breath came in gusts; there were sharp pains stabbing behind my ears; my body trembled. All of the sensations, hopes, and even fears that a man experiences when he

*Continued in center of page 151*

# The Man in the Yellow Coupé

### He showed boys speed in the old days, but the rules of life and death were just the same as now

### by WILLIAM SAROYAN

▪ FICTION ▪

WE USED to see him going down the highway fifty miles an hour, and my brother Mike would look kind of sore and kind of jealous.

There he goes, Mike would say. Where in hell do you think he's going?

Nowhere, I guess, I would say.

He's in a pretty big hurry for a man who's going nowhere, Mike would say.

I guess he's just turning her loose to see how fast she'll go, I would say.

She goes fast enough, Mike would say. Where the hell can he go from here? Fowler, that's where. That good for nothing little town.

Or Hanford, I would say. Or Bakersfield. Don't forget Bakersfield, because it's on the highway. He could make it in three hours.

Two, Mike would say. He could make it in an hour and three quarters.

Mike was twelve and I was ten, and in those days, 1918, a coupé was a funny-looking affair, an apple-box on four wheels. It wasn't easy to get any kind of a car to go fifty miles an hour, let alone a Ford coupé, but we figured this man had fixed up the motor of his car. We figured he had made a racer out of his little yellow coupé.

We used to see the automobile every day, going down the highway toward Fowler, and an hour or so later we used to see it coming back. On the way down, the car would be traveling like a bat out of hell, rattling and shaking and bouncing, and the man in the car would be smoking a cigarette and smiling to himself, like somebody a little crazy. But on the way back, it would be going no more than ten miles an hour, and the man at the wheel would be calm and sort of slumped down, kind of tired.

He was a fellow you couldn't tell anything about. You couldn't tell how old he was, or what nationality, or anything else. He certainly wasn't more than forty, although he might be less than thirty; and he certainly wasn't Italian, Greek, Armenian, Russian, Chinese, Japanese, German, or any of the other nationalities we knew.

I figure he's an American, Mike would say. I figure he's a salesman of some kind. He hurries down the highway to some little town and sells something, and comes back, taking it easy.

Maybe, I used to say.

But I didn't think so. I figured he was more likely to be a guy who *liked* to drive down the highway in a big hurry, just for the devil of it.

Those were the years of automobile races: Dario Resta, Jimmie Murphy, Jimmie Chevrolet, and a lot of other boys who finally got killed in race-track accidents. Those were the days when everybody in America was getting acquainted with the idea of speed. My brother Mike often thought of getting some money somewhere and buying a second-hand car and fixing it up and making it go very fast. Sixty miles an hour maybe. He thought that would be something to do. It was the money, though, that he didn't have.

When I buy my hack, Mike used to say, you're going to see some real speed.

You ain't going to buy no hack, I would say. What you going to buy a hack with?

I'll get money some way, Mike used to say.

The highway passed in front of our house on Railroad Avenue, just a half mile south of Rosenberg's Dried Fruit Packing House. Rosenberg's was four brothers who bought figs, dried peaches, apricots, nectarines, and raisins, and put them up in nice cartons and sent them all over the country, and even to foreign countries in Europe. Every summer they hired a lot of people from our part of the town, and the women packed the stuff, and the men did harder work, with hand-trucks. Mike went down for a job, but one of the brothers told him to wait another year till he got a little huskier.

That was better than nothing, and Mike couldn't wait to get huskier. He used to look at the pulp-paper magazines for the advertisements of guys like Lionel Strongfort, and Earl Liederman, and Charles Atlas, them giants of physical culture, them big guys who could lift a sack of flour over their heads with one arm, and a lot of other things. Mike used to wonder how them big guys got that way, and he would go down to Cosmos Playground and practice chinning himself on the cross-bars, and he would do a lot of running to develop the muscles of his legs. Mike got to be pretty solid, but not much huskier than he had been. When the hot weather came Mike stopped training. It was too hot to bother.

We started sitting on the steps of our front porch and watching the cars go by. In front of the highway were the railroad tracks, and we could look north and south for miles because it was all level land. We could see a locomotive coming south from town, and we could sit on the steps of our front porch and watch it come closer and closer, and hear it too, and then we could look south and watch it disappear. We did that all one summer during school vacation.

There goes locomotive S. P. 797, Mike used to say.

There goes Santa Fe 485321, I used to say. What do you figure is in that box-car, Mike?

Raisins, Mike would say. Rosenberg's raisins, or figs, or dried peaches or apricots. Boy, I'll be glad when next summer rolls around, so I can go to work at Rosenberg's and buy me that hack.

Boy, I would say.

Just thinking of working at Rosenberg's used to do something to Mike. He would jump up and start shadow-boxing, puffing like a professional fighter, pulling up his tights every once in a while, and grunting. Bang bang bang, he used to say.

Boy, what he was going to do at Rosenberg's.

It was hell for Mike not to have a job at Rosenberg's, making money, so he could buy his old hack and fix the motor and make it go sixty miles an hour. He used to talk about the old hack all day, sitting on the steps of the porch and watching the cars and trains go by. When the yellow Ford coupé showed up, Mike would get a little sore, because it was fast. It made him jealous to think of that fellow in the fast car, going down the highway fifty miles an hour. When I get my hack in shape, Mike used to say, I'll show that guy what real speed is.

We used to walk to town every once in a while. Actually it was at least once every day, but the days were so long and so many dreams were going on in us at the same time that every day seemed like a week and it would seem like we hadn't been to town for a week, although we had been there the day before. We used to walk to town, and around town, and then back again. There was nowhere to go and nothing to do, but we used to get a kick out of passing the garages and used car lots on Broadway, especially Mike.

One day we saw the yellow Ford coupé in Pete Mallock's garage on Broadway, and Mike grabbed me by the arm. There it is, Joe, he said. There's that racer. Let's go in.

We went in and stood by the car. There was no one around, and it was very quiet.

Then the man who owned the car stuck his head out from underneath the car. He looked like the happiest man in the world.

Hello, said Mike.

Howdy, boys, said the man who owned the yellow coupé.

Something wrong? said Mike.

Nothing serious, said the man. Just keeping the old boat in shape.

You don't know us, said Mike. We live in that white house on Railroad Avenue, near Walnut. We see you going down the highway every day.

Oh yes, said the man. I thought I'd seen you boys somewhere.

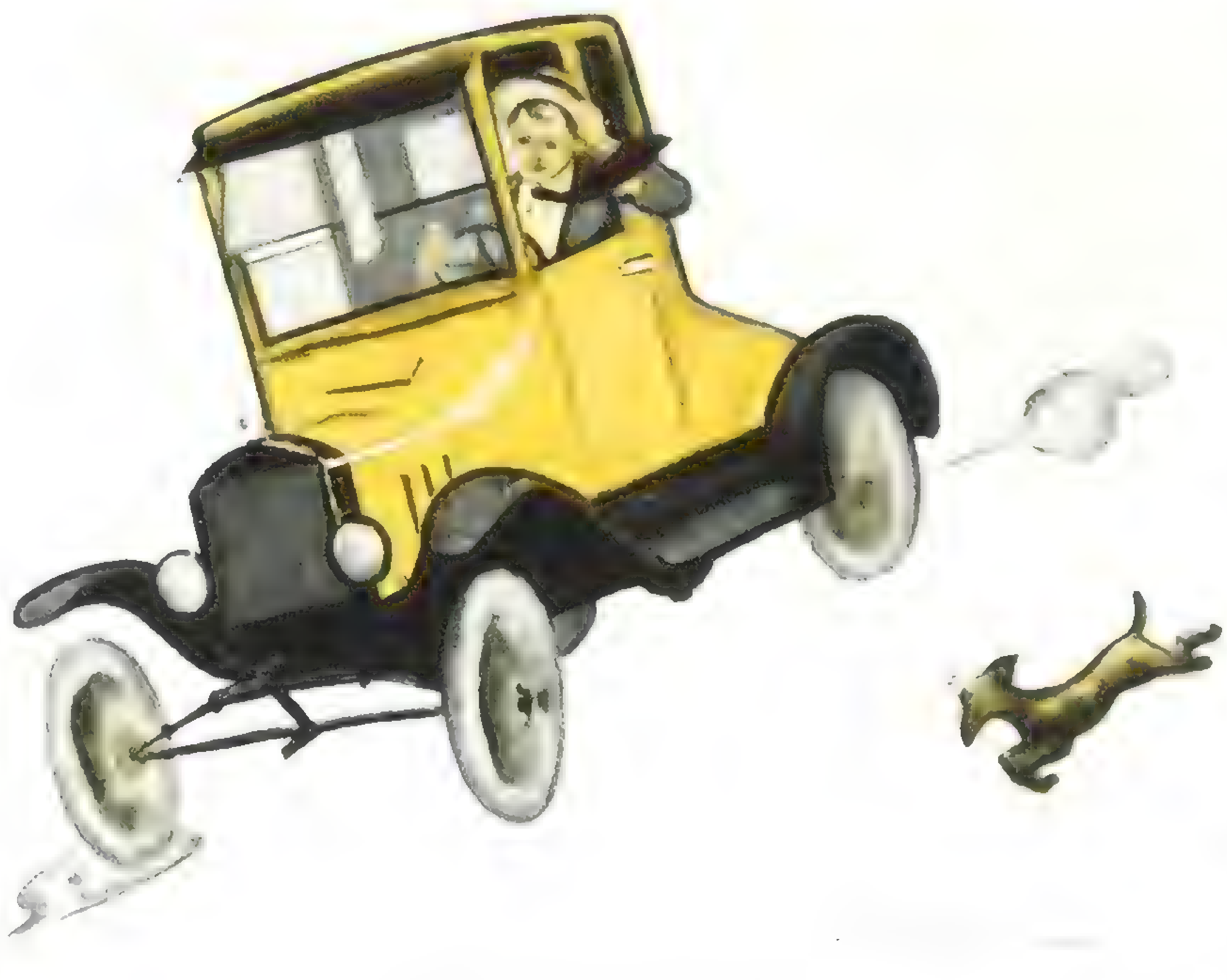
My brother Mike, I said, says you're a salesman.

He's wrong, said the man.

I waited for him to tell us *what* he was, if he wasn't a salesman, but he didn't say anything.

I'm going to buy a car myself next year, said Mike. I figure I'll get me a fast Chevrolet.

He did a little shadow-boxing, just thinking about the car, and then he got self-conscious, and the man busted out laughing.



Great idea, son, he said. Great idea.

He crawled out from under the car and lit a cigarette.

I figure you go about fifty miles an hour, said Mike.

Fifty-two to be exact, said the man. I hope to make sixty one of these days.

I could see Mike liked the fellow very much, and I knew I liked him. He was younger than we had imagined; he was probably no more than twenty-five, but he acted no older than a boy of fifteen or sixteen. We thought he was great.

Mike said, What's your name?

Mike could ask a question like that without sounding silly.

Bill, said the man. Bill Wallace. Everybody calls me Speed Wallace.

My name's Mike Flor, said Mike. I'm pleased to meet you. This is my kid brother Joe.

Mike and the man shook hands, and the man said, And I'm pleased to meet you. And you, he said, looking at me. Mike began to shadow-box again. We felt swell.

How would you boys like a little ride? said the man.

O boy, said Mike.

I was a little scared, but we jumped into the yellow coupé, and the man drove out of the garage, on down Broadway, and then we crossed the railroad tracks, just in front of Rosenberg's. That was where the highway began, and the man opened up to show us a little speed. We passed our house in no time and pretty soon we were tearing down the highway forty miles an hour, then forty-five, then fifty, and pretty soon the speedometer said fifty-one, fifty-two, fifty-three, and the car was rattling like anything.

By the time we were going fifty-six miles an hour we were in Fowler and the man slowed down, then stopped. It was very hot.

How about a cold drink? he said.

We got out of the car and walked into a store. Mike drank a bottle of strawberry soda-water, and so did I, and then the man said to have another. I said no, but Mike drank another. The man drank four bottles of strawberry.

Then we got into the car and he drove back very slowly, not more than ten miles an hour, talking all the time about the car, and how fine it was to be able to go down a highway fifty miles an hour.

Do you make money? Mike said.

Not a nickel, said the man. But one of these days I'm going to build myself a racer and get into the County Fair races, and make some money.

Boy, said Mike.

He let us off at our house, and we talked about the ride for three hours straight.

It was swell. Speed Wallace was a great guy.

In September the County Fair opened. There was a dirt track out there, a mile around. And we read the advertising cards on fences that said there would be some automobile races this year.

One day we noticed that the yellow Ford coupé hadn't gone down the highway a whole week.

Mike jumped up all of a sudden when he realized it.

That guy's in the races at the Fair, that's what, he said. Come on, let's go.

And we started running down Railroad Avenue.

It was nine in the morning, and the races wouldn't begin till around two-thirty, but we ran just the same.

In the first place we had to get to the Fair Grounds early so we could sneak in. It took us an hour and a half to walk and run to the Fair Grounds, and then it took us two hours more to sneak in. We were caught twice, but finally we got in.

We climbed into the grandstand and everything looked okey-dokey. There were two racing cars on the track, one black, and the other green.

After a while the black one started going around the track. When it got around to where we were sitting we both jumped up because the guy at the wheel was the man who owned the yellow coupé. We felt swell. Boy, he went fast and made a lot of noise. And plenty of dust too, going around the corners.

The races didn't start at two-thirty, they started at three, and the grandstands were full of excited people. Seven racing cars got in line, then each was cranked, and the noise they made was very loud and very exciting. Then the race started and Mike started acting like a crazy man, talking to himself, shadow boxing, and jumping around.

It was the first race, a short one, twenty miles, and Speed Wallace came in fourth.

The next race was forty miles, and Speed Wallace came in second.

The third and last race was seventy-five miles, seventy-five times around the track, and the thirtieth time around Speed Wallace got in front, just a little way, but in front all the same.

Mike went crazy. He acted like a maniac, and then something went wrong, the inside front wheel of Speed Wallace's racing car busted off, and the car turned a furious somersault, away up into the air, and everybody saw Speed Wallace flying out of the car, and everybody saw the car smash him against the wooden fence. And Mike started running down the grandstand, to get closer. I ran after him and I could hear him swearing.

The race didn't stop, but a lot of mechanics got Speed Wallace's wrecked car out of the way, and carried Speed Wallace to an ambulance, and while the other cars were going around the track for the seventieth time a man got up and told the people Speed Wallace had been instantly killed.

Holy Christ.

That fellow, Mike said, he got killed. That fellow who used to go down the highway in that yellow Ford coupé, he got killed, Joe. That fellow who gave us a ride to Fowler and bought us drinks.

When it got dark, walking home, Mike started to cry a little. Just a little. I could tell he was crying from the way his voice sounded, but he didn't really cry.

You remember that swell guy, Joe, he said. He was the one who got killed.

We started sitting on the steps of our front porch again, watching the cars go by, but it was sad. We knew the fellow in the yellow coupé wouldn't go down the highway again. Every once in a while Mike would jump up and start shadow-boxing furiously, only it wasn't the way it used to be: he wasn't happy, he was sore, and it looked like he was trying to knock hell out of something in the world that caused such a thing to happen. Bang bang bang, he used to say; God damn it. God damn it the hell.

And I knew exactly how he felt, and how rotten it was for a thing like that to happen to a guy like that, how God damn dirty rotten. #

# A Curtsey to Cain

## Presenting a number of true and perfect crimes which amateurs of mystery may attempt to solve

### by JAMES W. POLING

• ARTICLE •

The fine art of murder has fallen on meagre days. Though the daily press abounds in homicides a lamentably large proportion of them must be written off as cheap and vulgar performances. Pretty Boy Floyds and Dillingers gain a cheap notoriety through the mere quantity and brutal directness of their killings. Psychopathic cases like Winnie Ruth Judd, Albert Fish and Merton Goodrich, the Detroit slayer of little Lillian Gallaher, make the headlines because of the abnormal sexuality that motivates their crimes and the horrors that attend their execution. An impulsive, poorly executed, carelessly thought out *crime passionel* is always sure to be featured, but only because of the *passionel* not the *crime*. Cheap stick-up killings, petty gangster feuds, and murders of like ilk are, of course, beneath the notice of a self-respecting homicide fancier.

Murder there is in quantity, but where is the quality? Though the efficiency of the sons of Cain remains unimpaired they seem to have lost the artistic touch. And, on those occasions when one of them does reveal a genuine talent and demonstrates that he has kept abreast of progress and advancing civilization, is he given the consideration his efforts merit? Is his work recognized in proportion to its artistry? The answer is inevitably, no.

For example, while the newspaper headlines scream, Ninth Killing in Vice War, and devote two full columns to another yawn-inspiring gangster murder, four brief paragraphs on a back page of the paper carelessly dismiss Josef Kopriva, the hunchback of Prague who earned himself a niche in the Hall of Infamy when he poisoned the young typist who had rejected his attentions, by applying radium to a key of her typewriter. Here, practically ignored, is a subtlety, a cunning and a utilization of a modern method of execution that puts to shame the crude performances generally found on the front page. Mr. Kopriva had even a genuine feeling for irony. The key to which he applied the radium was the key to the number seven—universally accepted as a lucky number.

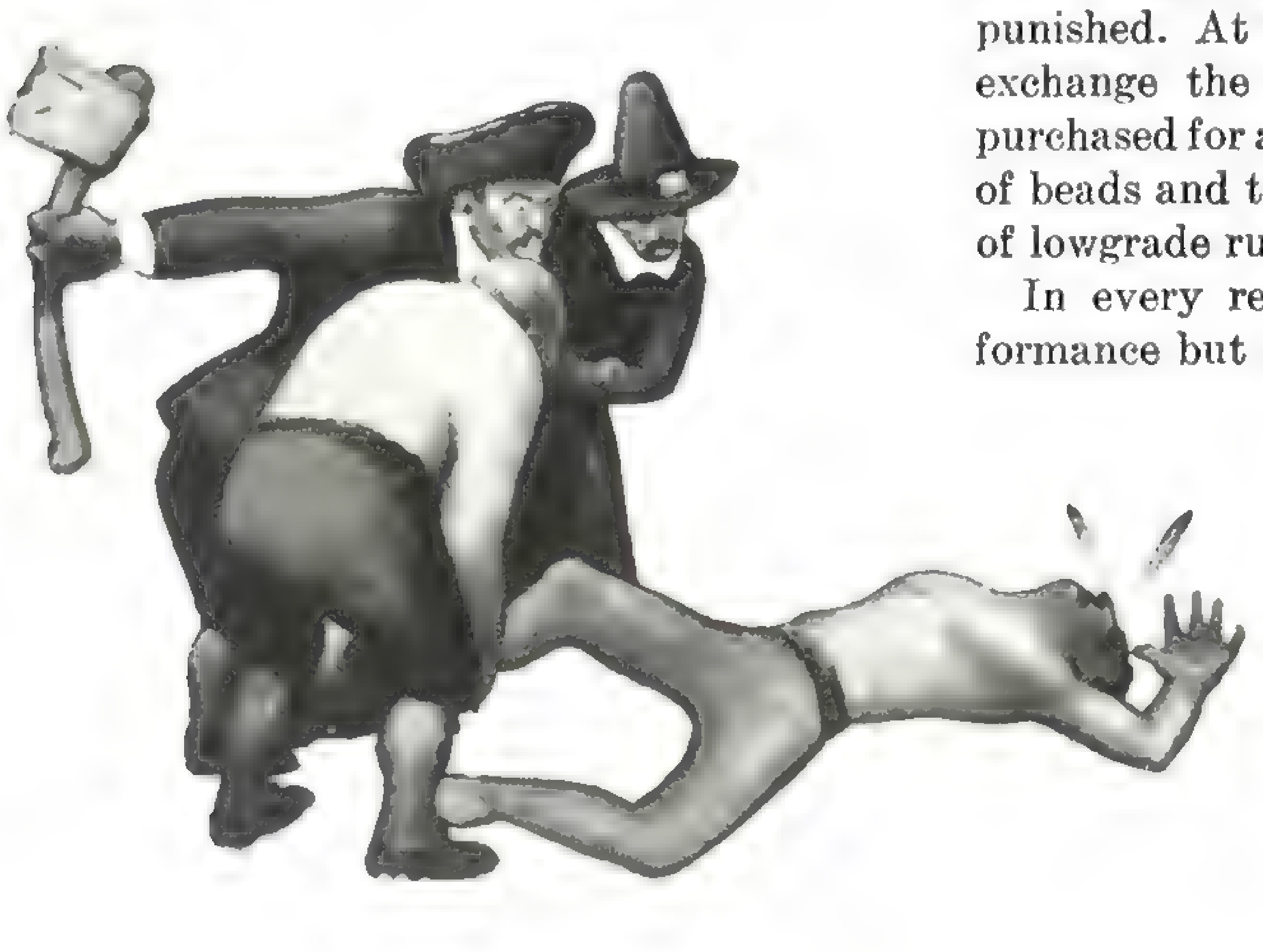
I would reverse this order of things. Gangster killings bore me. The picture of a hoodlum crammed into a rumble seat or a news-photo of a prone figure on a garbage dump with a caption describing the trivia of the latest "ride" arouses in me, as a minor student of homicide, nothing but a feeling of disgust and an impatience with today's practitioner of sudden and violent death.

Why, I ask myself, recalling De Quincey's famous words, with great models from the past for inspiration, with many excellent performances to study, why can't today's murderer show a corresponding improvement? Why must they follow such a crude pattern? Where is light and shade, subtlety and cunning? It irritates me. Are there no great stylists left?

I can't offer a reasonable explanation for the present day deterioration of the oldest of arts but for the American murderer I can offer an apology. The poor man had a very bad precedent set for him and that early influence may—just possibly—be working to his disadvantage today.

The first American murder of which we have any record occurred in November, 1626. It was a sad affair. Three Dutch farm hands encountered, on the present site of Tombs Prison, an Indian with some furs for barter. They cleft his skull with an axe, made way with the furs, and escaped unpunished. At the then prevailing rate of exchange the same furs could have been purchased for approximately thirteen strings of beads and two gilt buckles or a demijohn of lowgrade rum.

In every respect a dull and mean performance but also, with a glance at today's scene, in every way a typical performance and one that stands as a sadly accurate symbol of the line of development murder was to take in our land.



As a murder enthusiast you have learned to regard an example of the art of Cain with the critical eye of an aesthete, just as the firebug appraises a fire and the art critic a newly discovered masterpiece. You probably have your own standards of judgment. The critical tenets whereby I judge the greatness or near-greatness of a murder are few but important.

The murder must be committed by an amateur. I never, for example, during the heyday of gang rule, felt the least quickening of interest when one low-browed member of a mob met death at the hands of a rival trader in alcohol.

The victim must be a friend or at least an acquaintance of the killer. Preferably the paths of their lives should have crossed frequently, even intimately, before the consummation of the crime. A murder committed during a casual burglary or hold-up of a bank has an impersonal air that leaves me cold.

Despite the fact that the quintessence of a worthwhile murder lies not in the weapon but in the steps leading up to the act, the motive, and the attempts made by the killer to conceal his identity, I am quick to appreciate and applaud any original method of commission. That is why I resent the fact that Mr. Kopriva was so ignored. Such an evil genius deserves recognition.

The motive leading up to the crime must not be sordid and material. Many students of homicide contend that the most satisfactory and finished murders are generally committed for gain. There is much to be said for that viewpoint. It is a school of homicide that has many masterpieces to its credit but it fails to move me. More personal, more emotional motives are needed in the creation of a truly satisfactory homicide. Jealousy, lust, hate, and love are surely the motives behind the most aesthetically satisfactory killings. And, of course, two motives are always better than one.

And, above all, the murder must have been committed with subtlety and cunning. It must not be obvious. The circumstances surrounding the death should be mysterious and baffling, even illogical.

Bearing in mind the ingredients necessary to a first-class murder turn to the pages of your newspaper. You will search it day after day, month after month, with small success. True, every week the headlines will bring temporary notoriety to a dozen or

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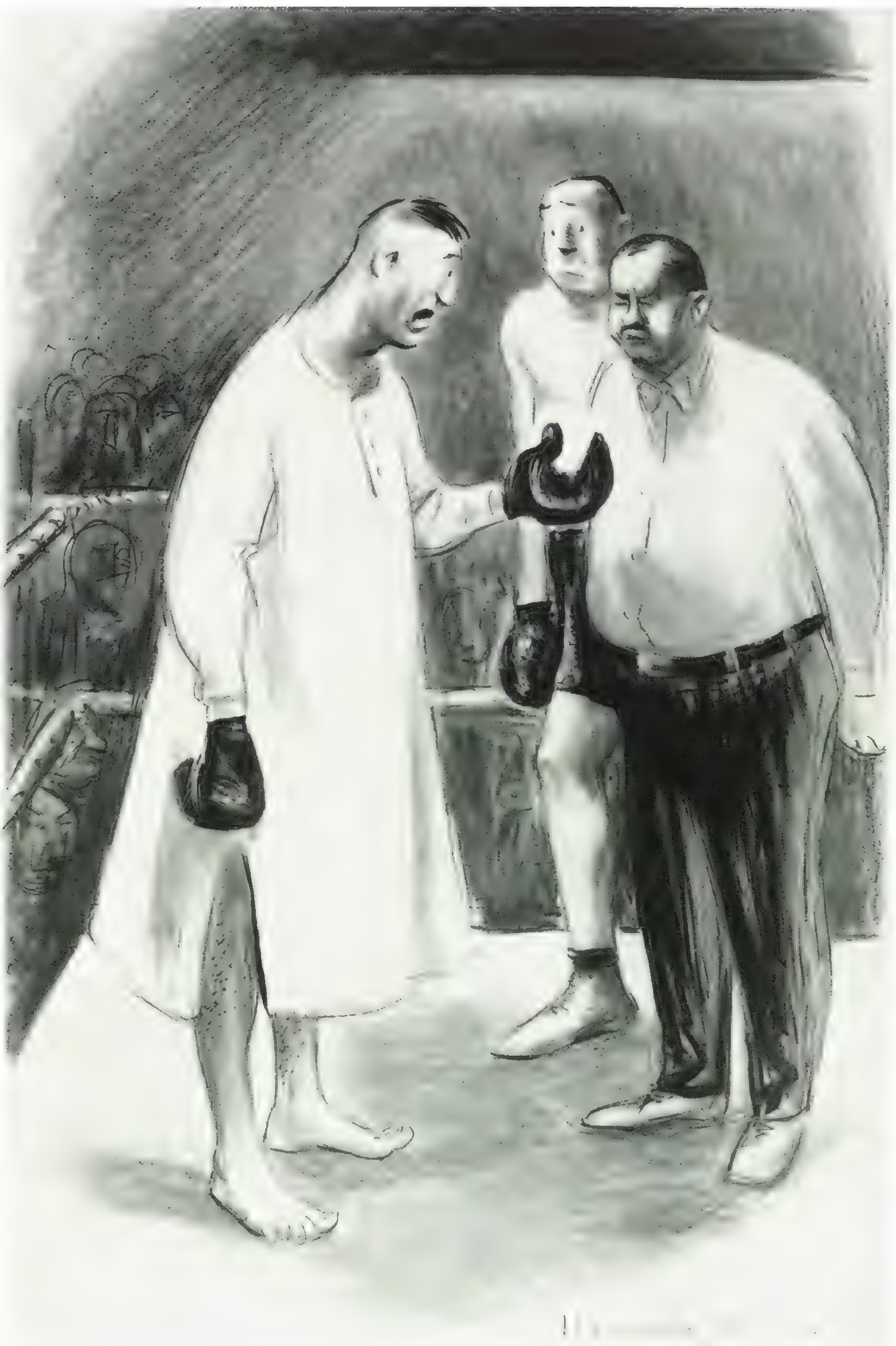


*"Well everybody's been bettin' he'd put me to sleep!"*

# Lake Chapala

*by* **ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE**

(1)

Chapala is mysterious and human.
The lake has its quiet surfaces,
The hills have their rounded protuberances,
The valleys have their secret depths
Wherein unknowable life is nourished.
Sun and shadow play facilely along these beaches,
And great islands of water-hyacinth, the lyrios,
Float in from the far margins of the lake,
And sometimes the sunsets are like volcanoes of flame.

Sometimes there comes a grey day
When the farther shore of the lake
Is as remote as the shore of an ocean.
Sometimes there comes a sunny day
When the mountains approach and intrude upon you
And you could touch the farther shore with your outstretched hand.

Quiet dark-eyed fishermen sail over these waters
And dip their nets
Or drowse along the beach.
In the market-place, vendors of pottery
Peer up hopefully from their little piles of wares.
Along the roadways, burros laden with corn husks or sugar-cane
Trudge reluctantly beside their somnolent owners.
A hush broods over this lake.
Many races of men have lived upon its shores,
And the lake is older than any race of man.
When the mountains grow weary of struggling with the moon
And the earthquakes ride howling over and under the earth,
Then this lake will slip sideways like a seagull
And bring peaceful sleep to many sad-eyed men.

(2)

And you, my friend,
With the sensitive aquiline old profile of George Meredith—
You who sit all day
With your dirty bare feet in the gutter
And sell peanuts, twenty peanuts for a copper coin,
And go home at night to your reed hut
With perhaps fifteen coppers as your sole possession—
What do you think of this business of being alive?

(3)

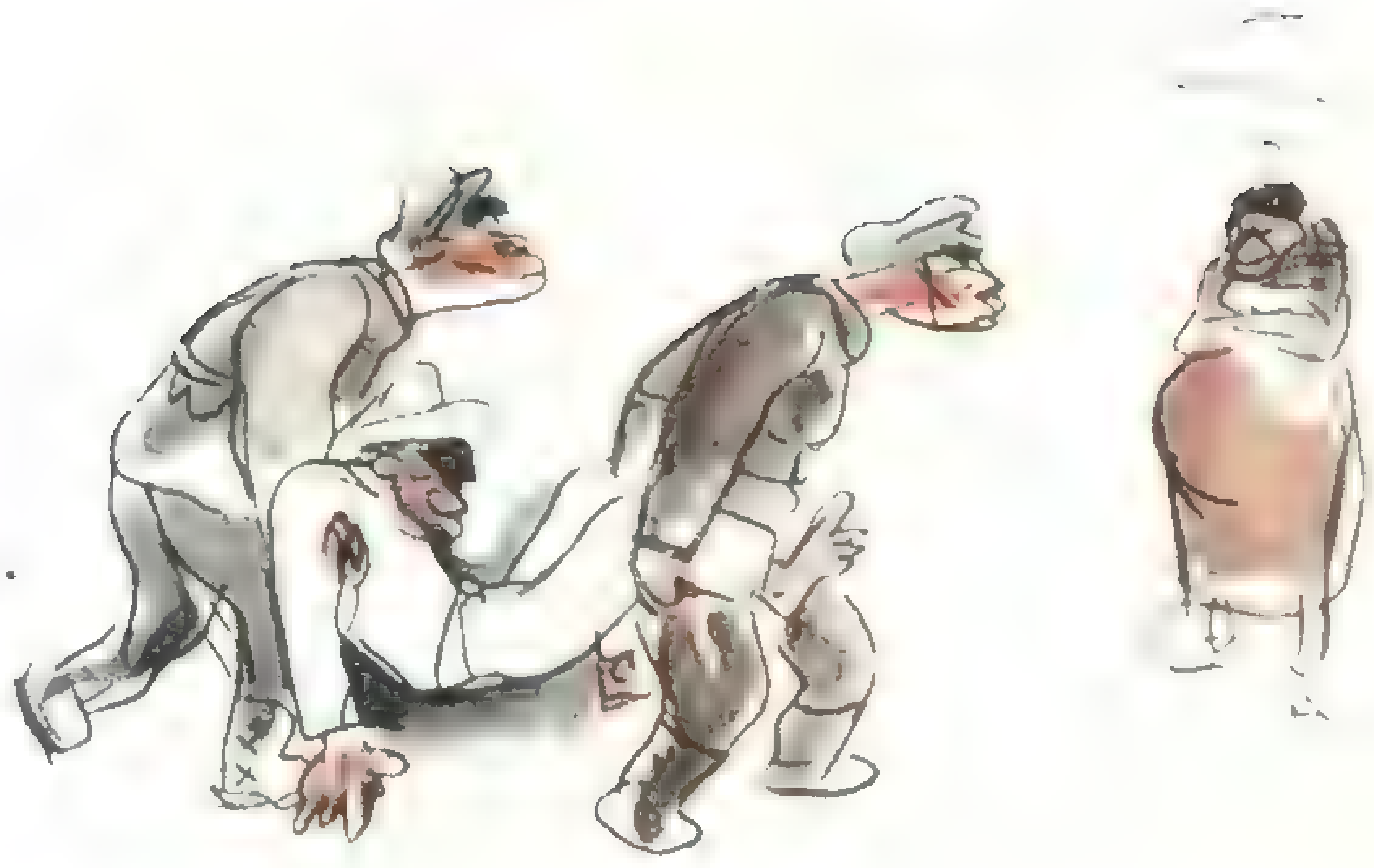
The blind girl stands, motionless and beautiful,
Every evening at the foot of the stair
That leads up to the beer-pavilion where the gay blades of Guadalajara
Come in motors with their floosies to dance.
She murmurs a quiet entreaty
As each person passes by.
Some give her a small coin.
Some do not.

(4)

In the glaring whiteness of the moonlit street tonight
I passed a happy man.
He was ragged, he was singing, as he bumped from wall to wall
Of the narrow highway.
As we approached each other, he, a stranger
Hailed me as "Amigo!"
And we affectionately embraced for a moment
Before he staggered on his way down the moonlit street
And was gone from my sight forever.

(5)

The stars at night, on this lake,
Are clearer than the daylight—
Steady, silent,
Less mysterious,
Less ominous,
Closer to my heart: I can understand the silence.

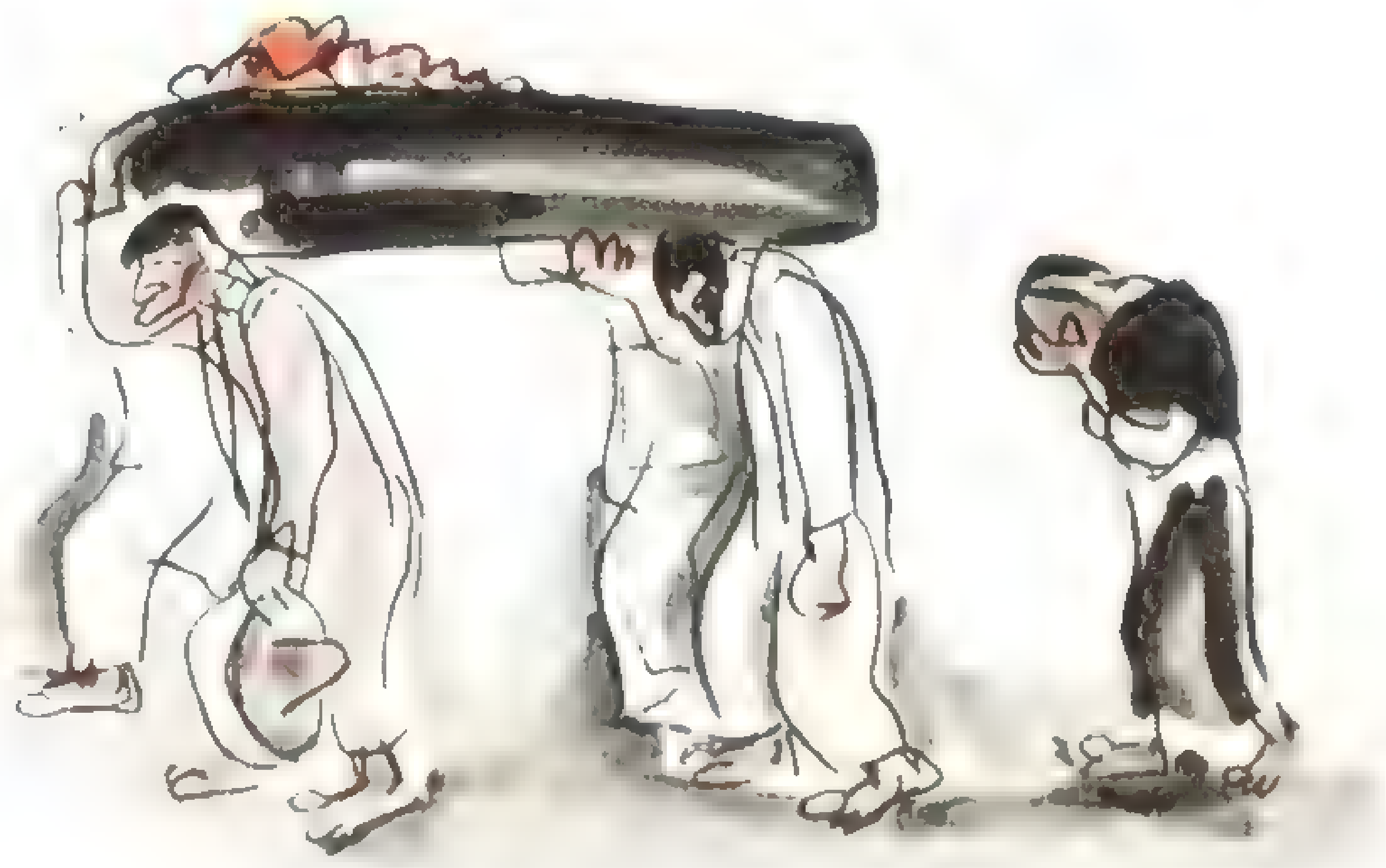


(6)

The two policemen, shouldering their rifles,
Were gay and kind this evening
As they sympathetically dragged the drunken peasant out of the gutter
And carried him to his hut—and while he snored
Said inviting amorous words to his stolid wife.
His wife frankly indicated
That she was seven months gone in pregnancy, and was sorry she couldn't.
So, with perfect good-temper, the soldiers
Departed laughing.

(7)

Oh strange funereal image which I bought from a boy today—
Image out of some ancient tomb—
You, image, seated with folded arms—
You, looking down the end of your long nose
With puzzled melancholy eyes—
You, lost in meditation:
Who were you? What life did you live? What death did you die?
Answer me, image! Tell me of the grave in which you lay
For a thousand years.
Tell me of the spirit you represent,
Tell me of the hope, the love, that made you.
Speak, image! For I will listen to all your words
With attentive ears.
Speak, my friend! For I also have a long nose
And puzzled eyes.



(8)

I saw the Easter Festival in the plaza last night.
It was gay and charming; but I was tired, and left early.
This morning three corpses were carried past my gate—
The result of drinks and shooting that started late at night.
I express to my servant Isydoro the opinion
That it was impolite to murder people.
But Isydoro shook his head and disagreed
He said that there were many people in the world
Who ought to be killed.
When I asked him if he himself had ever killed anyone
He replied that he had not.
But after a moment of honest reflection, he added
That he had once cut off a man's ear.

(9)

Winds sweep over this lake
And vast waves dash upon the shores
While a calm sunset shines in the west
And the grey mountains are streaked with gold.
Do not try to understand this lake.
No man has ever understood it.
Take it into your heart and be one with it,
And let it take you into its heart and be one with you.

(10)

One should not give money to beggars.
Today an irresistible impulse
Made me give a peso to a very old woman
Who, folded in her tattered shawl,
Looked so frail that the light almost shone through her.
As I turned quickly and shamefacedly away,
Her astonished outpouring of gratitude and prayers for my soul
Followed me with haunting anguish—
And then changed in the air, and I fancied I heard far-off
Howls and maledictions,
The voice of all the misery of the world.

(11)

A reed hut ten feet square,
A pig, six chickens, a burro,
A bean-patch and a corn-patch,
A wife, five children, and one more child in every coming year,
The bells of the church, the weekly music in the plaza—
What more, save for the wickedness of the tax-collector,
Could man desire?

(12)

Isydoro, you are young and I am old
And the many hours of the day lie between us.
Yet tonight, in the sunset, as you bring me my drink
You laugh at me
And I laugh at you;
And I am not entirely sure that we are not of the same age.

# The Alhambra Mirador

## At midnight, Mrs. Ruthven Van Dusen Finch chose an Englishman as Englishmen never tell names

### by CYRUS McCORMICK

• FICTION •

Like a Greek chorus the guests sat and watched their world. They watched other guests, similarly ensconced on the edges of overstuffed chairs, reach gingerly forward to grasp the thin stems of cocktail glasses remotely reflected in the shiny linoleum of beach tables. They watched women talk and men wonder what to think about. And they watched themselves in the long mirrors palisading the neo-Spanish shapes and hues of the lounge. What crude neighbors we have what queer people come to Califlorida!

Like the chorus, the Alhambra-Mirador has its own comments to make. The instant answer to a nourished whim, the yes sir, certainly sir of the system, the standardized variety of entertainment, the perfection of the weather. The cordial Infanta corridor, the frothy Murillo bar, the sundrenched San Sebastian beach, the mediaeval chapel crowded with the bent heads of diners; the red plush sofas each bold behind a ten foot walnut table, the cacti and hydrangeas and orange beach chairs in the Algeciras portico, the translated Sevillian patio in the shadow of a truncated Giralda, the Generaliffe garden beside the pristine swamp—a pattern that, repeated in cottages sprouting mathematically among palms and in ramped stairways and veined plaques and bisexual stucco and peaks and nooks and turrets, was the soul of Alhambra-Mirador. A sort of cross section of the combined souls of Fortescue & Rhonbein who conceived this magnificence and issued the bonds, of the Levantine who executed it, and of the nameless receivers who ran page ads to keep it full.

Boy, said Mr. van der Block raising finger, chin and eyebrow in majestic unison, a gin sling, a Singapore gin sling. Will you, my dear? I wish they could make them as good old Suli did at the Borneo Club in those rubber days.

I've never seen anyone make the fourteenth in three before, said Mr. Dillunder. When I got that brassie I set myself for par, but I guess I was playing. Wasn't I playing, Wally? You sure were, Fred, way over your head—er, I mean way over mine. If it hadn't been for that bad luck on the fifteenth—er, let's have a drink. Now about that matter, Fred, of course I know what the Securities Act says but what it means is another thing.

Mrs. Chatton tried to listen. It was not often that one could eavesdrop on the senior partner of Jones, Dillunder & Co. who was known to be close to the White House. But the clever Mr. Dillunder observed her and, determining to keep to himself the secret of his millions, took his companion away to dress. Thus he yielded place to two young ladies from Texas or somewhere. One of them ordered a Tom Collins but the other opined that straight whiskey was better for the stomach. Mrs. Chatton returned easily to her husband's recent conduct: the fool had played the wrong side of the market. There was the ticker and everything and he had to go and drop all he had promised her instead of being clever like Mr. Dillunder who has brains, I'm sure.

A martini, boy, said Mr. Chatton morosely.

Mrs. Ruthven Van Dusen Finch, distinguished young leader of New York society, glided into the lounge and sat alone, aloof. She was the mystery woman of the resort. Not that one did not know who she was. *Town and Country* exhibited her gazing over the turnstile into the desert, *Vogue* published her clothes, the *Times'* rotogravure section was incomplete without Mrs. Finch, next to Eleanor Roosevelt, tending the flowers of the hotel garden in a three piece costume by Jay Thorpe with furs by Jaeckel. And one knew of the fabulous riches of the late Mr. Finch who had built railways or consolidated something; and how she invariably went to Europe in the spring and that her name would appear in the list of those attending command or near-command week end house parties. But of all this the Alhambra-Mirador had no direct word. She never spoke to anyone. Not even to Prince Merck-Hofstein. Therefore she was a mystery woman. And why should she be required to speak to people, some of whom were not millionaires, tarrying at a resort?

Miss X of Texas observed: "Let's push on, Belle, this place is a dump."

Mrs. Mortimer agreed vaguely that women should have soft voices and, as Mr. M explained, be seldom heard in the rough and tumble of public places.

"It's not," said Miss Y, "I'm having a swell time and I rank another Tom Collins. The people are tony. We met the prince last night."

"You can have him. The bankers for mine. Here comes your Tom soda pop now, speaking of tone."

Prince Merck-Hofstein strode into the lobby. In contrast to the faience jars and the tangled pattern of chromatic sports clothes and soprano dinner gowns of the long cocktail hour, he wore the polo garb of one who had actually been playing. He bowed to a group near the door. He stripped off his gloves and bowed to the Mortimers. In his progress he clicked heels to Mrs. Chatton and there was a jingle of spurs as a substitute for words. Mr. Chatton started to rise but Merck-Hofstein had passed beyond. He did not bow to the clerk and Mrs. Finch did not notice him although his lineage was older, so he knew, than that of Coburg. Miss Y of Texas leaned forward: "Hello, Prince, how's every little thing today?"

"Why, dear lady, how charming to see you. Indeed, how charming, how very charming."

Impulsively she thrust out her hand which, because it was an American custom, he took and pumped heartily the while he clicked and bowed. She was expensively dressed, her feet were tiny, her hair was blonde and her figure sinuous. He began to recall her. "'Member my friend, don't you? She had the bracelet you liked last night."

"Ah indeed, but how could one forget, dear lady? In my simple Tyrol there are few bracelets so beautiful, few ladies who could grace them. But this charming owner of this bracelet"—Miss X allowed her indifference to begin to melt—"and her charming friend who so charmingly discussed astronomy."

Miss Y was suffused and speechless. Her friend came daringly to the rescue: "Belle's an expert. She knows about moonlight too. I suppose you'd better sit down and have a cocktail."

"But indeed you are too kind, your American cocktails are divinely delicious."

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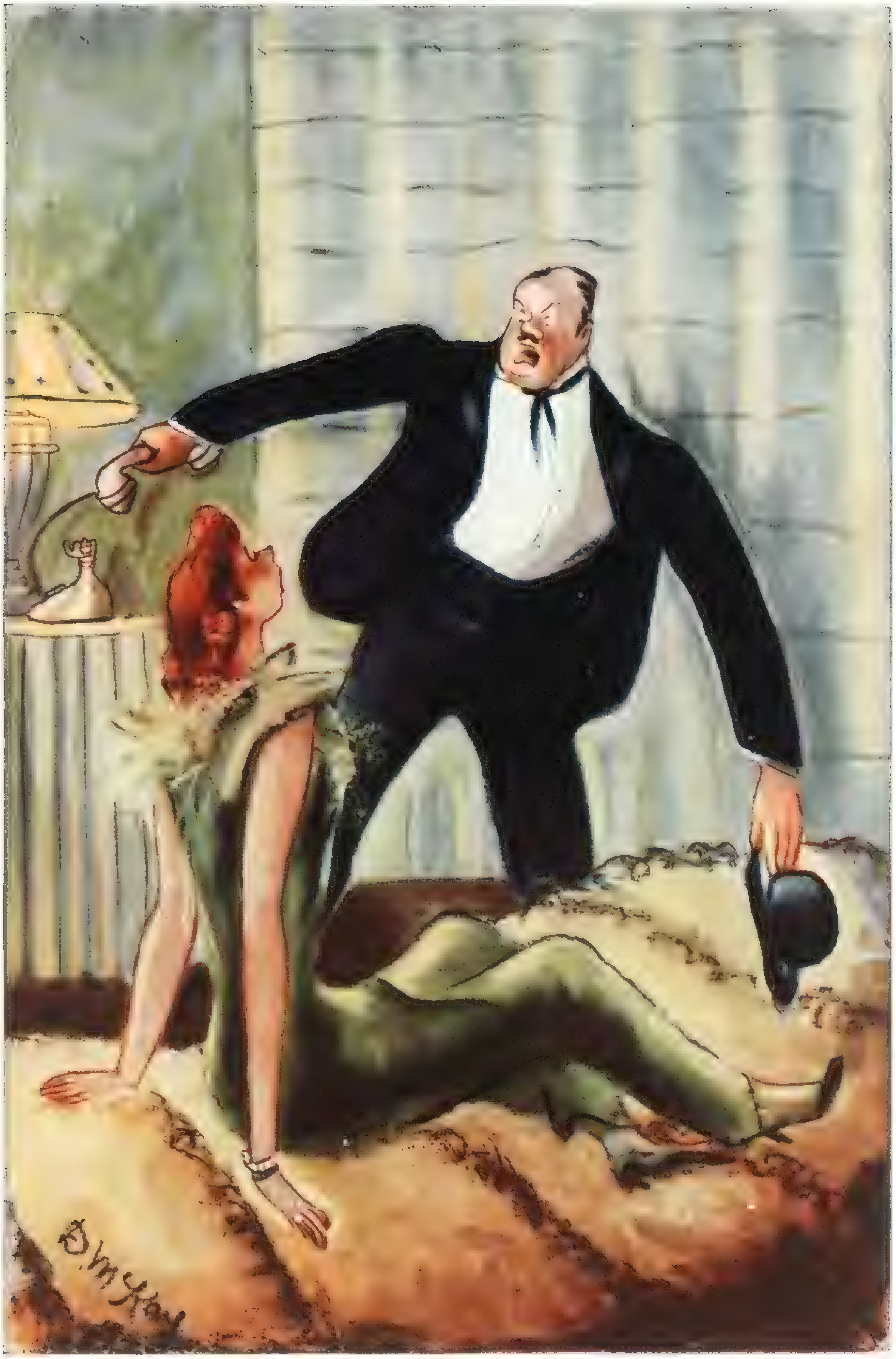
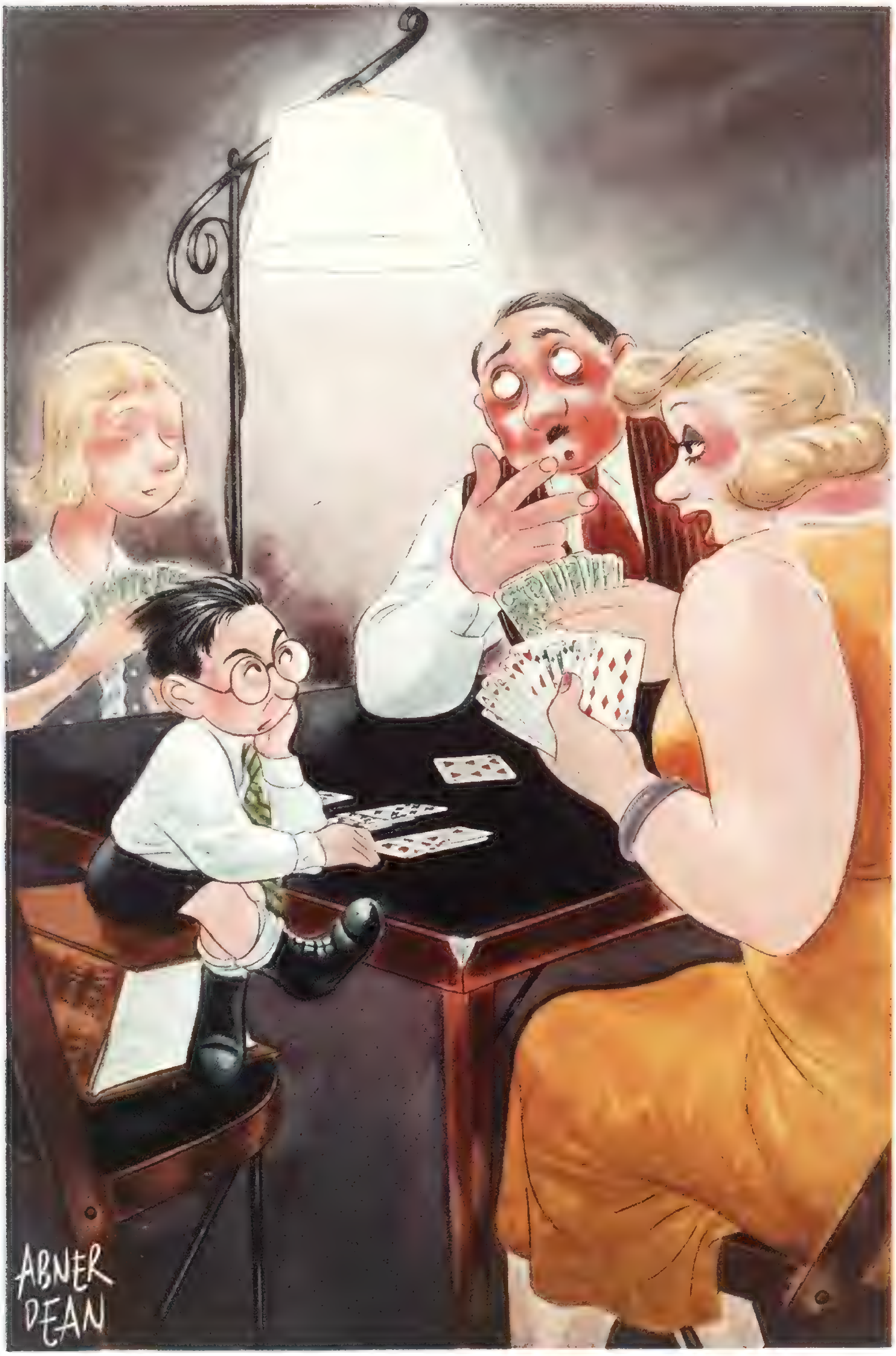


*"I just found out—my wife's unfaithful!"*



*"Have patience, Junior—you know papa is kinda dumb."*

# Funniest Thing About Radio

## Great advances in entertainment have been made through radio's most widely criticized practice

### by GILBERT SELDES

**▪ THE LIVELY ARTS ▪**

ARE YOU LISTENIN'?

THE original joke about radio is about ten years old—I'm afraid I printed it here myself after it grew respectable. It is about Herbert Hoover's only mistake *before* he became President, when he said that certain forms of radio regulation were unnecessary because "the American people would never stand for advertising on the air."

Those words are ascribed to him and I have never seen them repudiated. They constitute a sweetly solemn thought and they lead directly to the greatest joke of all, the triumph of commercialism and the ablest defence of the capitalist system as embodied in our radio broadcasting.

Now isn't it just like Americans, the moment a new invention occurs, they turn it over to the manufacturers of laxatives. You've heard that, too. You may have heard also that in civilized countries (why the plural?) radio is used exclusively for the good of all the people and is educational and cultural and symphonic beyond words. What I want to point out is that the commercialism of broadcasting is its notable virtue and that nearly everything good on the air is due to the determined effort of a certain number of people to sell us motor cars, toothbrushes (or is it pastes?) and motor fuel, among other things.

The kind of sponsored broadcasts we now know are a fairly new thing. When the brilliant innovator George McClelland committed suicide, the obituary notices credited to him the creation of the system by which stations sold time to sponsors who, in turn, created their own attractions; and gave the date as between 1928 and 1929. To be on the safe side, let us say that broadcasting is about twenty years old and sponsored commercials are about ten years old. In these ten years the most remarkable thing has been the quick disappearance of most of the radio pests and the constant change in the dominant powers. When you remember that in five years the American public has rid itself of a whole swarm of crooners, undermined the sketch boys-and-girls, defeated all but the few really good comedians, and now is preparing an exit for the amateurs, you have to be impressed with the amazing flexibility and responsiveness of the commercial air. I am not familiar with foreign broadcasts and have to take secondhand information; all of it is colored by prejudice, but all of it tends to one conclusion: foreign broadcasting may be far more intelligent or far less entertaining (maybe it's the same thing under two names) than American, but its rate of change is definitely slower. The programs today are compounded of the same elements, in about the same proportions, as they were two years ago.

This sounds reasonable to me. Suppose you were placed in charge of the British Broadcasting Corporation (or is it Company?) and had worked out an ideal program. You might have 30% classical music, 35% talks and educational, 15% popular and dance music, and the rest dramatic; or you might change those percentages around. In any case, you would get protests, letters to *The Times*, signed Rus in Urbe or by one of those curt single names which indicate an angry viscount, and questions in the House of which your superior (Home Office, maybe?) would require notice. You would be badgered and attacked, but you would not be under compulsion to change, not for a long time, any more than the Governor of the Bank of England is under compulsion to change with every breeze. You would say that the value of your programs needed a year or two to be fully worked out. When people spoke of the awful monotony of your programs as Britons do, you could answer that they were monotonous, but good. (The magazine which covers the BBC broadcasts is, in fact, very good, and the talks broadcast are of such variety and distinction that they are frequently gathered into excellent books. That is the bright side of the British picture.)

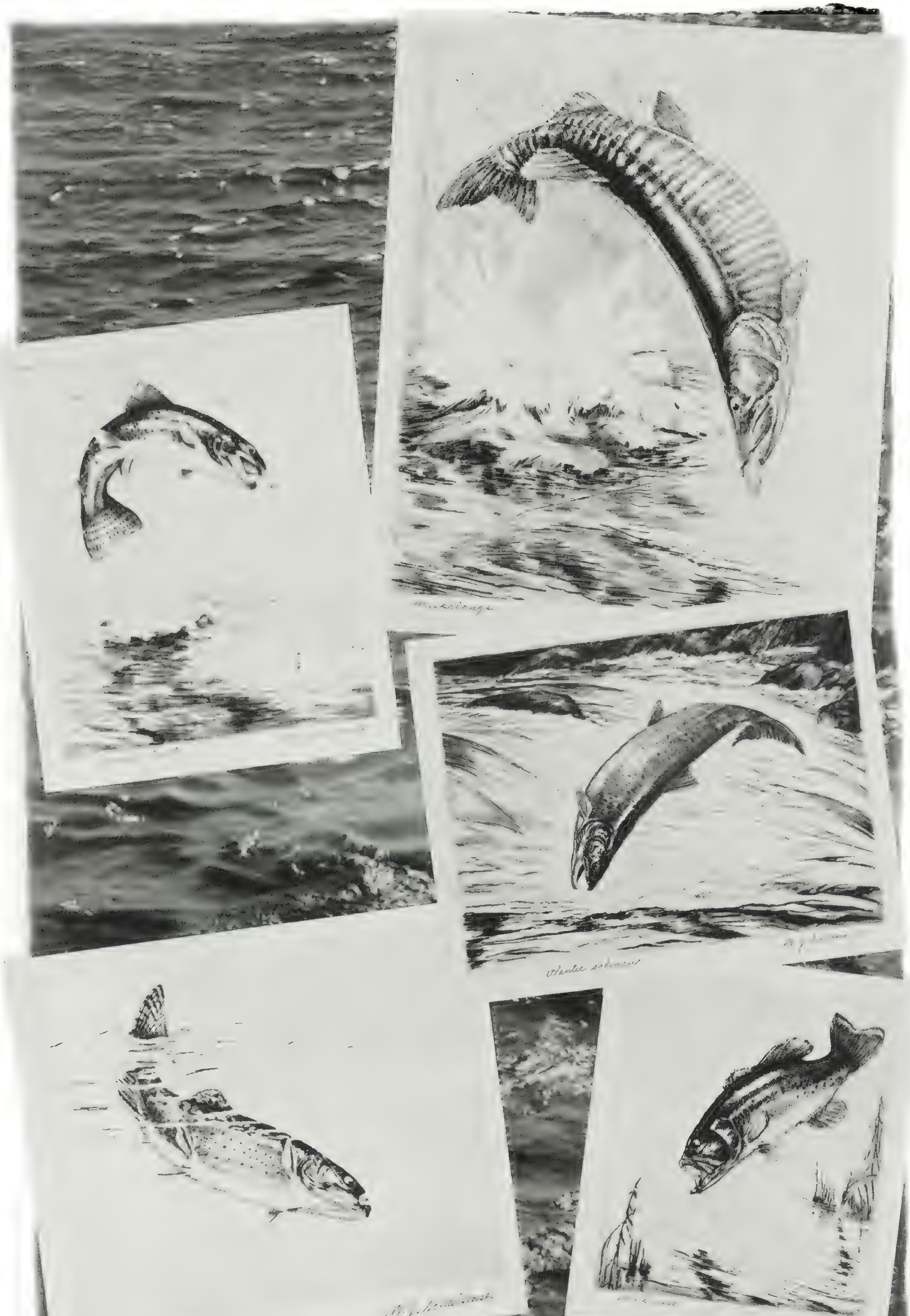
Now in America, if you own a station you are constantly under the eye of a Federal bureau which has the power to revoke your license, but the important part of your labors is to sell your time to sponsors and they have only to observe the common rules of decency to get along. All they have to do, after that, is keep between fifteen and twenty million people constantly interested, entertained, and absorbed to such an extent that the same people, out of gratitude or because of brutal or subtle advertising, will buy specified goods. That's all—just keeping twenty million people entertained, once or twice or five times a week.

The investment is high, radio time being costly and entertainers running up to 10,000 dollars a time. But that isn't the chief problem, which is material. Note that not only a special craze for a type of singing has gone by the board, but to an extent that prime commodity, humor, has been shifted to a secondary position. You may have no respect for any of the dominant types so far developed by the air-industry, but the rate of change must impress you. It impresses me so much that I wonder why two groups of people haven't done more about it: the sponsors and the audiences. For the audiences, with a little mass movement, could frighten the producers out of putting on the air dull and tasteless entertainment, and the sponsors ought really to insure themselves somehow against the failure of material and people in which and whom they have invested heavy capital. The feebleness of the public which has suffered (not from the second-rate crooners and the third-rate sketches, but from vicious programs for children) has been really spectacular; and the hysterical flurry of sponsors whenever a new thing occurs, has been pathetic.

However, the thing is there: radio is compelled to change and, to a certain extent, to improve itself only because it is a commercial enterprise. Work around it and worry it as you please, radio is varied and careful of public taste, because it is a function of capitalist business. Then imagine radio in the hands of any group you choose —intellectuals, engineers, statesmen (a group of how many?) musicians, entertainers—or even a composite directing board—and try to figure out the programs you would have. Good programs, in all probability, good for you. You get lots today which are not good for you. But you can resist today's programs.

Walter Lippmann was quite right when he said, some time ago, that the Democrats and the Republicans were so keen to get their fair share of air-time because of the jazzbands and amateurs and comedians. They are the ones who prepared radio audi-

*Continued at top of page 142*


Muskalonge
Atlantic salmon

ETCHINGS BY WILLIAM J. SCHALDACH

# What Makes a Fly-Caster?

### There is nothing competitive or acquisitive about the sport of finding the one fly they want

### *by* WILLIAM J. SCHALDACH

• SPORTS •

To say that the angler is a queer bird is merely to reiterate a proposition that seems quite generally prevalent outside of our fold.

Scarcely had printing been invented when scribes began to busy themselves in the production of quips and sallies directed at the activities of the angler. Professional humorists have long considered jokes about fishermen as only a little less valuable than mother-in-law gags. And where is the cartoonist who has not, in an odd moment, dashed off something along the line of the country lad with his can of worms putting it all over the city chap and his fancy tackle?

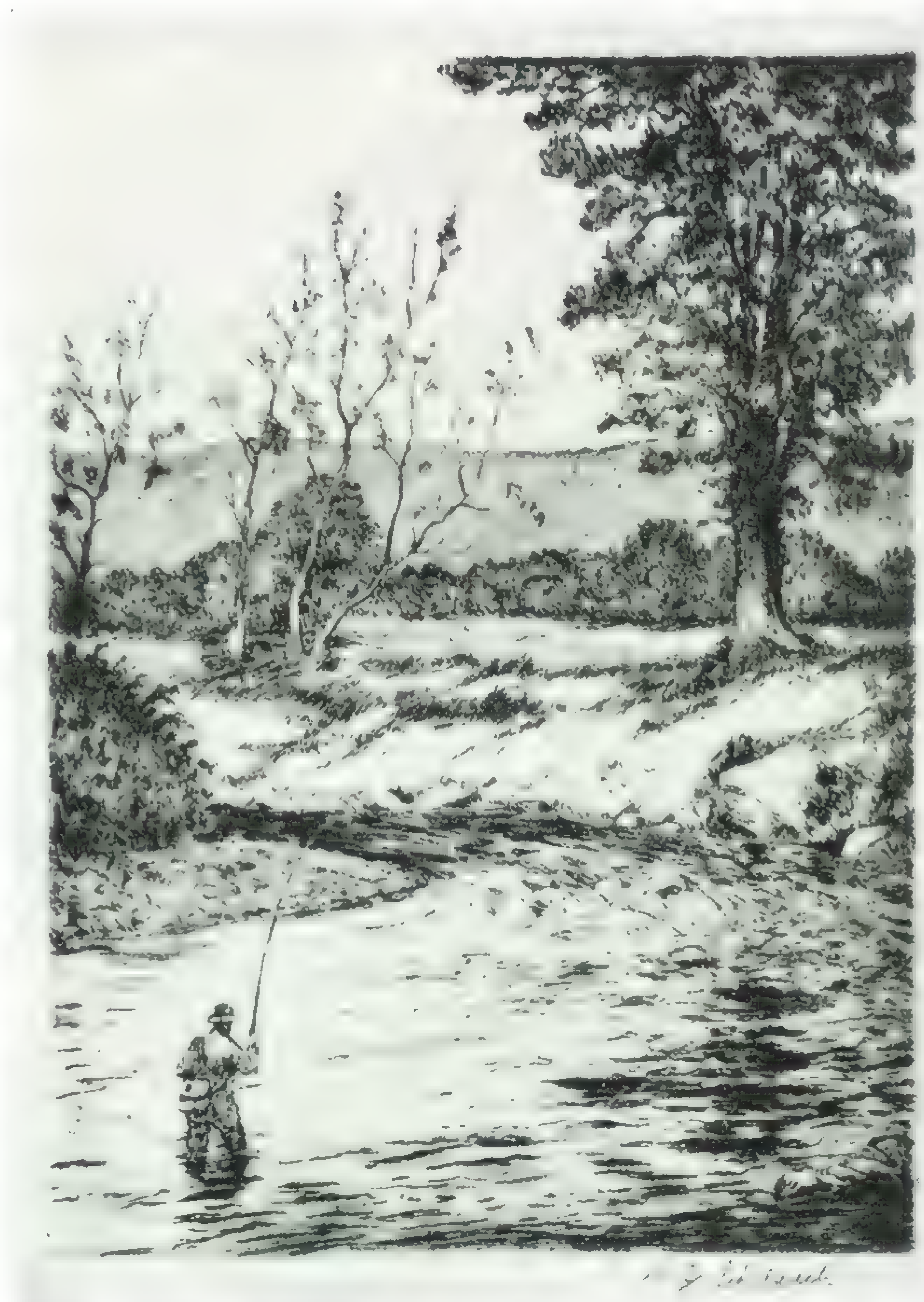
If, in the face of this tendency, the angler feels that he requires justification he may seek refuge under the principle that art needs no explanation; for fly-fishing is assuredly one of the arts. But that's a trifle high hat. I feel that all of us would rather have the public understand something of our psychology—the motivating principles behind our quaint behaviorism—then let them laugh their heads off if they want to!

Take the matter of costume. Encased in Mackintosh waders for three-quarters of his length and clumping about in huge, steel-studded brogues, creel over one shoulder and net over the other, his hat bristling with flies, the fly-fisher is weird enough in appearance to frighten little children.

His rod must be hand-made by some well-known craftsman (it will not be perfect, for no angler can be found who will admit that he has ever seen a rod that was *quite* right in every respect), his line must be a hand-dressed double taper and his fishing vest—well, that deserves a separate paragraph!

The best fishing vest is the one with the most pockets. To get at the meat of the thing it might be well to state at once that a really good fishing vest is merely a collection of pockets, sewed, in a not too logical juxtaposition to each other, on barely enough fabric to hold them onto the owner. Capacity is the whole secret. The vest must be efficient, for it holds the angler's most cherished possessions: reel, line grease, dry-fly oil, tweezers, blotters (for absorbing the moisture from soaked flies), leader boxes, fish knife, and flies—box after box of them. Even after the vest has been stuffed to what might seem to be the bursting point, there must be room for another fly box—if the angler considers it necessary. And invariably he does!

Is all of this equipment vital to the playing of the game? Nine times out of ten, no. But in that tenth case lies one of the aspects of the angler's viewpoint which is not always appreciated. The ardent fly-fisherman is a tireless experimenter. When trout are not feeding a means of making them take must be found, and only in a large collection of flies can the secret often be found. An example lies in the following incident:



ETCHING BY WILLIAM J. SCHALDACH

It was late in June, a bit past the best of the dry-fly season on one of the well-known Catskill rivers. The weather had turned dry and the consequent drop in the water had all but ruined the fishing. Still, one could find some sport by working the heavy riffles with a big dry fly. It was hard work, but occasionally a large trout would rise with a smashing wallop at the lure and go catapulting down through the white water, breaking again and again in an effort to throw the hook. Most of the time he would succeed.

For the greater part of the afternoon I had been fishing a stretch of particularly heavy water known as Horse Run. Fly after fly was tried without the hint of a rise. Purely as a matter of experiment I tied on a large, rather gaily-hued palmer. At the first cast it was seized by a big brown trout which turned and dashed downstream into a maelstrom of seething water, dove around a sharp rock and was off. So—that was what they wanted! Tying on another fly of the same pattern I was soon fast to another fish. This time the leader held, and after an exciting battle during the course of which I had to wade down through a hundred yards of fast water I was able to net a fine brown trout that weighed nearly two pounds. Several more trout landed that afternoon attest the value of experiment.

Every fly-fisherman experiences periods when trout will take almost any fly offered them. Under these conditions the game becomes too easy. A sudden hatch of flies, water just right in temperature and volume, and the pools boil with fish which seem to have lost their native caution. The beginner stands on an equal footing with the seasoned angler, and is apt to conclude that most of what has been written about the technique of fly-fishing is pure tripe.

But those who have followed the sport over a period of years know that such conditions are the exception, and while they furnish interesting interludes they are not the rodster's goal. The keen angler wants problems to solve. He will tell you that there is more sport in coaxing one trout out from under a bank by repeated skillful casting than in the taking of half a dozen fish on a hatch, where all one has to do is to cast, play and net the fish. When the novelty wears off, boredom quickly replaces enthusiasm. One can listen with enjoyment and pleasure to a Berlin song or the score of a Romberg light opera for a limited time; for sustained musical satisfaction one would prefer a Brahms quartet, or a Franck symphony.

The enthusiasm displayed by the angler for the tools of his craft is a source of never-ending amusement to those who do not

*Continued on page 134*

# Cable Spinner

### They figure a man for every million spent on this bridge, and a day off when one falls

### by JOHNNY NOBLE

▪ ARTICLE ▪

THEY say that everything a man has ever done is pictured before him in a flash the moment before he dies. I don't agree with this. For it wasn't what I had done in my life that flashed through my head; it was what I was going to do to preserve that life.

Dangling three hundred feet above the waters of San Francisco Bay. Nothing between me and those waters but a ribbon of wire mesh. Hanging by my hands on two writhing wires no more than a quarter of an inch in diameter, and the wind whipping my body about like a puppet on a string. I knew I had to let go soon, and when I let go, I knew that I either would land on the catwalk from which I had been jerked, or go whirling to my death in the bay beneath. Then I let go. There was a consciousness of space, terror, then a sickening bounce as I felt the netted wires of the catwalk sink into my back. I shut my eyes, overwhelmed by appreciation of life.

Below, there in the bay tides, the ferries continued to slide back and forth from Oakland to San Francisco, the great ocean liners moved in and out, the little tugs went about their business, all unconscious of the drama staged above their heads. And we on the bridge went back to work. There was a job to be done.

Several thousand men risk their lives daily as this great steel monster gradually takes shape. Seventeen men already have lost their lives. Yet the work goes on. In two more years the task will be finished. San Francisco Bay will be spanned, not only between Oakland and San Francisco, but across the famous Golden Gate as well. In 1938, a World's Fair is to be held in the center of the bay to dedicate these two bridges, the largest of their kind in the world. California is preparing to entertain the world.

But when the crowds gather in 1938 to participate in the spectacle, the real drama will be finished. The actors will have gone to other states and other countries to build other bridges. Only the stage will remain. This is one play where the stage-hands play the leading, though unseen, parts.

As I went back to work, grabbing the flying wires from the spinning wheel, adjusting them into the strands that form the two main cables of the bridge, I reflected at the strange fate that had sent me into the clouds for a living.

One month before, I had been in college, a student planning great things for the future, things that didn't include bridge-building. Less than three weeks before, a kindly old gentleman had handed me a parchment stating that his college had done its best for me and that I was ready to face the world of making a living. Two weeks before, my friend and I had wandered into the offices of the American Bridge Company, where, we had heard, they were hiring cable-spinners. We had never spun any cables, but we had heard of the fabulous wages paid on the bridge. We needed a job, and were willing to try anything.

The foreman scrutinized us and, without saying a word, shook his head. He was a young chap himself, perhaps twenty-six. His coat was off and his vest open. He carried a sheaf of papers and seemed in a constant hurry. He was the buffer between the big boss that sits in the inner office and the men who leak past the watchman and find their way into this room.

Our very first attempt to crash those gates had bogged down with the watchman. He demanded a letter to the big boss. Without that letter, they wouldn't even consider us, and he would not let us by. It was then that we got the only advantage of our college education as far as San Francisco Bay's bridge was concerned. We wrote our own letter. It got us by the watchman. We then discarded it. Once inside that office, we knew a letter we wrote wouldn't do any good. We had to talk, and talk fast. But apparently we weren't going to get a chance.

"You aren't old enough, kid," he said, and started to walk away.

We followed right behind him, almost running. "Hey," I pleaded at the blue serge of his retreating back, "how old do you have to be? We're both over twenty-one."

He swung around and faced us again. His head was still shaking and his lip curled in disbelieving negation. "Nah, you don't look old enough."

"Please mister," I spoke as fast as I could, and as sincerely, "Honestly we're over twenty-one. We're both out of college, and we've simply got to get a job."

"A lot of guys got to get jobs," he told us. "This isn't the relief office. I got a bridge to build. What do you know about bridge-building?"

We confessed that we were not experienced bridge men, but we pleaded for a chance to learn. We let him know we were willing to do anything. He studied us for a moment, then veered off on a new tack.

"Do you know how high that is?" he asked, pointing at the first tower. Without waiting for an answer he went on. "It's three hundred feet up there, and that second tower is over three hundred. You don't live long if you fall off of there."

We looked out the window where the thin ribbon of catwalk swung from land to tower, and from tower to tower out across the bay. We could see tiny men figures moving back and forth. A steady groaning filled the room as the giant reel paid out its miles of steel spinning-wire. We gulped, but tried not to show our true thoughts.

"Lives mean nothing to us," he was continuing. "We realize we'll lose many men on the job. In fact, we figure to lose one man for every million dollars we spend. It's man's work up there, son, not kid's play."

Had he shook his head and started off again, Don and I would never have worked on the bridge. Somewhere in his narration of cold fact our assurance and bravado had flown out the window. We were just as we looked, a pair of kids on the verge of adventure. Only it wasn't adventure to the foreman; it was a dangerous job that required sound men.

"You got to have steady nerves up there and balance, plus a lot of luck," he was telling us. "You know you only got about two feet of room to hike around in."

"But I thought the catwalk was nine feet wide," Don cut in.

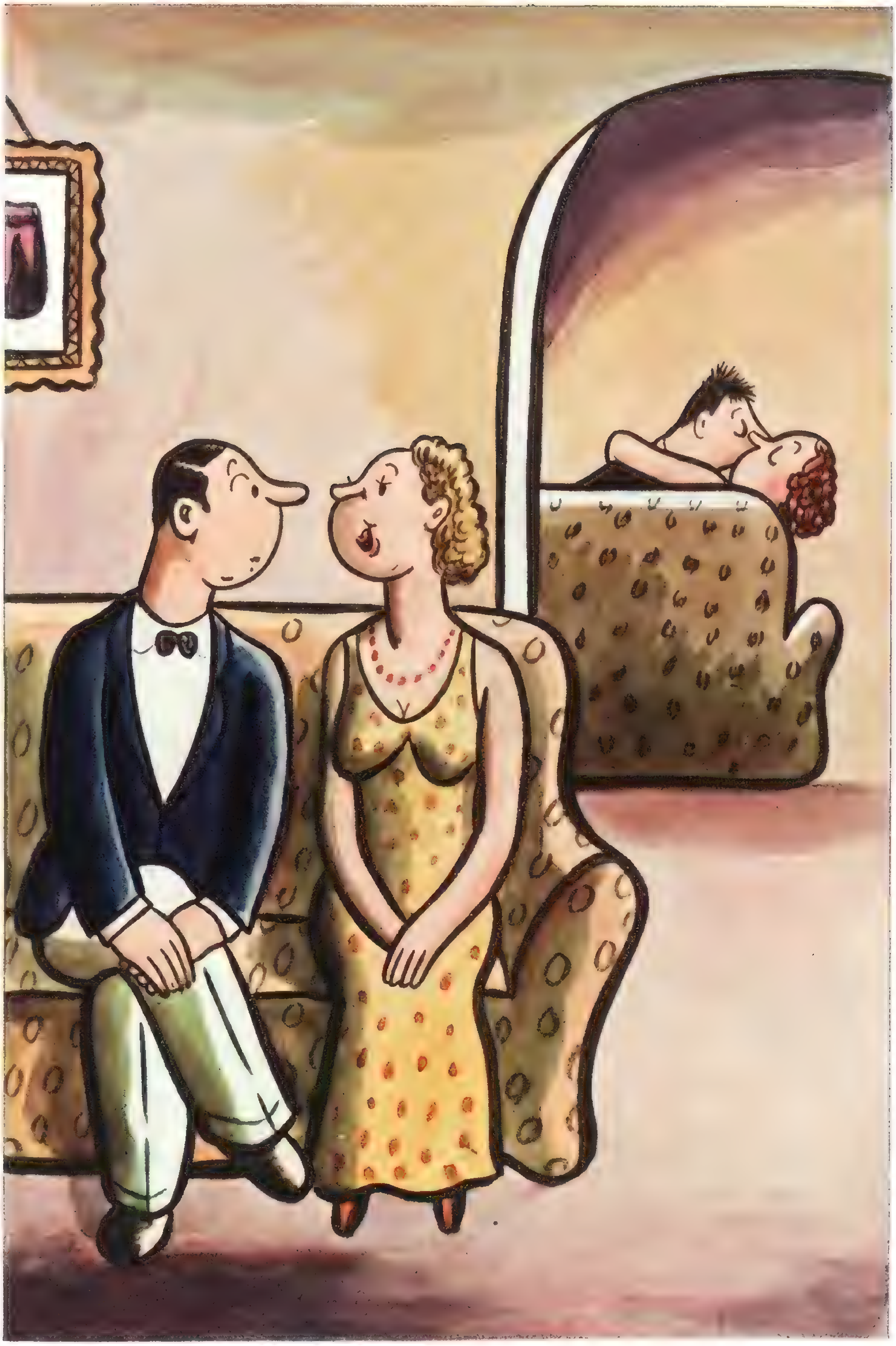
"It is," the foreman replied, "but the cable takes up most of the room. You got to learn to stick on what's left."

Don and I looked at each other. We were ready to back out, both waiting for the other to give the signal. Somewhere a ship's clock struck. The foreman looked at his watch, and shuffled the papers. We turned to leave.

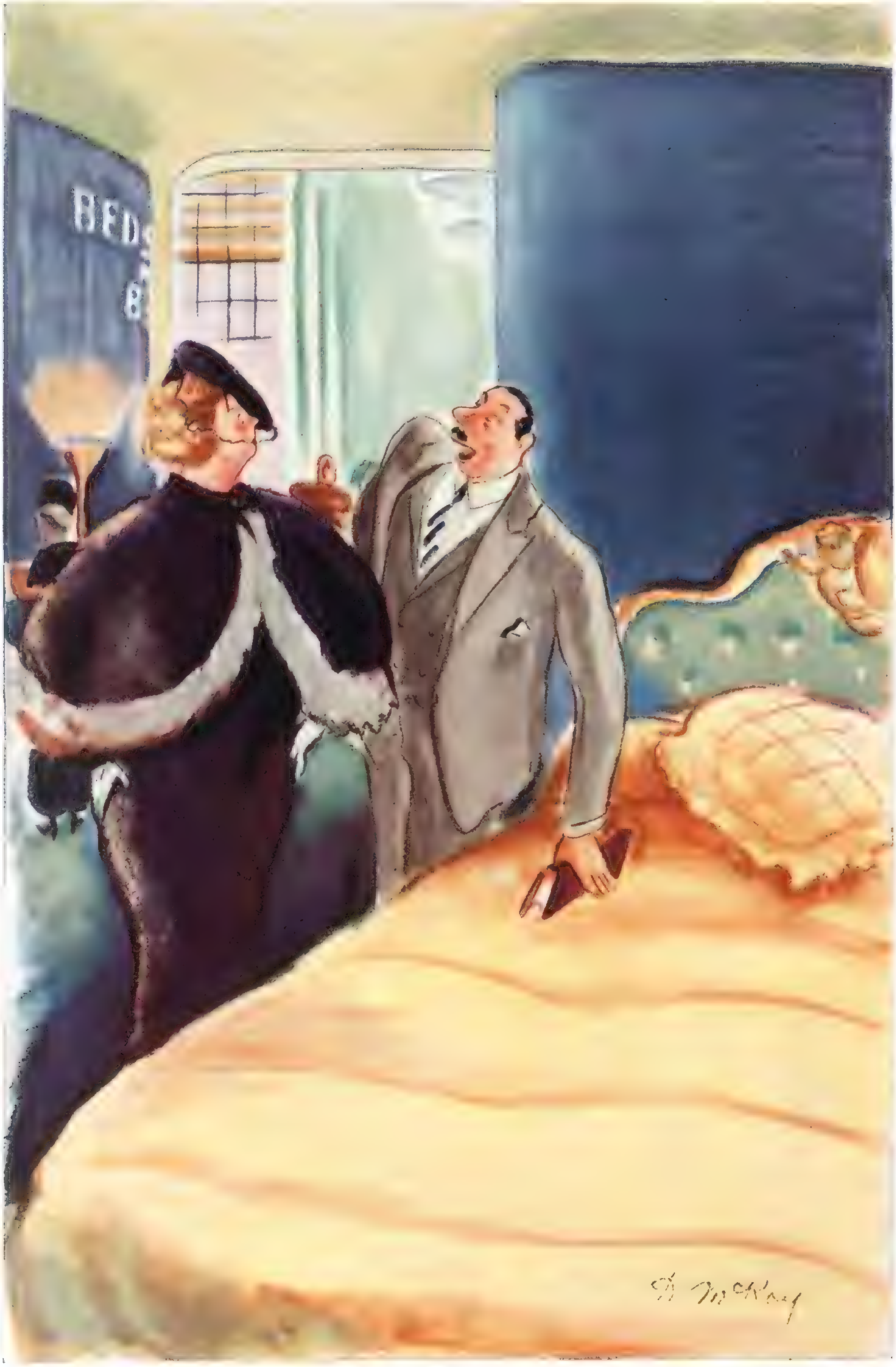
"Well," he decided, "I'll give you a shot at it. But you have to pass the physical examination. That's Friday. Give this card to the doctor at Pier 24. He'll see if you're fit to cloud-walk."

We took the cards and turned back out into the waterfront sunlight. Somehow, the catwalks seemed higher now, the men even smaller. A newsboy was calling the headlines: "Span Worker Killed In Fall From Bridge."

*Continued on page 131*



*"Do you think he likes my friend?"*



*"Now this bed, madam, you can regard as an investment"*

# What's a Dime?

## It wasn't the money but the principle of the thing in the great case of Busby vs. Subway

### by E. A. PILLER

• SATIRE •

Mr. Busby knew at once that he had made a mistake.

His dime lay well within the window, not more than two inches from the group of coins upon which the subway man drew to make change. The thought struck him fleetingly that his ownership of that dime looked a bit dubious, even to himself. But he waited. The man behind the window looked up.

"I—I'm waiting for my change," Mr. Busby said. "That dime." He pointed.

"What dime?" the man said. And then Mr. Busby knew he was lost.

There was a man behind Mr. Busby now, waiting to get change and beginning to stamp a little impatiently. Mr. Busby had an impulse to reach in quickly and recapture his dime, where it still lay within easy reach. But something restrained him.

The plain fact was that now it really *didn't* seem to be his dime any more. Mr. Busby realized that if *he* had been the man in the window and that dime were lying right there, so near *his* pile of change, that he would have refuted with vigor any opposing claim to it.

But he couldn't give in now. After all, he thought, it actually *was* his dime. He did have right on his side, and right said some inner voice, is right.

"That dime," he insisted. "That dime is mine."

He looked steadily at the man in the window, trying to bring the full force of his firmness upon the fellow. But it was a rather opaque window and he couldn't see the man well. If he could have looked him right in the eye, it occurred to him, he might impress him. But that opaque window and the fact that he had to look *up* at the man put all the odds on the other side. It was very embarrassing.

More people were waiting behind him now, and the man who had been stamping began to make clicking noises. The other people were pressing forward to look.

The man in the window said, "Come on, Buddy, do you want change or not? If you don't, move on."

Mr. Busby felt indignance surge up within him. But he also felt the futility of it. He surrendered. He reached into his pocket and pulled out another dime. He thrust it toward the slit angrily and caught the two nickels that came skirling out to him.

Mr. Busby was pretty angry now. He thought about it as he pushed through the turnstile and he pushed very hard. He had been weak. It *was* his dime. A man, a strong man, would have stood his ground. If it was his dime, it was his dime. That should have been all there was to it. He had been soft. Mr. Busby disliked being soft. He had always liked to think of himself as firm. If anything, a bit imperious.

By the time he reached his office his indignance was a vast fury within him. He called his secretary. He wrote a letter to the traction company. He explained how he had been mulcted that morning, out of a dime. He pointed out the embarrassment he had suffered. He railed at the stupidity of that particular employe. He stormed about a company that allowed its patrons to be so abused and he demanded reparation.

Then, in time, he forgot about it. He was surprised when, a couple of weeks later, his secretary asked him if he could see a Mr. Quinn.

"It's about that dime," she said, in the tone one uses to soothe a fretful child or an hysterical patient.

Since the day he had written that letter Miss Larrigan had maintained toward the entire incident an aloof and disdainful manner, as though the entire procedure were something in quite bad taste and beneath the dignity of everybody involved in it.

This irritated Mr. Busby. He might have told her to tell the man not to bother, or that he was away, or simply to forget it, since he had himself allowed the incident to drift into the dimmer reaches of his memory.

But he looked at Miss Larrigan, standing there, with that soothing, patient air and told her to have the man come in—right in, he added grimly, settling himself in his chair.

Mr. Quinn was a large, heavy man, with a shiny bald head and shiny, piercing blue eyes. Old gimlet eyes, Mr. Busby thought. Mr. Quinn's face seemed to maintain a truculent look and his bright eyes seemed to glint with constant accusation.

He enthroned himself in the chair at the end of Mr. Busby's desk. He pulled the folds of his coat about him as a judge might adjust his robes. He rested his elbow heavily on Mr. Busby's desk and fixed Mr. Busby with those glinting eyes.

"Are you," Mr. Quinn asked, in deep, measured tones, "Mr. Charles Holmstead Busby?"

"Of course," said Mr. Busby, who couldn't help feeling, for some reason, a little uncomfortable. "Of course I am."

Mr. Quinn removed his elbow from the desk, his eyes still glinting straight into Mr. Busby's. Mr. Busby was becoming a little embarrassed about that stare, but he held his gaze and stared right back. Mr. Quinn produced a paper, a long, closely-printed paper, from his pocket. He looked at it for quite a while. Then he looked at Mr. Busby.

"Did you," he asked, "write a letter to us?" He looked at Mr. Busby accusingly, as one getting ready to admonish a small boy never to throw stones at windows again.

Mr. Busby couldn't understand why, but he shifted uneasily in his chair and began to feel a little guilty about taking up Mr. Quinn's time and making all this fuss about a dime. "Just a dime," he thought.

His gaze dropped. Then he looked back at Mr. Quinn. "Yes," he said, "I did."

"Then," said Mr. Quinn in the tone of one about to pass sentence, "*You* are the man who *claims* he was cheated of a dime in our subway."

Mr. Busby felt awfully guilty. He knew that Mr. Quinn couldn't bring himself to believe any such cock and bull story—or felt that if it were true, Mr. Busby was certainly making a lot of fuss about something that anybody else would just pass off as one of life's little annoyances.

But it was too late now. "Yes," said Mr. Busby, "That's what happened."

"Well," said Mr. Quinn, "If that's what you say . . ." and his voice trailed away in doubt, "We shall reimburse you."

He passed Mr. Busby the paper and a fountain pen, already opened. He pointed to the paper.

"This," he said, "is a release. You will please sign here, and here, and here."

Mr. Busby clutched the pen with sweaty fingers, eager to get it over with.

"Wait," said Mr. Quinn. "We must have it witnessed."

Mr. Busby looked up in disgust. "Is that necessary?"

"Matter of form," said Mr. Quinn. "Sorry."

Mr. Busby called Miss Larrigan. "Here," he said, "I want you to witness this."

He signed. There and there and there.

"Now," said Mr. Quinn to Miss Larrigan, "You sign, please."

Miss Larrigan looked angrily at Mr. Busby. She signed.

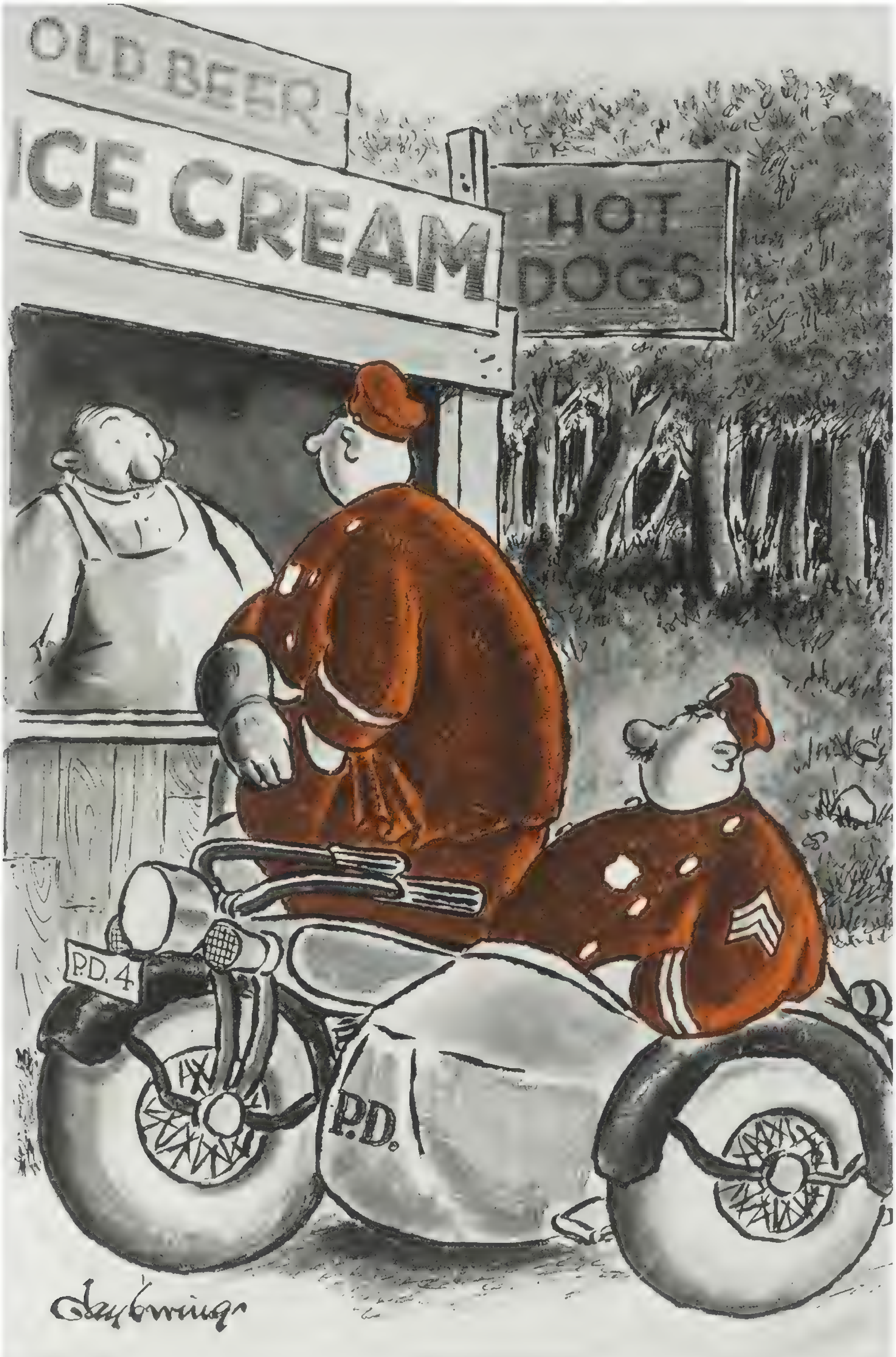
"Here," said Mr. Quinn, "is your dime." He placed it on Mr. Busby's desk. "Good day."

Miss Larrigan started to follow him out of the office.

"Wait, please, Miss Larrigan," Mr. Busby said.

With measured movements he got up, walked slowly to the window, opened it and flung the coin far out into space.

"You may go now," he said, glaring grimly at Miss Larrigan. ##


OLD BEER
ICE CREAM
HOT DOGS
P.D. 4
P.D.
Gaybrwing

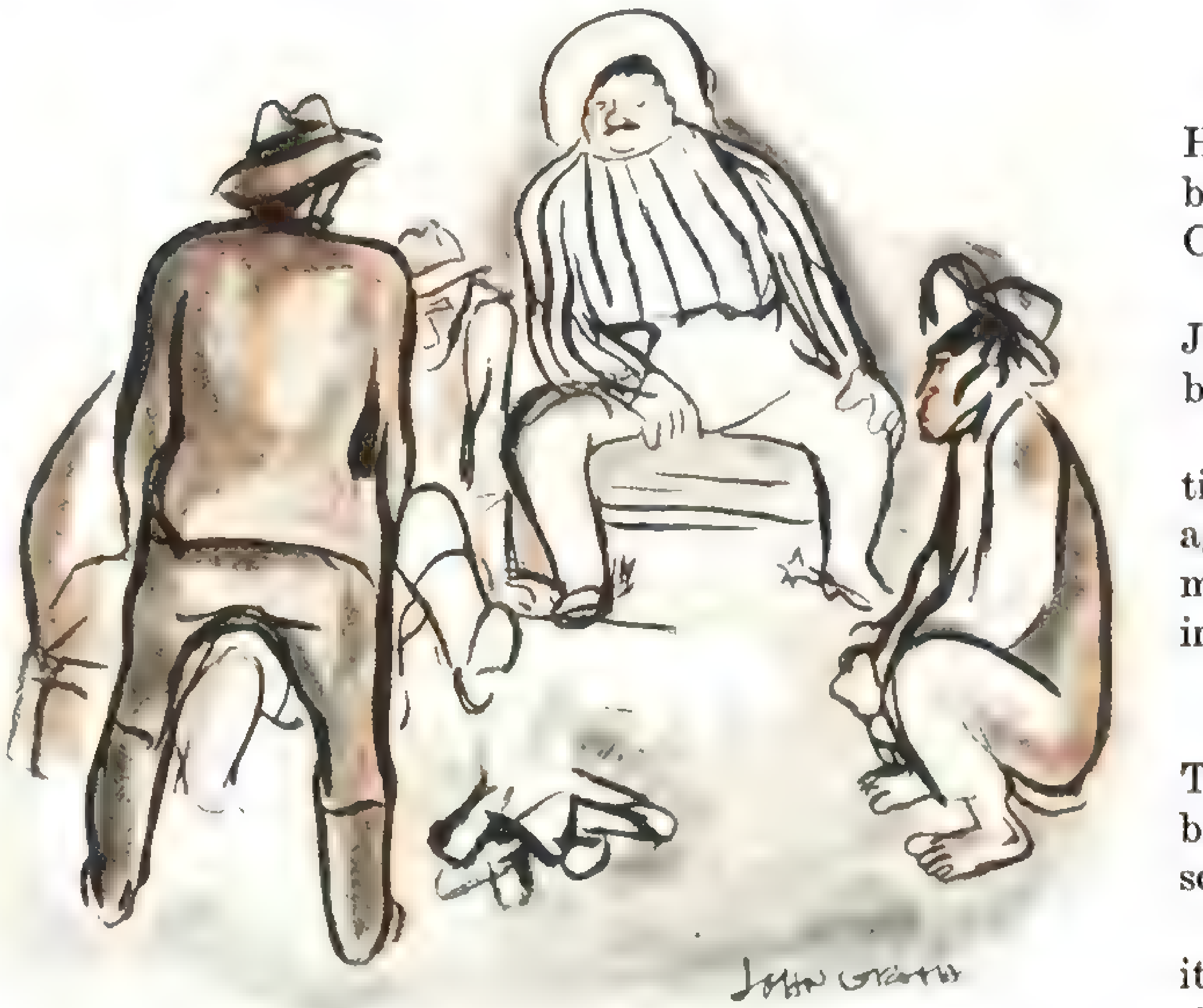
*"One chocolate an' one vanilla . . ."*

# News by Lip Service

### A guiltless people looked with respect upon North Americans until they heard certain news

### by OLIVER LA FARGE

• ARTICLE •



I'd made the ride from San Miguel to Jacaltenango several times already, so that there were but few geographic notes to write that evening, and the only event worth recording was news of the death of a horse I once owned, which Don Juan Muñoz had told me that morning. After supper, Dozier and I were free to sit with the other travellers around a common fire.

Travelling under government authorization, we were lodged inside the school building; others, a couple of merchants, a muleteer from Mexico, a rancher on his way to a lowland plantation, camped in the *corredor*, the wide, stone-paved porch.

We built a goodish fire just in front of the flagging and sat around it. The Alcalde and Don Gabino, who had been Alcade when I lived here, came over to get the news. Matín, our Kanhobal Indian, sat a little back from the group, able to listen but not intruding himself.

Things began as they always must, where was one from, where going, how long on the road—the eternal, primitive gambits. The muleteer struck a light for his cigarette, the clear flame showed white, in contrast to the fire.

A merchant said, "Mexican vestas."

"Yes," said Don Gabino, "we don't get anything like that on this side, only these wooden things, from Japan."

"The Japaneses have that monopoly," the other merchant said. "It is bad for commerce, the boxes result so dear."

He was a Syrian and a hardy wanderer. The first merchant was all but Indian.

"Those Japaneses," the muleteer said. "In Comitán I heard they were making war against China."

"No, they're warring against the Germans. All the world is warring against the Germans. I went to Tapachula once, and that is what they told me there."

"That war with the Germans has finished," I said. "It's against the Chineses. The Japaneses want to conquer them."

"Yes," the Syrian said. "There is some molestation of a Japanese in China, and that gives a pretext, and the Japaneses send in an army. I read it in a newspaper before I left the capital. They are very advanced."

The muleteer spat. "Just like the Gringos. Anything serves as a pretext. The Chineses are barefoot soldiers, like us. All they have is their guts."

Don Gabino nudged him. "The gentlemen are North American."

"Oh. I thought you German, señor."

"No, North American—Gringo, then."

They laughed, embarrassed to hear me use the word.

"And your companion, is he North American, too?"

There was doubt in the question. Dozier is a Tewa Indian. The Indians here are small, small-nosed, rather flat of face, meek. His darkness, tallness, acquilinity and pride of bearing baffled the people.

"North American citizen," Dozier said.

"Ay! Forgive, señores. We are very uncultivated, in these backwoods."

"Have no care."

"I encountered a man from Huehuetenango who said there had been an earthquake in Guatemala City."

"Smoke came over here, over Jacaltenango. They say a volcano blew up."

I listened, astonished. The eruption had happened four months ago, not over a hundred and fifty miles away. It had been played up in the papers from home.

I said, "We were there."

Interest tightened, concentrated. This was what passing travellers brought, the man who knew about something, the living news.

"There wasn't much. Fuego blew itself up a little, it became dark in the middle of the day, and the windows danced." I went on, giving what details I remembered. A small village had been shaken down. It had been a quiet eruption, there were no deaths. The facts were disappointing.

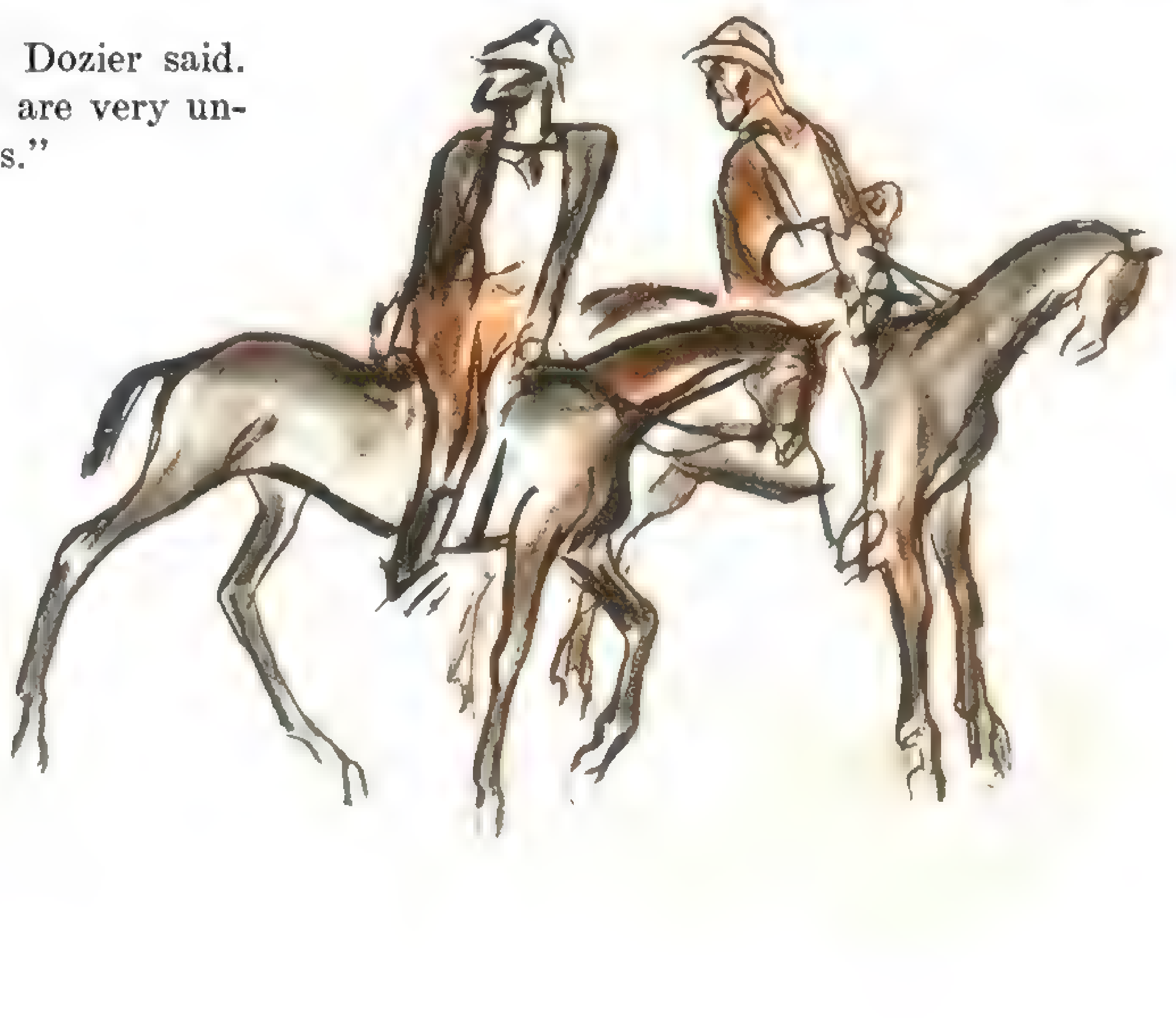
"Will the Japaneses conquer the Chineses?"

It preyed on their minds. One found the feeling everywhere, a small nation's sympathy for a country unable to defend itself, the memory of Nicaragua, of Panama, of Texas, the hatred of the concept and implications of "Intervention." Nobody knew enough about either country to make interesting discussion, and Dozier and I did not want to intrude alien knowledges into what we were hearing.

The Japaneses had many aeroplanes, they said. Aeroplanes are terrible things.

"The North Americans sent a bunch of aeroplanes over Guatemala some years ago. They were spying out the land, and there was nothing we could do about it."

*Continued in center of page 136*



# Revue of Reviews

## S. Choirboy determines which critics are full of sponge cake, plum pudding and nuts

### by VAN WYCK POTTER

• THEATRE •

COME sit by yo' ol' granpappy's side, honey chile, caze he's gwine tell yo' o' de doin's o' dem New Yawk gen'lemen what thinks they's dramatic critics, but ef *yo'* think dat he's gwine t' keep up dis here Lew Dockstader coon dialect, mavourneen, yo' is bughouse.

The lads have been in swell form during the last month. Some of them, indeed, have outdone themselves. Take, for instance, my old friend, Percy Hammond, of the *Herald-Tribune*. Percy probably doesn't remember me, but I once had a gay time with him in Chicago, where he was then the leading newspaper drama oracle. It was in 1912, I recall, and I was the advance agent for a William H. Crane show. Percy and I, along with Ashton Stevens, spent a couple of evenings testing out the theory that rye whiskey mixed with Curaçao wasn't as strong a drink as rye mixed with half parts Bénédictine and Crême de Cacao. At two o'clock in the morning of the second day of the experiment Percy and Ashton arrived at the maturely considered conclusion that rye mixed with a little vodka, with just a jigger of apricot brandy, was a bit stronger than either. I couldn't vote. I was under the table.

Well, my old friend Percy lately pulled this crackerjack in a review of Dodie Smith's *Call It a Day:* "While the characters' speech is pat and their conduct marcelled, they cause you to believe in them. For instance, when the painter's complaisant wife says to Mr. Anders, 'If you seduce the girl, I think her parents won't like it', you can laugh without infraction of your conventionality. Miss Smith's pithy speeches are not, as is usually the case, wordy affectations but the believable remarks of strange though believable persons." If the line Percy quotes is a natural and believable remark on the part of a believable person and not just a stage line deliberately manufactured by a showmaker to evoke a boob wiseheimer gag laugh, all I can say is that I'm screwy and also that rye mixed with a lot of water is ten times stronger than any of those old Chicago concoctions of Percy's.

Writing about this same play, Joseph Wood Krutch, dramatic intelligencer of the *Nation*, has given birth to the following remarkable remark: "*Call It a Day* should run a year. Ostensibly a 'slice of life,' it is actually about as artificial as a play can well be, but . . . only the veriest Scrooges of criticism will succeed in concealing their delight." Come on now, Jo-Jo, what kind of Pollyanna stuff is that? If the play, which I haven't seen, is actually about as artificial as a play can well be—as you say it is—how can any critic deserving of the name of critic, whether Scroogey or not, be delighted by it? Methinks, Jo-Jo, you have been eating too much sponge cake.

Leaving Old Doc Krutch to blush himself to death, we come to the dramatic eagle of the *Times*, J. Brooks Atkinson. This honey chile came up to bat after the opening of Liam O'Flaherty's *The Puritan* thuswise: "As a writer of murder plays Liam O'Flaherty has the virtue of imagination and the vice of introspection." So introspection in such plays is a vice, is it, Brooks old kid? If you're right, then you'll have to believe that Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*, which is as full of introspection as a critic who believes that introspection is a vice, is full of beans, is a large piece of cheese. True enough, Dostoevsky, who wrote the murder masterpiece in question, didn't himself write the play or plays based upon it, but then neither did O'Flaherty (to whom you wrongly credit the job with *The Puritan*) write the play based, in turn, upon his novel. So you get *two* black marks from old Prof. Potter, Atkie me boy. But wait a minute! While we're at it, let's make it three. For what? For pulling this hot one in a review of Frank Wilson's WPA-produced *Walk Together Children:*

"The narrative makes one or two transitions that are thoroughly confusing. Informers scattered through the first-night audience confided to this correspondent that the middle act had been discarded at the last moment. No doubt that accounts for the obvious break in the story in the center of the play."

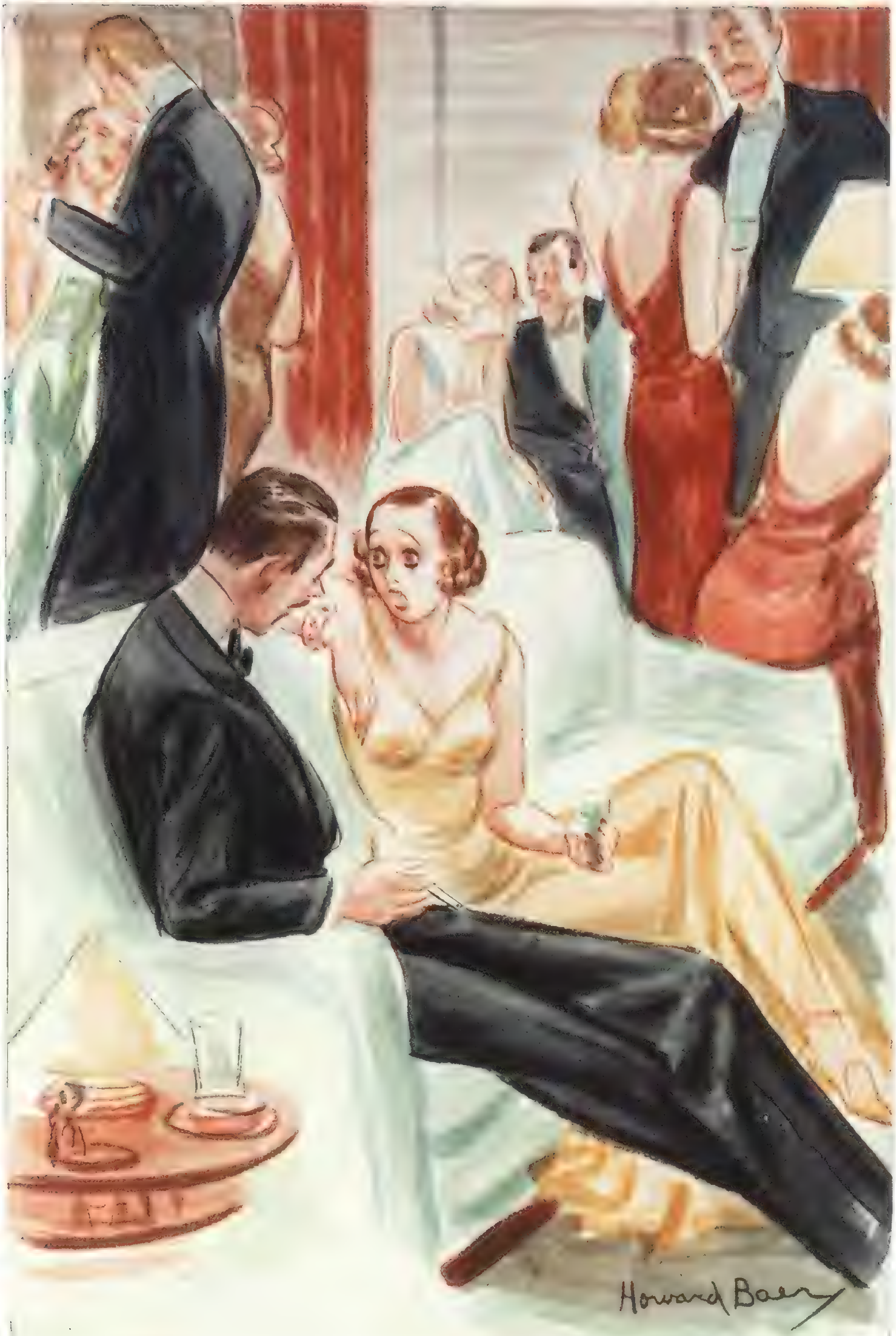
No doubt.

The beauteous Ruthie Sedgwick (that gal is some looker!), who educates the readers of the *Stage* magazine in the matter of the drama, is duly on deck again this month with some choice ponderations. Describing *I Want a Policeman!* after a whole month's cogitation, she says that it deals with "an accidental murder as conceived by Rufus King and Milton Lazarus." Wake up, Ruthie. If the murder it deals with is an accidental one, then the sashweight just also accidentally fell out of Ruth Snyder's and Judd Grey's hands and happened accidentally to hit Husband Snyder on the head and Harry Thaw just accidentally murdered Stanford White because he didn't know the pistol was loaded. Where were you during the last act? If you were where you should have been, Ruthie my sweet, that is, in the theatre, you'd know what is clearly stated: that the murder was a deliberate one by the character named John Davidson, who popped off old Eric Davidson, head of the house, because the latter had treated John's mother like a dog.

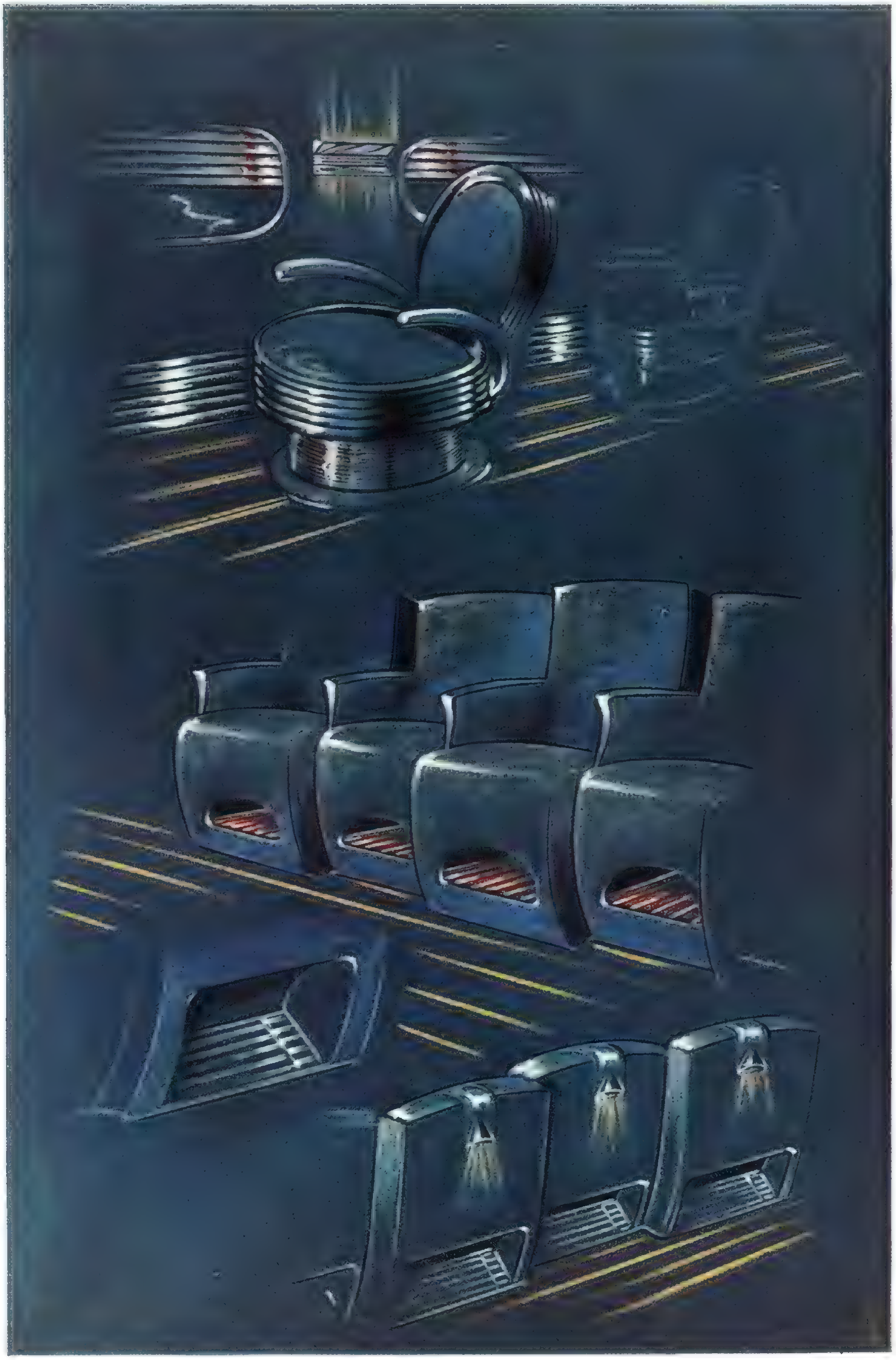
Ruthie goes on to tell of Langston Hughes' *Mulatto*. "Although," says Ruthie (some looker, that gal!), "Mr. Hughes sometimes writes words of glowing sincerity, even exaltation, he misses fire as a playwright by leaving the problem just where he found it." If Hughes misses fire as a playwright according to Ruthie (that gal is some looker!), because he leaves his problem just where he found it, then Galsworthy also misses fire as a playwright in *Strife*, his greatest play, for the same reason; Hauptmann, one of the world's greatest dramatists, is in the same sad class because of his *The Weavers*; Brieux's excellent *Les Hannetons*, which also leaves the problem just where it was in the beginning, is a lousy play; and Gorky is a bum playwright because his overpowering masterpiece, *Night Refuge*, doesn't solve its problem for Ruthie either.

Spreading herself over the Nazimova revival of *Ghosts*, Ruthie (some looker, that gal!), palpitates thusly: "Soaring above even her own immeasurable record, Nazimova here touches greatness; joins the luminous tradition of Duse and Mrs. Fiske." Mrs. Fiske, Ruthie? The luminous tradition of Mrs. Fiske, Ruthie? If you ever saw her in *Ghosts* or if you ever read what was written of her performance in *Ghosts* you should know, Ruthie, that every critic of that day who had any slightest knowledge of the play or any slightest knowledge of acting allowed that Mrs. Fiske was pretty damned bad as Mrs. Alving. About the only ones who came to her defense were her boy-friend, Alex Woollcott (who at the time was writing a book about her telling the world that she was the greatest actress who had ever been born into it), her niece, Merle Maddern, her husband, Harrison Grey Fiske, and a cousin from Milwaukee named Mrs. Bessie Wandelbauer. I know what I'm a-telling you, Ruthie (some looker, you!) because I was one of the press-agents of the attraction

*Continued in center of page 142*


Howard Baer

*"He locked the door, took off his coat, and turned off the light, so I thought I better be on my guard"*



# DESIGNS FOR COMFORT BY ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY

The drawing at the top of the page presents the interior view of a streamlined train. The chair has a heavy cylindrical base, giving the appearance of substance but not—thanks to its concentric lines—of bulkiness. The back may be tilted and the arm rests are comfortably curved. At the rounded windows are venetian blinds, made of rubber to deaden the sound. Two deflectors between the windows control, by means of a switch, direct lighting toward the floor and indirect lighting toward the ceiling. At the bottom of the page are suggestions for seating arrangements in movie or legitimate theatres. Every other seat is staggered, obviating disputes over arm rests. Increased foot room is provided by the backward curve toward the bottom of each seat and by a recess at the back of the preceding seat, which contains a light for finding lost articles. The openings at the bottom provide hat compartments.

# The Tale of Three Cities

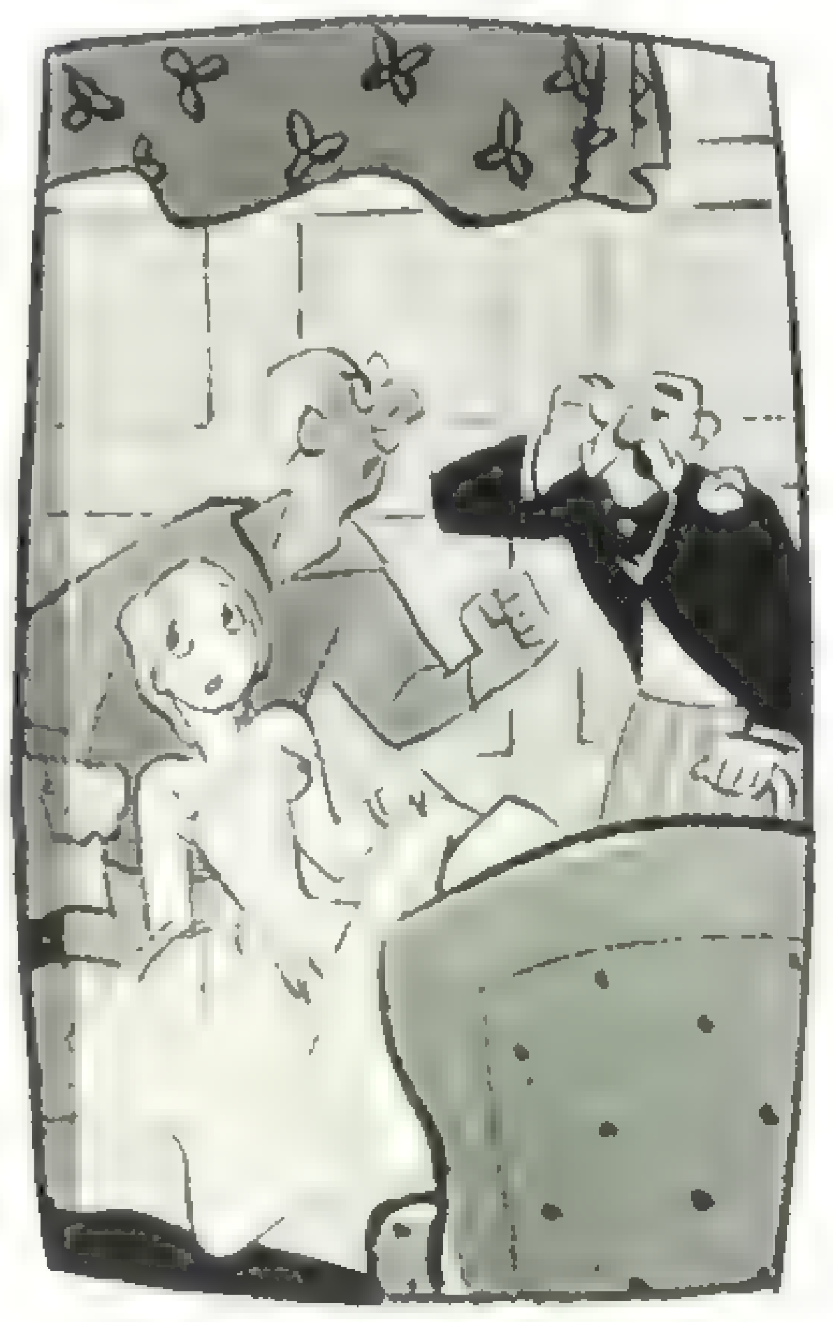
### A triple play upon the Paris, New York, and London angles of the good old eternal triangle

### by JED KILEY

SATIRE

*No. 1—LONDON ANGLE*

Sir Charles Harelip, of Harelip Manor, Sussex, Sixth Earl in the line and direct descendant of the First Lord Soxless, Master of the Royal Bedchamber of Henry VIII, surprises Lady Harelip, his young and beautiful wife, in the arms of Captain, The Honourable "Tommy" Saint Gigolo, W.C., R.F.D. 26, his trusted friend of public school days, in the boudoir of Her Ladyship at the family seat.



Sir Charles (*polishing his monocle reflectively*): I say, old bean, really, isn't this pulling it a bit thick? It isn't cricket you know. After all, public school together and all that sort of sentimental rot should count for something, shouldn't it? I mean, Tommy old boy, we Harelips have a silly legend about our women . . . of course you will explain.

The Captain swings his stockinged feet slowly to the floor and lights a gold-tipped cigarette before replying.

Captain St. Gigolo, Really Sir Charles (*deliberately neglecting to call his old friend by his nickname of "Tubby"*), I was quite unaware that you possessed such extraordinary histrionic talents . . . but anxious as I am to applaud your excellent rendition of the role of "The Injured Husband" in the rather stupid scene you are now making, I fear that good taste dictates that I draw your attention to the fact that Her Ladyship is present. Needless for me to state, gentlemen do not quarrel in the presence of ladies.

Sir Charles: But confound it, man—

Lady Harelip (*arching her eyebrows*): Charles! . . . Please!

Sir Charles (*bowing*): Sorry.

Captain St. Gigolo (*blowing well formed smoke rings and addressing his remarks to the smoke rings*): As I was saying when you so rudely interrupted me. . . . Had you remembered your breeding and rapped on the door before entering perhaps you would have spared yourself what you seem to consider a painful sight. . . . (*brusquely dropping his cigarette on the floor and starting to stamp on it and then remembering his stockinged feet*) . . . However, we'll not discuss that in the presence of Her Ladyship. If you will be so kind as to pass me my boots and my cravat I shall be only too glad to join you in an hour at the club and render such explanations as your honour may demand.

Sir Charles pushes the shoes over to the Captain and picks up the latter's tie. He adjusts his monocle and surveys the tie with a pained expression on his aristocratic features.

Sir Charles (*passing the tie at arm's length to the Captain and betraying slight amusement*): My what wretched taste.

Captain St. Gigolo (*visibly touched for the first time and controlling himself with difficulty*): Suppose we leave my haberdashery out of this?

Sir Charles (*visibly elated at his successful thrust*): Very well, sir. . . . In an hour at the club (*he goes out*).

Lady Harelip (*replacing her arm about the Captain's neck*): Darling, you were magnificent.

Captain St. Gigolo (*assuming the same expression he wore that day in shell-torn Flanders when they pinned the W. C. on him*) . . . It was nothing.

As they assume their former position a well bred knock is heard on the door which goes unheeded.

Sir Charles (*through the door*): Allow me to remind you, my dear, that we are dining tonight at the Rumsy-Rolands (*pausing slightly and adding*) . . . Dressed. CURTAIN

*No. 2—PARIS ANGLE*

Monsieur le Comte, Henri de Fromage, de Camembert de Roquefort, surprises Madame la Comtesse, his young and beautiful wife, in the arms of his trusted friend and comrade of war time days, M. le Captaine René L'Amour, Croix de Guerre, Legion D'Honneur, in the boudoir of Madame la Comtesse at the ancestral chateau.

M. Le Comte (*gesticulating wildly*) *Nom d'un chien*, in my own home, I teach you faithless ones how a De Fromage avenges his honor.

M. la Comte reaches into his vest pocket and withdraws a tiny revolver and commences shooting wildly. The first pellet strikes the Louis XV chandelier, sending a shower of crystal over the divan-lit; the second hits a picture of the Count hanging on the wall and the third smashes the mirror of the Directoire dressing table. At the last shot Madame sits up and places her champagne glass angrily on the table-de-nuit.

Madame La Comtesse: Henri! Henri! Will you be careful? Look already you have brought us the bad luck for seven years. And besides you may by accident put a hole in the beautiful pajamas which were made for you by your mistress . . . do you not see that René wears them . . . idiot?

At the mention of the pajamas M. Le Comte ceases firing and drops the smoking little revolver to the floor. He stares at René who has not changed his position until now.

M. Le Comte (*making a clucking sound with his lips*): Look at him . . . he takes my best pajamas . . . and he won't even sit up while I am talking . . . (*downing René's glass of champagne he asks sternly*): And, Madame, what have you to say?

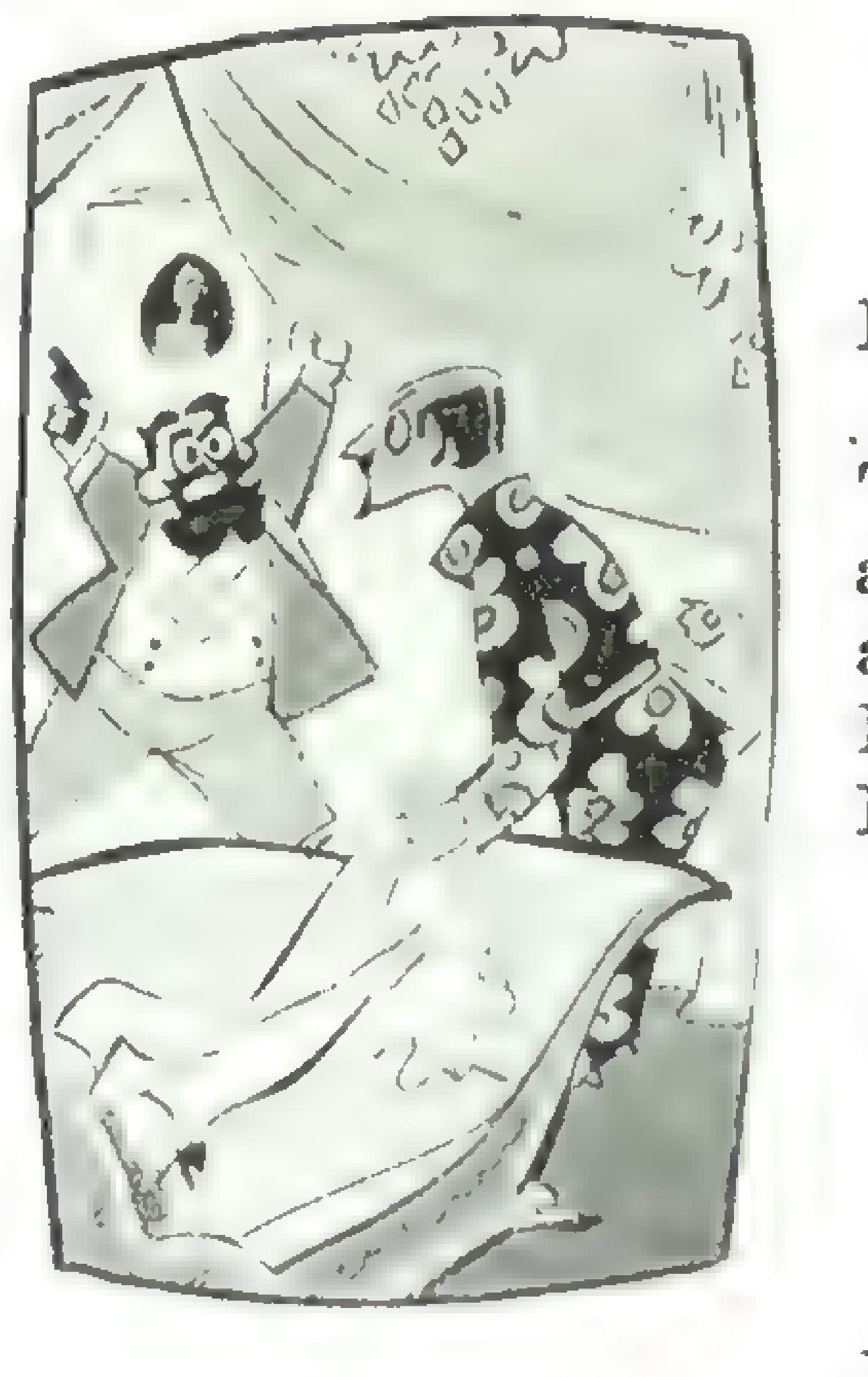
Madame (*taking his hand and drawing him over to her*): *Ecoute cheri*, what would you? René and I are what you call the platonic friend . . . besides I was so lonesome . . . It is Saturday night and I thought you were staying out as usual with Suzanne.

René (*springing up to a sitting position*): Suzanne! So that is the way the wind blows. . . My Suzanne who says she goes to her mother on Saturdays . . . (*gesticulating wildly*) . . . and she makes you pajamas . . . Look—see what I think of them.

He rips the pajamas off and tears them to shreds. M. Le Comte shrugs his shoulders and smiles at his friend's anger.

Madame (*to her husband*): See, *cheri*, you are already even up with René . . . come lie down . . . you look so tired my little cabbage (*she draws him down beside her on the divan-lit. René is on her other side.*)

René (*angrily throws the balled up roll of pajamas on the floor*): And, Madame, is it necessary that you should be so solicitous for the comfort of one who but a moment ago sought my life?



M. Le Comte (*musingly*): Even up . . . even up.

There is a rap at the door and at Madame's "Entrez" a maid enters.

Maid: Did Madame ring?

Madame: Yes, Marie, coffee and toast for M. Le Comte and myself at ten o'clock and (*turning to René*): What do you take cheri for the *petit dejeuner?*

René (*turning his face to the wall*): Chocolate.

As maid leaves M. Le Comte sits up and claps his hands happily.

M. Le Comte: She knows not what he takes for *petit dejeuner* . . . *voila* . . . it is the first time . . . it is the first time . . . and I? . . .

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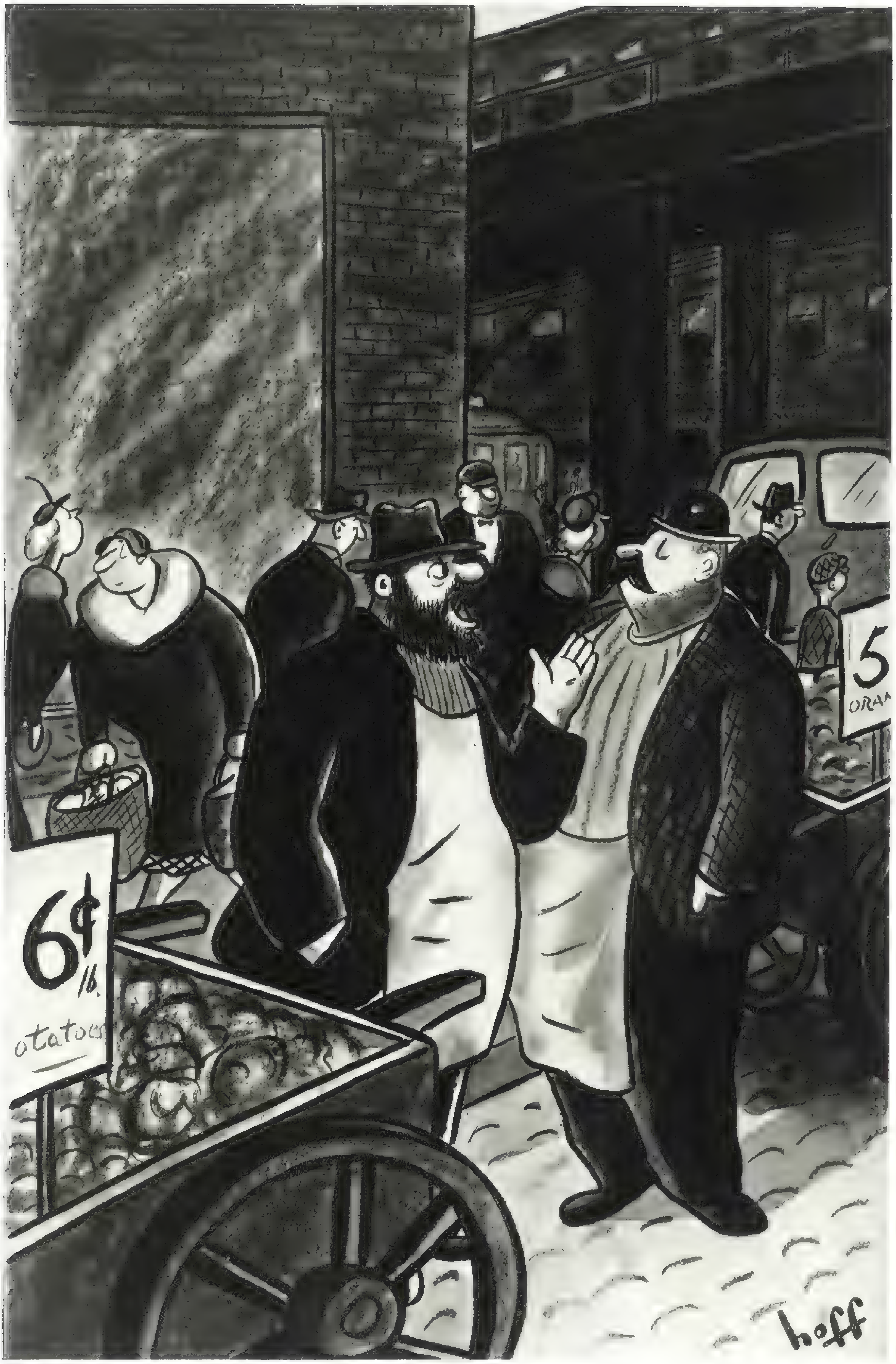
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*"My daughter's getting married and I'm opening a branch for her husband on Fifth Street"*

# Why Not Try Chestnut Trees?

### A few nips and you know why Europeans never seem to worry about what to do with leisure

### by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

• POTABLES •

"I THINK the main trouble with the Americans," said the Prince, "is that they will never learn leisure. How can you ever enjoy life if you won't take time to find out what it is about."

I was reaching out for the decanter that stood beside me, but I drew my hand back. Perhaps I was drinking too rapidly.

"Don't you care for the Malaga? I thought it was one of your favorite drinks," the Prince got up to ring for a slippered servant.

I waved him down, took a full glass and assured him that it was. I also thanked him for remembering it. But that was like the Prince, like his house and like this fabulous city. It had been six years since I had last seen him and probably eight since he had served me Malaga. I felt a little ashamed about that Malaga, or rather the amount of it. I asked the Prince if he perhaps, was remembering how much of it I had consumed on that occasion. If he had, he was too decent to say so and assured me that he had remembered as a matter of course. I weighed that for a time, hoping it was true. After all, the Prince, who was in an entirely different sort of racket, could remember the name of every show on Broadway for the decade past, its authors, producers and like as not, its weekly grosses.

The Prince at that time had been Minister from his country to Washington. It was a June day and the capital was at its sleepy best. That is, there was no politics and no Congress. Just tennis followed by tea—and Malaga. The others took tea. I had been talking to a famous psychiatrist most of that morning and information about neuroses, psychoses, complexes and good old topic A—sex—rolled off my tongue as rapidly as the Malaga rolled in. It was my first encounter with the fires of Spain and to a boy raised on grape juice, this foreign version of it, was something to make a Methodist forget himself. I think, too, that I was overawed by the man in knee breeches, who seemed to keep the carafe full. People came in from time to time, Ambassadors, under-secretaries, legation aides, but they didn't get much chance. Not with me and my Malaga.

Next morning, there was a full pitcher of orange juice on my tray—and a decanter of Malaga. But I didn't touch the stuff—until noon. I stayed on for a week or so, I recall now, although I had been invited for a week-end, and the flunkey never left my side except to put on a fresh pair of hose. Shortly thereafter the Prince was recalled. Somehow I always blamed myself for that. I must have said something to those attachés. But I have been assured that the Princess, who was a firebrand in her own right, wouldn't give up writing caustic pieces about the gentleman who was renting the White House at that time. I'm no more of a cad than any man, but I hope that's true.

So now the Prince was Ambassador to another country and being Ambassador to X spent all of his time in Paris. I wondered somewhat at that, but the Prince explained that the day of the Ambassador was over—Wilson and the open covenants had killed all that. Secret treaties couldn't bloom as long as there were free newspapers and so really there was no need for Ambassadors to make them. Now and then he jumped down to X to have dinner with the King but as a rule his stooges could run the office for him. Thus he could spend most of his time in Paris, where even the Continental hopes to go when he dies.

The Prince's house was a product of leisure. It had been built in the Sixteenth Century by men who loved the work they were doing. In some dim way they must have known that the stones they so carefully laid one on top of another would not be torn down in a few years for a 5 and 10 cent store. It was placed on the end of a little isle which cut the Seine like the prow of a ship and from the drawing rooms you could see the little boats and barges moseying up and down the two channels. The men who fashioned the iron railings and who figured the curve of the stair almost must have had a leisure to produce for the general esthetic effect rather than the five o'clock whistle. There must have been leisure too, in the mind of the peasant who planted the poplars along the quai in a semi-circle around the front of the house, sentinels against the winds of the Seine.

The pictures on the walls of the drawing room were also a product of a civilization grounded in leisure. There were paintings by Cezanne, Degas, Monet, Gauguin and sculptures by Despiau and Maillol. The Prince had bought them in his student days for a few hundred francs from artists who knew that time would adjust all things. And time had. The Prince had made one mistake, trading off a Gauguin for a hundred dollar poker debt instead of asking the Queen for the amount. Sadly he read the other day that the same Gauguin had fetched $25,000 in a Glasgow sale. So we talked about art and difficulty of producing it when everything is on the installment plan, or else—the sheriff and the disposses.

But of all American phenomena the Prince had observed, he was most interested in the psychology of the noble experiment. He had served in America for eight years so knew a great deal about the Puritan complex and the desire of the average native to run the other fellow's life, liberty and pursuit of happiness. But he did not know to what depths the disease had reached in one stage of our so-called civilization.

So I told him about the days of my youth when some sharp-nosed, aenemic past-the-age-of-hope virgin would come to the public school and give us a talk on the evils of the demon rum. Our Fourth Reader also had stories with morals about liquor and its inevitable, dastardly results. (By what right or law I do not know.) After school, we would all be assembled on the green under the cottonwood trees and be made to sign the pledge. Even Bill Bryer, whose father was supposed to run a joint below the tracks, would sign. And this pledge was that as long as we lived, if we hoped to go to Heaven, we would never let a drop of liquor pass our lips. Then we would be presented with a button to wear in our coat lapel, which read: "Tremble King Alcohol, We Shall Grow Up." And when we young snoots did grow up, we did just about what any person would do with that early behavioristic pattern.

"Well" said the Prince, "I hope you have enough sense to take enough leisure to teach the coming generation the sensible thing about drinking, among other things."

We moved on from the Malaga to a plum brandy that came from the Prince's summer home. I've tasted slivovitz and I've downed many a glass of prunelle but don't tell me about that until you've tasted plum brandy. We walked out as the setting sun was tinting the towers of Notre Dame in faded rose. We strolled along the quai until we came to the first bridge, still talking about the art of living and the business of rushing some place—where, neither of us knew unless it was the

Continued in center of page 196

# Sleepless Night

### A lesson in bedtime etiquette for those to whom chivalry is on a par with rigor mortis

### by JOSEPH KESSEL

• FICTION •

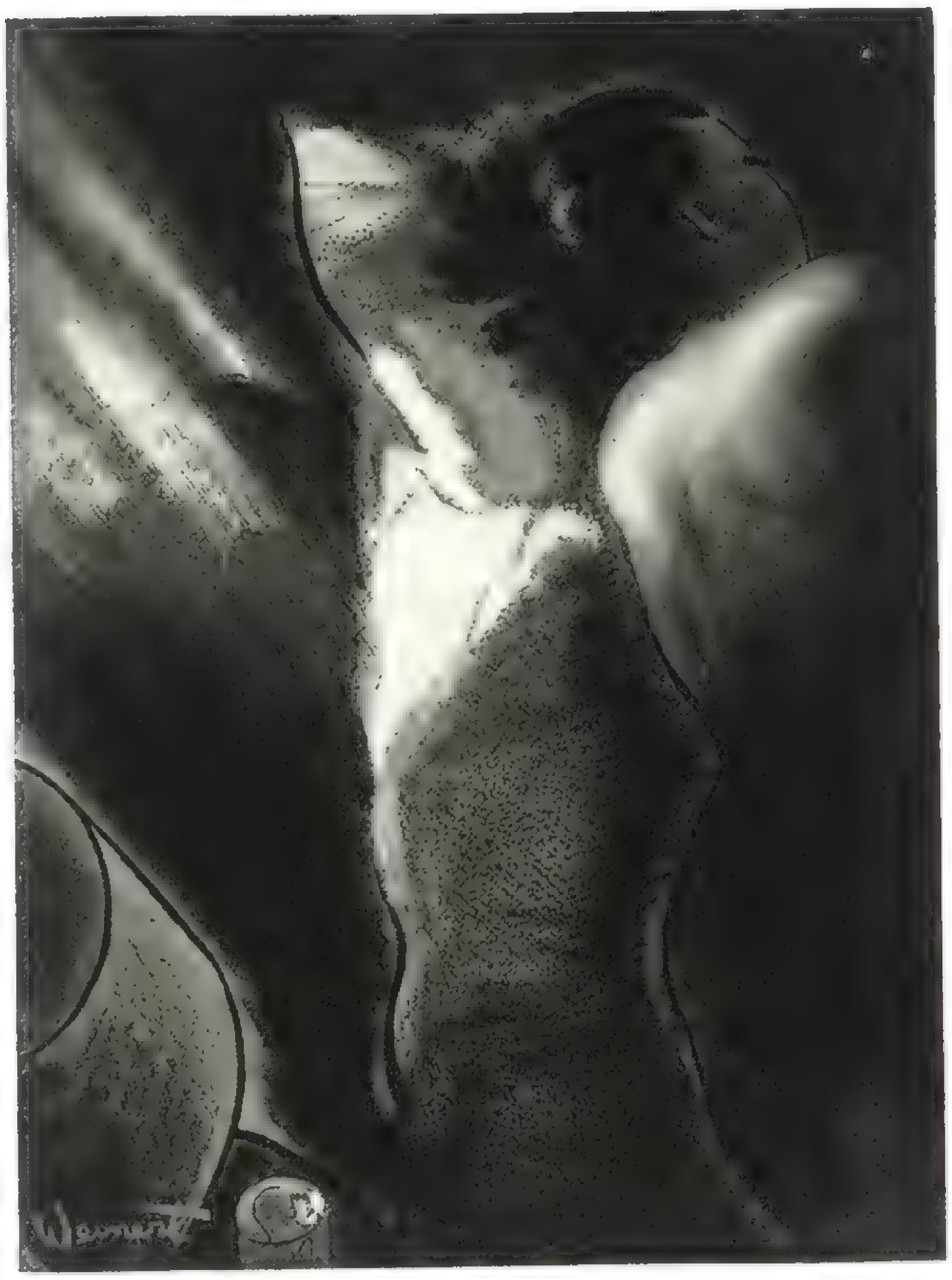
She slept, her body slightly curved as if still stretched toward him. The head, hair loosened and free, rested upon his arm; the neck, tender and moist, was near his shoulder. The window had been opened wide upon the countryside, and the summer night mingled voluptuous perfumes, songs and soft wailing notes as in a crucible.

Closing his eyes, the better to enjoy the sweetness of his rest, the young man thought that the fields must yield a throbbing freshness, that the nearby river uncoiled golden scales in the moonlight, and that the earth echoed to the rhythmic rolling of carts upon the roads, to the strident melody of crickets, through the prolonged whispering that night brings to the darkened spaces.

His lips opened in a passionate inhalation of the fluid, deep life that flooded the room; his chest swelled as if to absorb even more happiness.

This made him feel the slight weight of the head on his arm, and the presence of the young woman he had forgotten in his reverie grew dearer to him. He tried to distinguish the features of her face, but the darkness covered them like a thick veil and granted her beauty the glamor of a secret.

She rested motionless and it seemed to the young man that her light breath, the faint perfume rising from her hair, the dimly luminous outline of her slim body, entered into the design; the harmony of this night was its essence, refined and alive. He felt a renewed surge of love and softly bent to kiss the white forehead.



But that movement had disturbed his sensation of rapture, and when his head dropped back on the pillow, he could not find again the position suited to the physical ecstasy he had just known. His arm, pinned down by its charming burden, rendered his effort to recover what he had lost difficult.

He smiled tenderly as he thought that this light awkwardness preserved the sleeping girl's childlike rest.

He caressed the round shoulder, the slim, firm arm slowly, seeking with this gesture to find again his voluptuous peace, but uneasiness marred the perfection of his happiness. That came from a twist of his neck caused by the rigidity of his arm. He tried to free himself.

And the head of the young woman grew heavier; he understood that should he persist, he would awaken her. An expression of annoyance tightened his lips, so swift, so slight, that he was not aware of it, and he sought to resume his charming thoughts.

Nevertheless, the consciousness of his uneasiness did not allow him peace of mind. Despite all his efforts, he thought of it constantly, so that, instead of the joy he expected, increasing nervousness filled him with a restless vibration.

His free hand creased the sheet, and he shifted his head without finding a spot which calmed his irritation.

Then, when he felt as if sharp points were prickling along his arm, he attempted to free it again, but in vain. He felt a harsh, sulky fatigue. All his pleasure had melted, become bitter boredom.

He thought that his relations with the young woman did not have all the charm he had hoped. He recalled the exaggerated precautions she insisted upon, how exacting she was, how little she considered his pleasure or his obligations. Weary of agitating these mirthless thoughts, he sought sleep, but sleep would not come and the burden on his arm became heavier, each minute grew more painful.

Time passed, and the eyes of the young man ached with insomnia, his elbow was so stiff and painful that it seemed as if it could never resume its normal play. Thoughts that escaped his control drifted in his mind, vague and dull, like heavy carts creeping along a broken road in the twilight; pleasure was a vain thing, no sooner tasted than spoiled. Women, with their ill-timed joys and superficial sadness, never kept the promises given by their eyes. Even the rapture they yielded was transitory; after a while, it had a taste of corruption and death.

And as his shoulder was tortured, all that was resumed in a single, precise, feverish obsession:

"Won't she ever wake up?"

Meanwhile, the darkness was suffused with milky and nacreous lights, dawn was coming. He felt it with the cooler shiver of the air blowing through the room. He brought the sheet up to cover the young woman in a mechanical gesture, a gesture without a trace of tenderness, as if performing a duty.

The young man felt his arm as if detached from him, disarticulated, living an independent existence, with which he was connected only by pain.

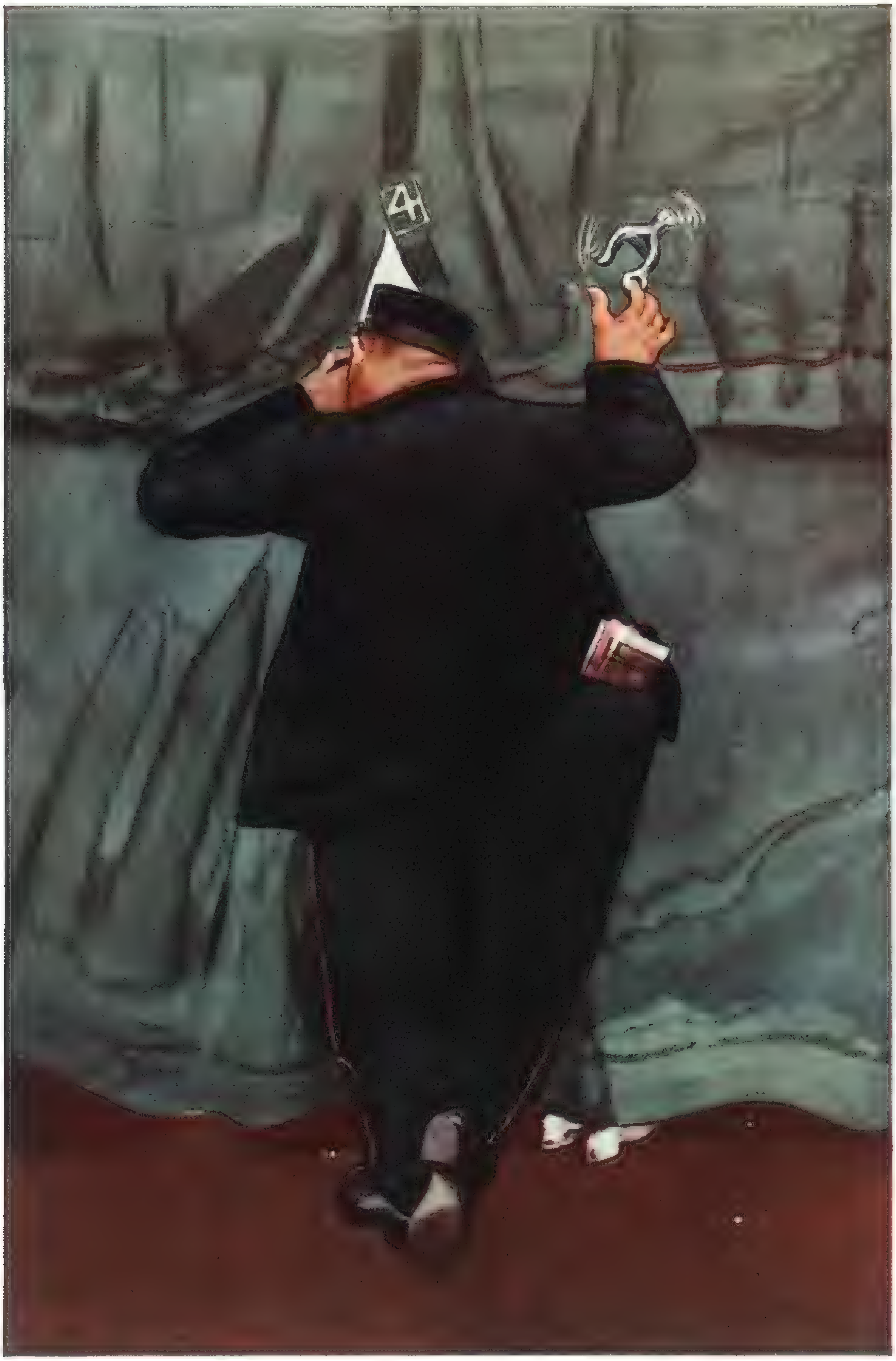
She slept on.

Because of the warped thoughts of the sleepless night, the young woman now seemed a monstrous burden, of which he must rid himself, at all costs, by any means, when day broke. He listened to her regular breathing with increasing exasperation, with a rage in which there was the evil relish of suffering and some cruelty.

Slowly, a rose fog screened the window, and the first shafts of sunlight, quivering gold, struck the pillow. The young woman opened her lips gently, her lids fluttered, and she sighed in a rapturous voice:

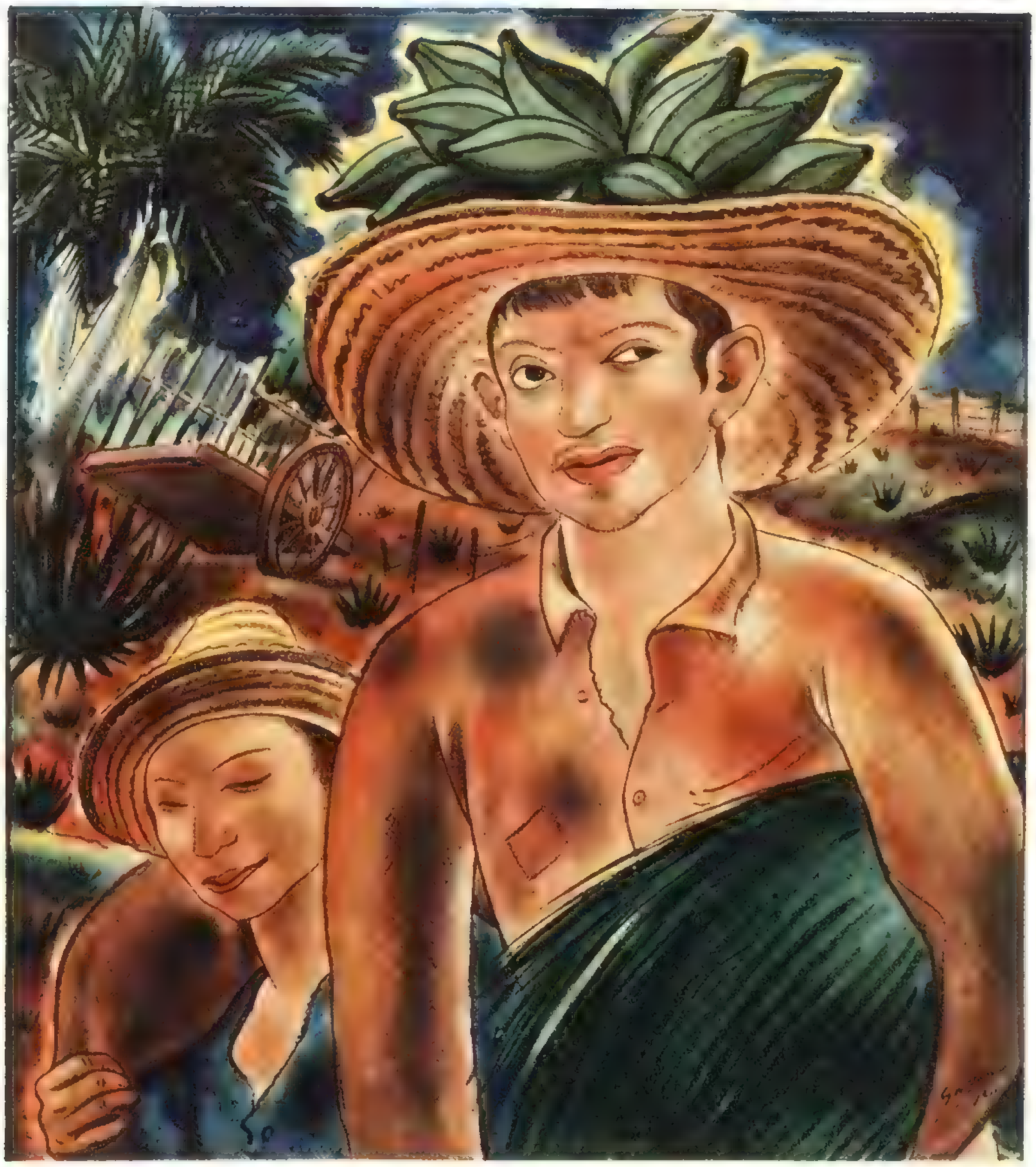
"Oh, how well I slept."

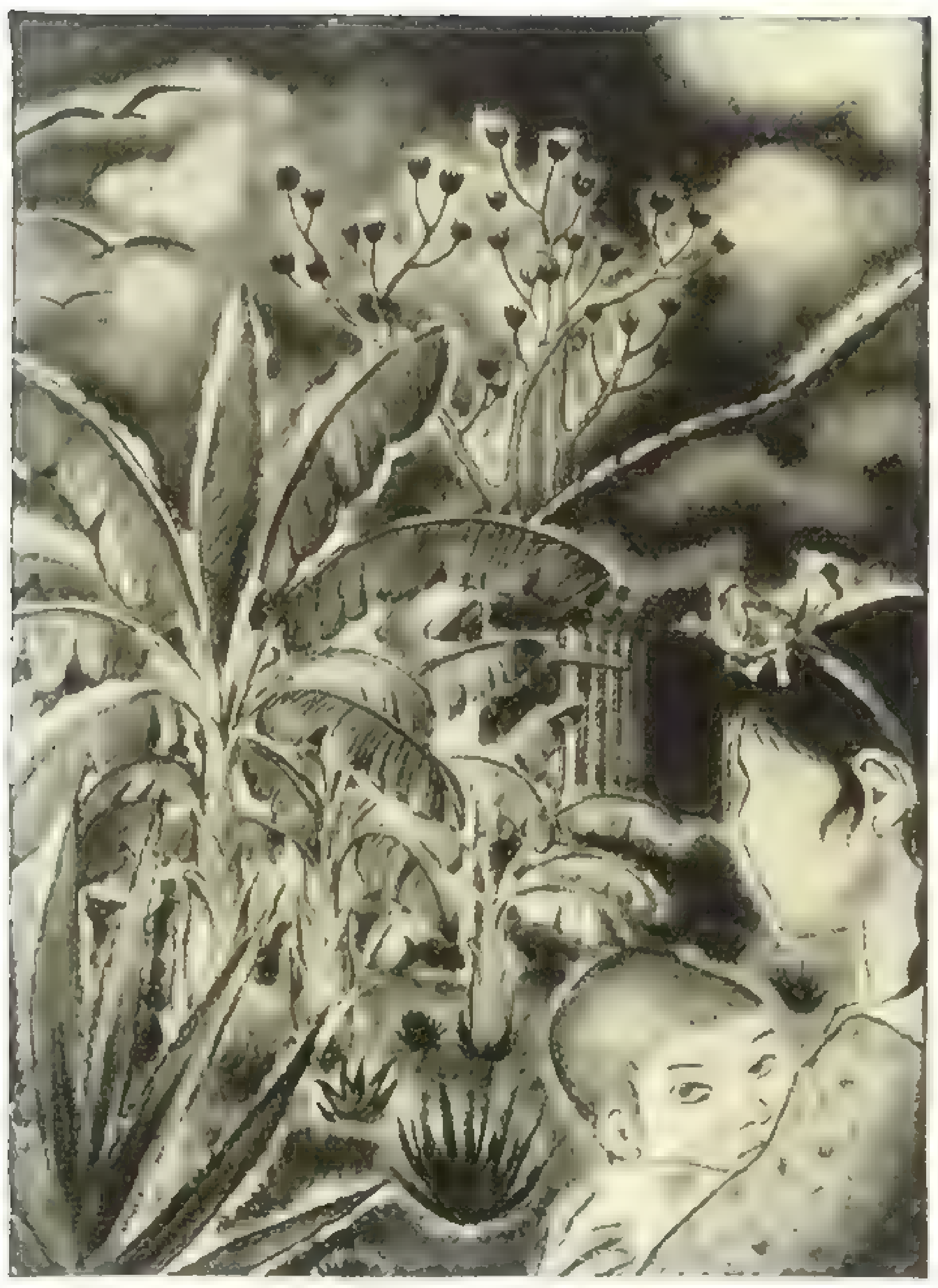
In the glance of her husband, she could not read the hatred he felt toward her.



*"Yes ma'am, I'm the conductor—but you can call me Al"*

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Six Gattornos are in the current 15th International Water Color Exhibition of the Chicago Art Institute where they will be on view until May 10th. One of them has been awarded the Watson F. Blair prize. The eight water-colors shown here were reproduced through the courtesy of the artist and his agent, Georgette Passedoit, at whose gallery of modern art at 22 East 60th Street, N. Y. C., these and other representative examples of Gattorno's work are permanently on display and sale.*

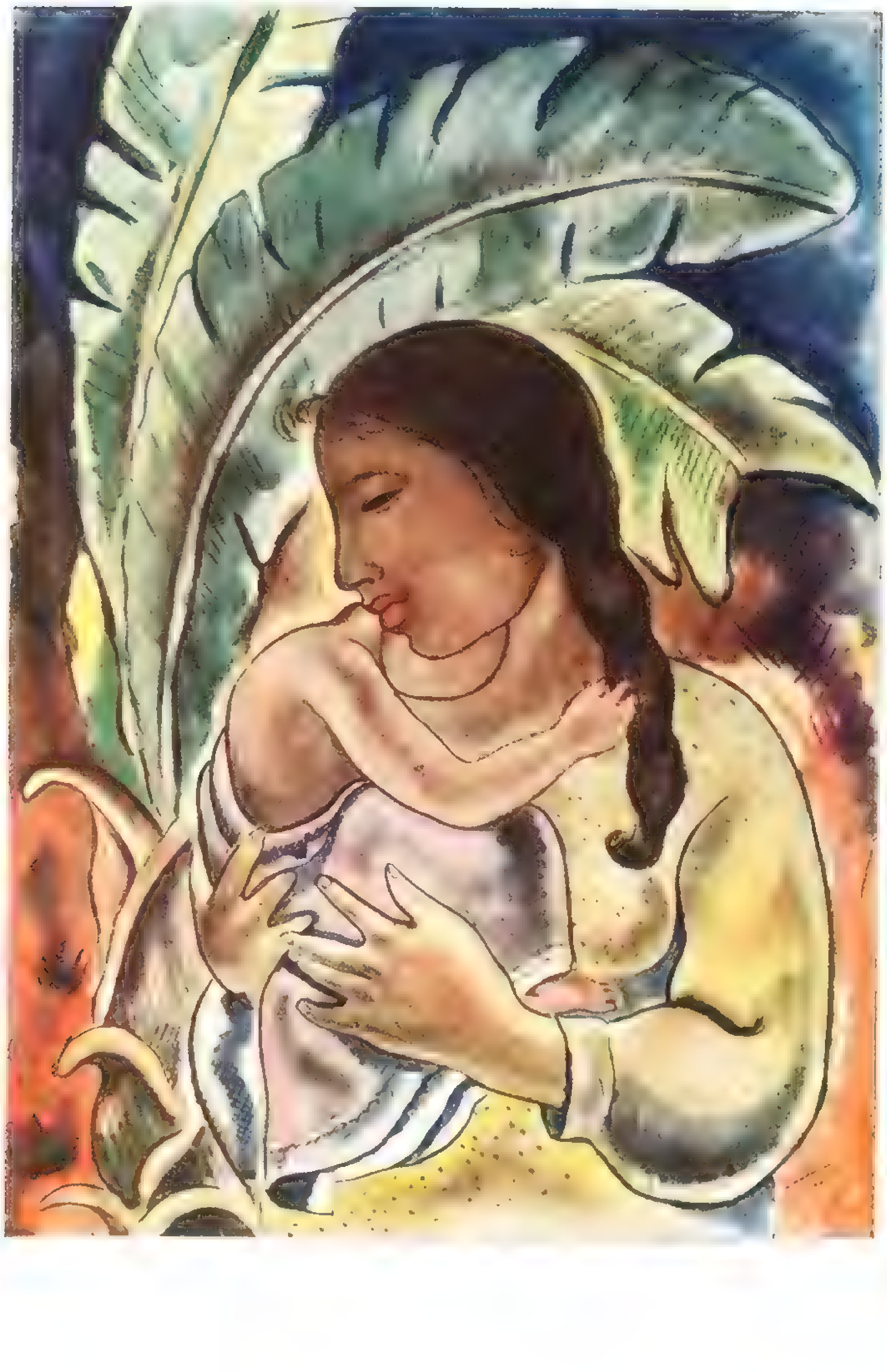


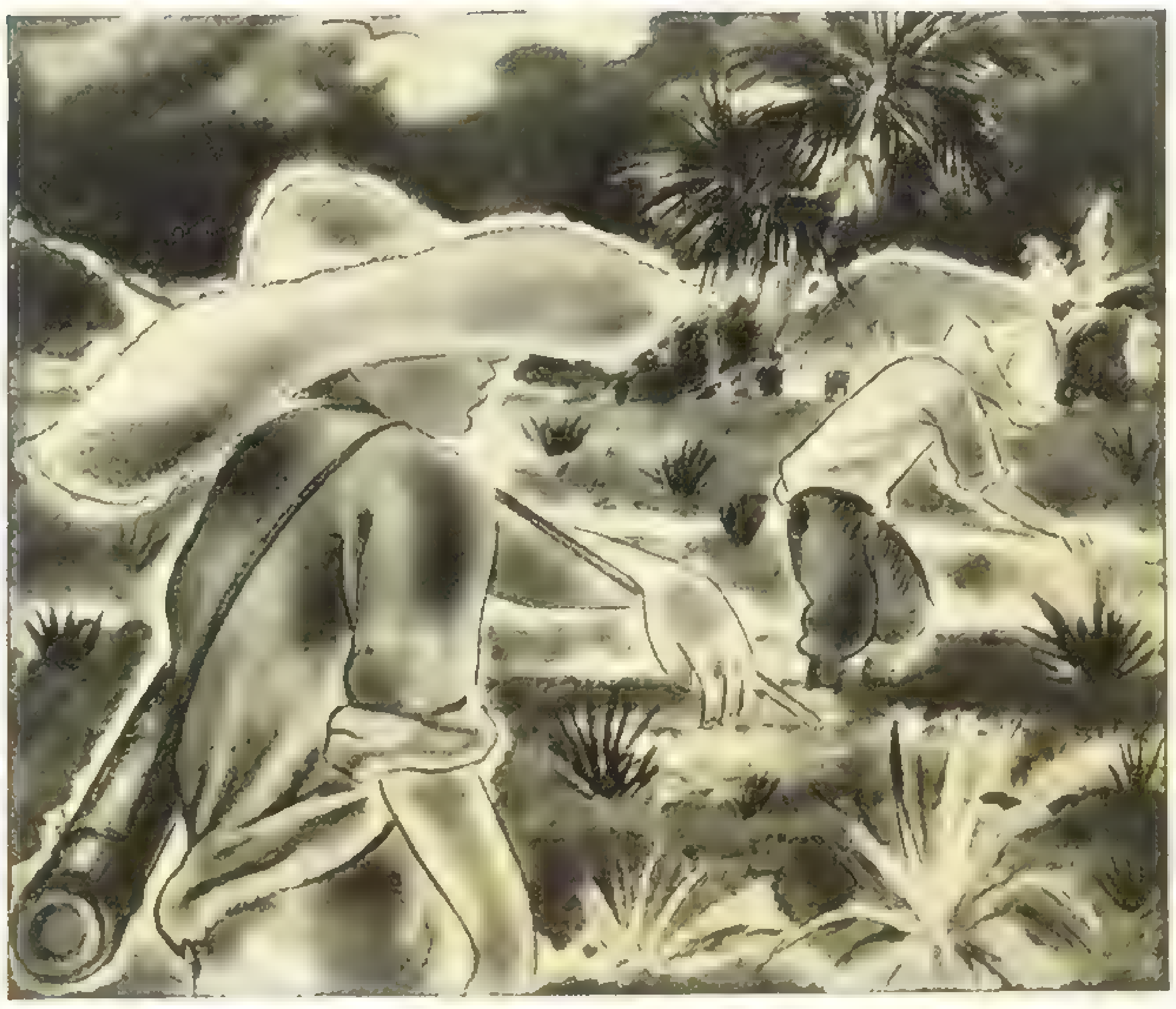


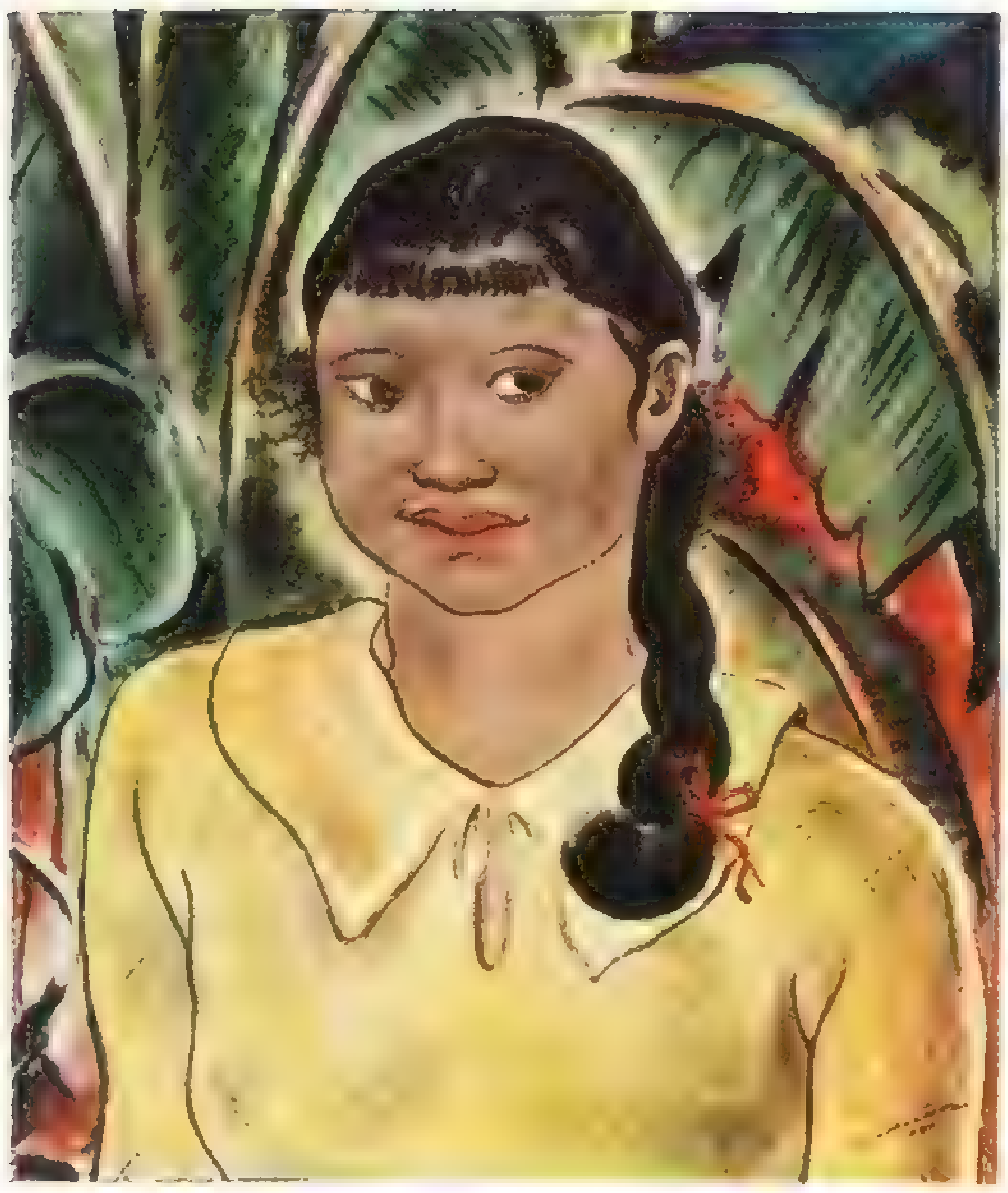
# The Poor Whites of Cuba

## by JOHN DOS PASSOS

If you have been looking at Gattorno's paintings you see them as soon as you leave the suburbs of Havana. He seems to have painted them all. You see the men and boys with pale earth colored faces riding their chunky ponies or working in the fields under their broad straw hats or plowing the heavy land with oxen, or scattered, with their machetes in their hands, among the tall white stalks of the royal palms and the ragged intense green of banana patches and the shining cane-fields. You see the bare footed frailly built women standing in the doors of their palm-thatched huts that have bare earth floors and walls of white-washed boards or interwoven palm fibre, and the rickety children and the chickens and the goats and the black pigs dotted over the rolling dry hills under the circling buzzards and the high piled Gulfstream clouds. And always a look of poverty, a certain malarial refinement and sadness and isolation of a transplanted race. They are the *guajiros*, the poor whites of Cuba, and Gattorno has put them on paper and canvas so well that once you have seen his paintings you continue to see the *guajiros* through his eyes.







## Gattorno: Program Note

### *by* ERNEST HEMINGWAY

GATTORNO is a Cuban painter who is also a painter for the world. He was fortunate to be born in Cuba so that he could leave it and having left it he had the good sense to return to it to paint. Now it is time for him to leave it again but he will always return it to wherever he is painting.

When he first went to Europe he was sixteen years old and had already won a scholarship from the Academy of Painting of San Alejandro de la Habana. He must have been a very strange wonder-child then, because he is now at thirty-one the youngest person that I know although there is no youth in his painting. Neither is there any age. There is simply good painting which, when it is good enough, is always ageless. But it can be more important if the painter knows the painting that is behind all good painting and the line of descent that all good painting has followed. Gattorno had the luck to go to Italy as a barbarian at a time in his life when the primitives seemed to be painted by his contemporaries. He had never met any contemporaries of his own and in Italy he saw good painting and grew up with it feeling that these were the painters that were his friends and that he could call them all *tu* and *toi*. It was a strange thing that they had all been dead for many centuries but that is the way it is in painting when you are born to be a good painter.

He went to Spain but people have, always, to take a choice between Italy and Spain and since he had gone first to Italy and because he is tormented by loyalties he could not abandon Italy, so he did not get much from Spain. Then, too, Spain was shocking to him. Spain is an open wound on the right arm that cannot heal because the dust gets in it, while Cuba is a beautiful ulcer somewhere else. Of course, too, he could not speak Spanish. He speaks Cuban. And Cubans do not like Spaniards, while everyone when they are sixteen like Italians. But he found Galicia very sad. He is quite proud of this because it makes him feel like an intellectual and like all people who are not

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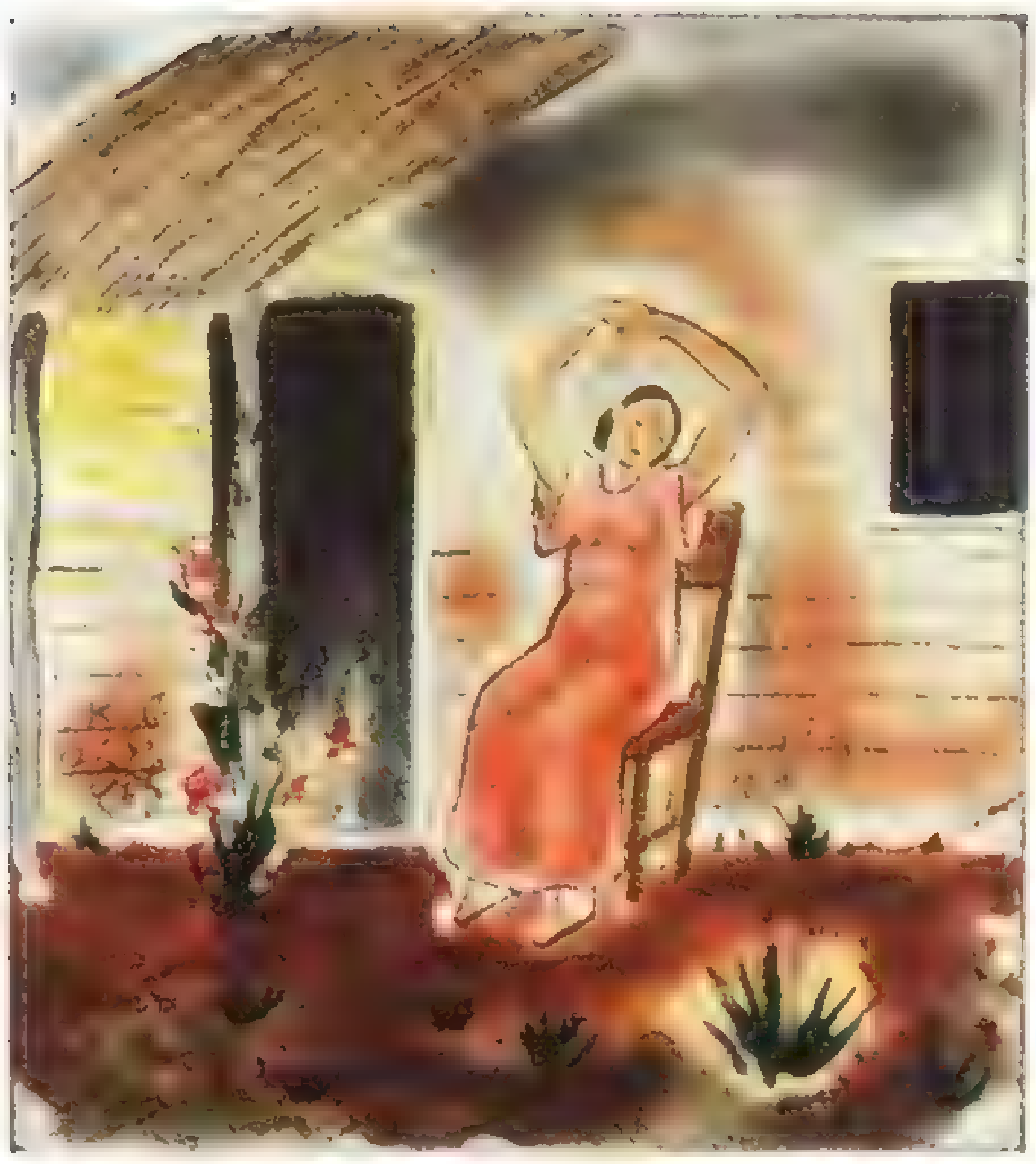
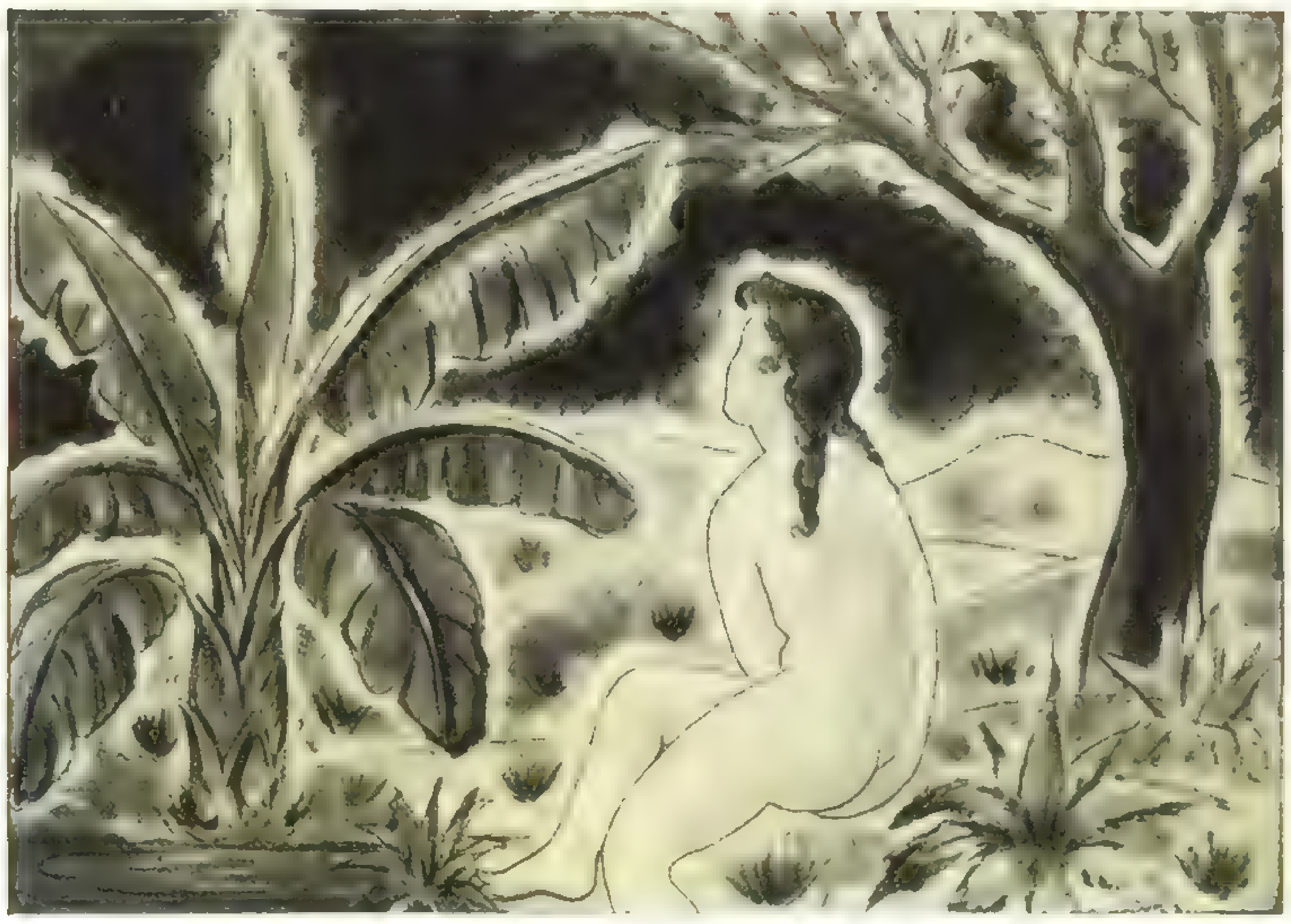
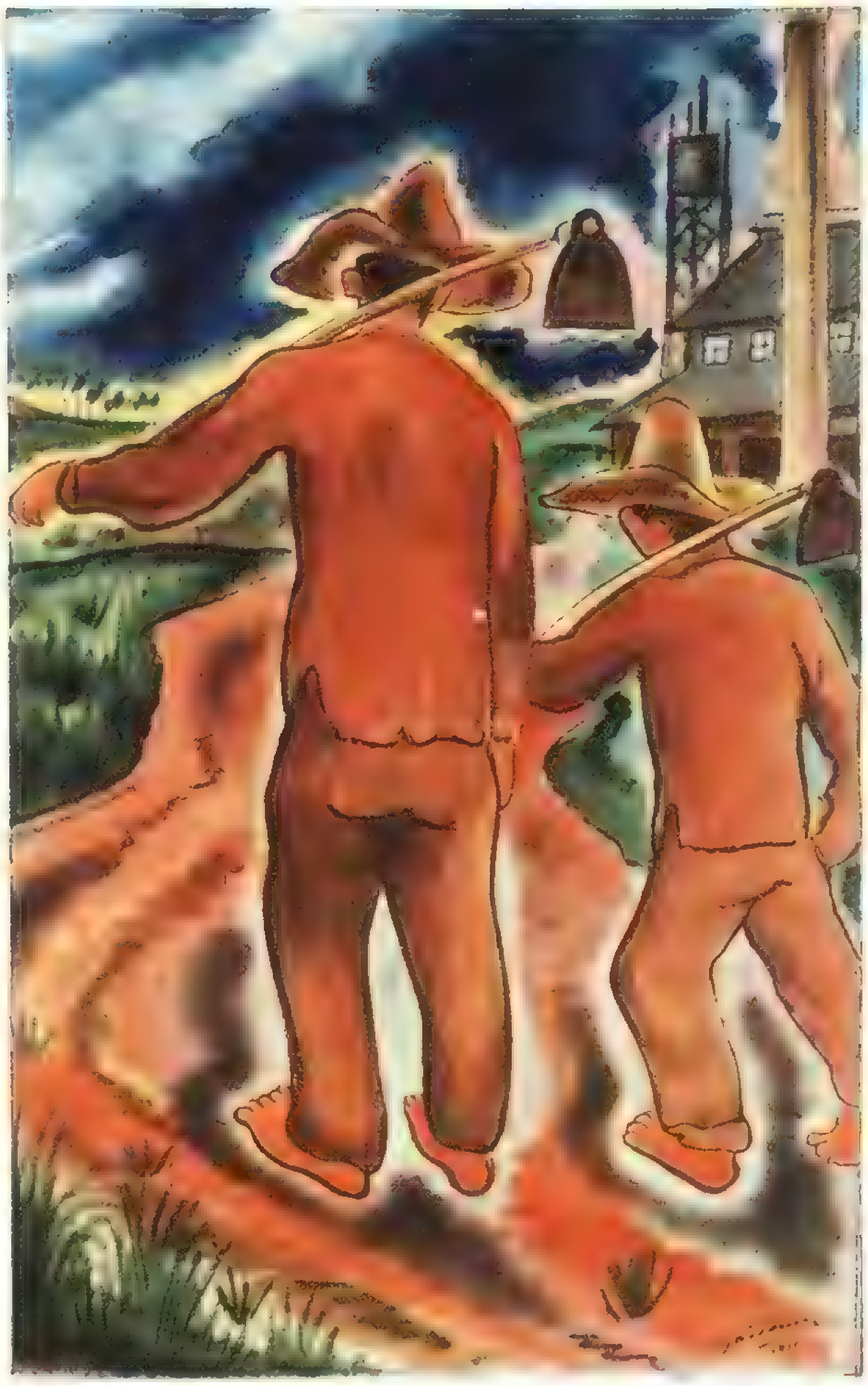
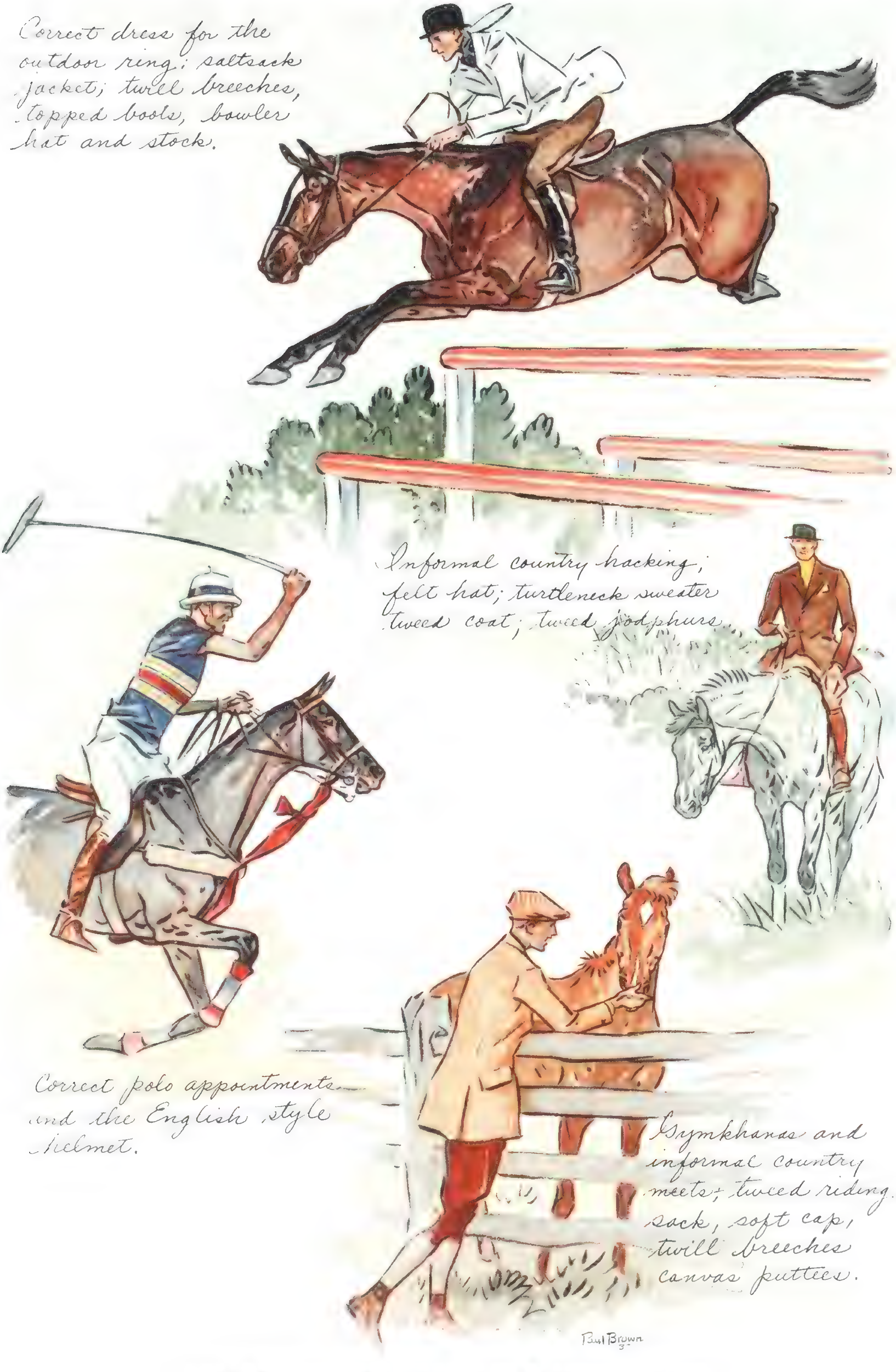








Correct dress for the outdoor ring; saltsack jacket; twill breeches, topped boots, bowler hat and stock.

Informal country hacking; felt hat; turtleneck sweater tweed coat; tweed jodphurs

Correct polo appointments and the English style helmet.

Gymkhanas and informal country meets; tweed riding sack, soft cap, twill breeches canvas puttees.

CONCERNING CORRECTNESS IN RIDING CLOTHES

# Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

### Two noted writers suggest that the lust for money is less of an evil than the lust for power

### by BURTON RASCOE

**• BOOKS •**

A FEW weeks ago Walter Lippmann wrote in his syndicated column:

"Perhaps the most important development in the world today is the passing of the belief that mankind is in the grip of irresistible forces. Three years ago it was the general belief, so general that the few who dared to reject it publicly were regarded as rather soft in the head, that capitalism was doomed and must give way to planned collectivism, that democracy was dead and must give way to a regime of authority, and that another world war was certain. Among the intellectual leaders of the Western world the feeling was overwhelming that the result was determined: those who liked it were confident that fate was with them and those who disliked it felt they were defeated and that fate was against them."

Count this, then, as a score against those Mr. Lippmann considers our "intellectual leaders," among whom, of course, he includes himself. Events since 1934, he points out, do not support the conviction that capitalism is doomed or that dictatorships will prevail or that war is inevitable. Events have disclosed what this department has been arguing all along, which is that there are no inevitabilities and that the moment any one tells you what precisely is going to happen in the future, set him down as a charlatan, no matter how sincere he is or how high and wide his brow. It is a habit of mind I have to examine with an especially critical eye any too readily accepted idea. Especially if it is an assumption, generality or prediction by someone who fancies himself an intellectual leader. For a man who sets himself up as an intellectual leader has given himself a tough assignment. He has to have ideas which sound all right and they have just enough novelty and plausibility to catch on and to be repeated; that is, they have to be easy substitutes for thought.

Now, in times of depression there has always been talk of the breakdown of capitalism. There have been six depressions during my lifetime and during each of these the revolution was momentarily expected by intellectual leaders and Socialism was declared to be just around the corner. There was much to give the illusion that these predictions were valid. The depression from which we are emerging, or seem to be emerging, is the worst we have had so far as unemployment figures go; and yet we have had no strikes and other disorders comparable to the labor riots of 1893, 1897, 1903 or 1913—disorders which give the illusion of the imminence of a general revolution. On the other hand, economic reforms previously denounced as Socialistic have come about during each depression; and so, in effect, "revolutions" have been accomplished and "Socialism" has prevailed—but not, precisely, the revolution envisioned by the intellectual leaders nor, precisely, the Socialism dreamed of by them.

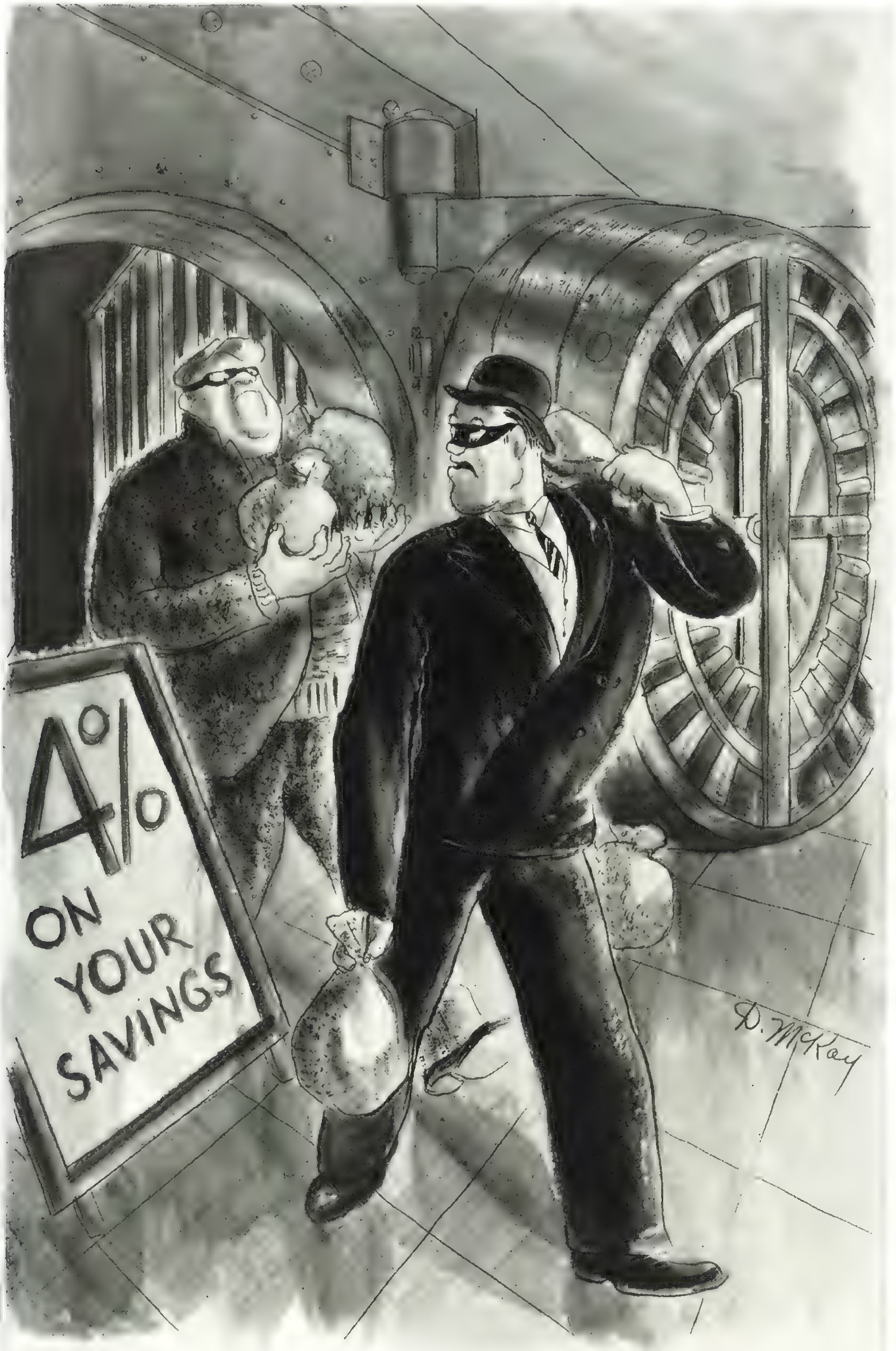
In these pages I have been especially derisive of the assumptions and predictions of such persons as John Strachey, an English upper-class convert to Communism, and of dilletante American Fascists such as Lawrence Dennis and the adherents of the now defunct Neo-Humanist movement with their absurd program for a state religion and a monarchial form of government for this country. I have never argued that at no future time would this country have a king or a dictator or a dictatorship of the proletariat, for no one can tell what turn fate may take. My argument has been solely that neither one of these eventualities is inevitable or desirable, in that, as nations go, we have blundered along fairly well so far under the principles upon which our government was founded and that, so far, our great trouble has been that we have not given these principles a fair chance. We have too frequently allowed specific violations of the guarantees given us under the Bill of Rights; we have seen race prejudice aroused against minorities; we have seen liberty of conscience repeatedly stifled; we have been deprived of elementary guarantees under "emergency" measures; but we have *allowed* these things to happen when it has been within our power, under the form of government we have, to prevent these things from happening. Under a dictatorship, whether of a Hitler, a Mussolini, a Stalin or a proletariat, we should not have that power; and I believe it is the general temper of the people of these United States to keep in mind the fact that they have this power to enforce the guarantees we have under the Bill of Rights even if they do not always exercise it; that they will not too readily give the power up. That there is a general awareness that this power exists is demonstrable, I think, in the readiness with which the electorate votes to "throw the rascals out" if only to put in a new set of rascals, for it keeps politicians aware of the fact that they are beholden to the people for their jobs and that they are functionaries of a government of, by and for the people, in principle if not always in fact.

I am provoked to make these observations after reading *Soviet Communism: A New Civilization?* (Scribner's two volumes, $7.50) by Beatrice and Sidney Webb, and *I Was a Soviet Worker* (Dutton, $3.) by Andrew Smith, and, perhaps, by reading Roy Howard's famous interview with Stalin, in which the Soviet dictator warned both Japan and Germany in highly "undiplomatic" and straightforward language to watch their step and made a statement which, if it was not merely diplomatic, means a new policy and a new plan on the part of the Soviet government. That statement was that Russia would not do anything to promote the spread of Communism in other countries.

If Stalin is telling the truth, this means that Russia withdraws from, and will no longer give aid and comfort to, the Third Internationale. Hitherto the Russian Communists have acted on the assumption that a true form of Socialism could not prevail in Russia until the Communistic revolution had occurred throughout the world. This assumed necessity for a world revolution before the true aims of Communism could be achieved has been used by Communist apologists in Russia and other countries for the activities of the Gay-Pay-Oo, the executions and deportations to Siberia and other regimentative and repressive tyrannies. It would appear now that Russia will attempt to work out its own destiny without interfering with the internal policies of other governments and that they will, on the other hand, brook no interference from other countries.

And that is the general conclusion of the Webbs after a fairly exhaustive survey of Russia under Communism. They point out that it was the fate of Russia to have its religious, political and industrial revolutions all at once instead of separately as these revolutions have occurred in other countries, and that the transformation from feudalism to collectivism was immediate and not gradual, hence making a certain amount of cruelty, suffering and ruthlessness unavoid-

*Continued on page 207*


4%
ON
YOUR
SAVINGS
D. McKay

*"Hmm!—4 percent!—Maybe we oughtta open a account here, Spike!"*

# The Candid Cameraman

### Goldwyn outwits Hays by proving that if two and one make three, then three equals one plus two

### by MEYER LEVIN

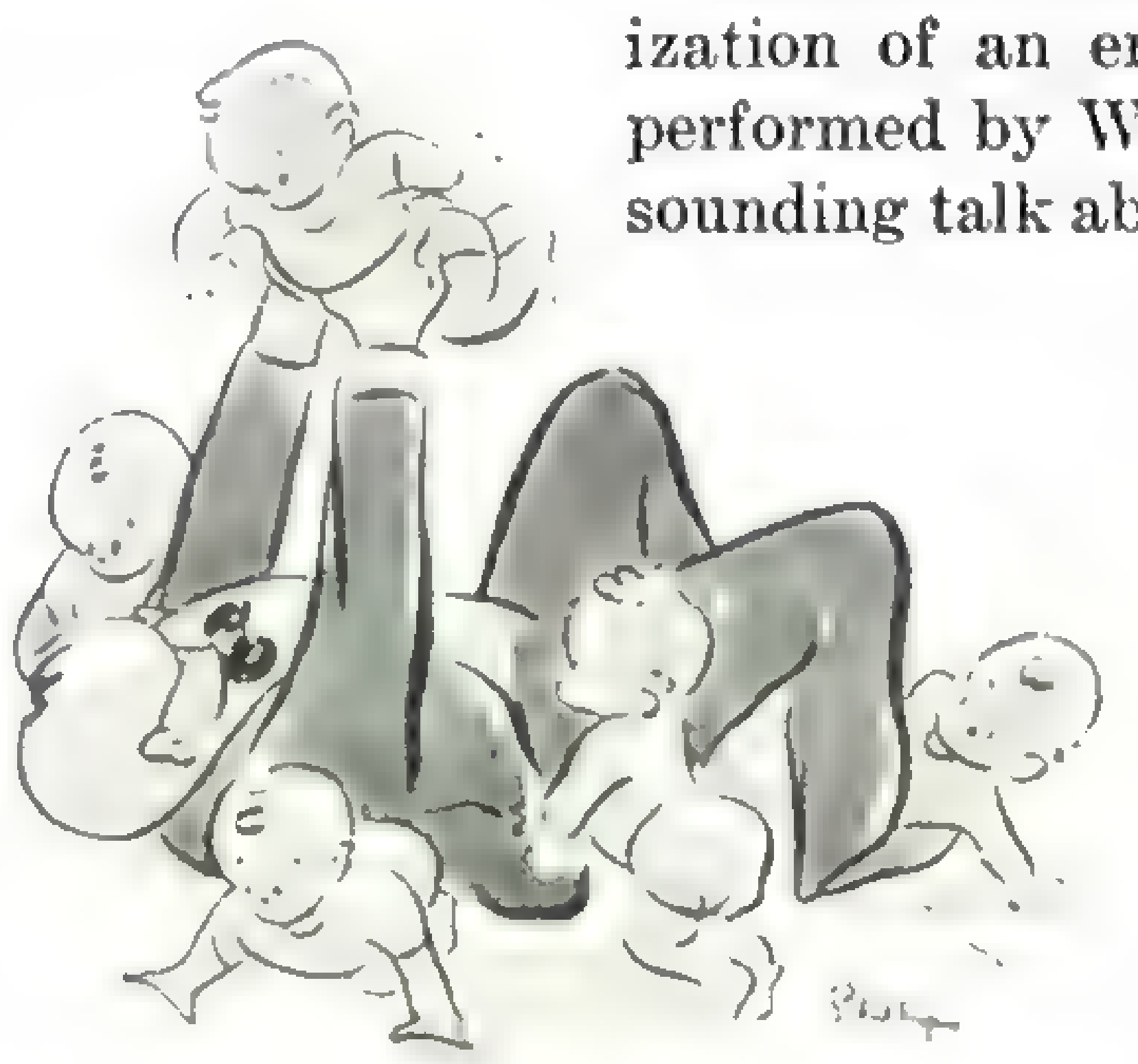
• MOVIES •

## A Man's Guide to the Movies

### *GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE*

Modern Times: Chaplin finally relates his character to the actual world, and rises from funny-man to supreme satirist. See the main review.

These Three: The motion picture surpasses the play, *The Children's Hour.* Bonita Granville proves that a child can act a child better than can an adult, even though Florence McGee was the adult. Miriam Hopkins, Merle Oberon, and Joel McCrea have less of a job than the stage actors, and are convincing. Oberon never before so charming. See the main review.



### *GO ALONG TO SEE*

The Country Doctor: You, too, may be weary of the fish-mouthed stare of the quints, but they don't appear till late in the picture, and then in their lively and more charming aspects, with that swell actor, Jean Hersholt, rolling on the floor amongst them. Most of the film is an epic of a north country doctor's struggle against a stingy lumber exploitation company which refuses to build a little hospital and provide him with the means of giving adequate medical care to their men. Hersholt has always deserved fatter parts; the role of Dr. Dafoe is made to order for him. John Qualen is perfect as the bemused father, and every quintuplet joke you ever heard is pulled with fresh effect while the babes are being born off-screen.

Desire: Gary Cooper and Marlene Dietrich finally follow the gold-rush trail of love-teams started by Colbert and Gable; Cooper catches the light note perfectly, and Marlene is brighter than in many recent efforts. It's about a fake countess and some stolen pearls, with a movie-daring illicit love honeymoon in Spain.

Follow the Fleet: The inspiration for this was the thought that Fred Astaire ought to be shown in something besides tails sometime, so why not a naval jumper-suit? The pants have a nice flare. Irving Berlin had the rest of the inspiration. Astaire and Rogers are rather routine.

Trail of the Lonesome Pine: As I was one of those who said "color is here to stay" when *Becky Sharp* appeared, I don't have to make the discovery anew. *Becky Sharp* was in many respects an extraordinary film, but it takes an ordinary film to convince the Hollywood boys, and this is it. Aside from the colors of nature, and a couple of swell fistfights, it's nothing special. Nature seems to have bright post-card hues in them thar hills.

Voice of Bugle Ann: A pleasant, bucolic sketch, refreshingly real. About the quaint custom of hunting fox by sitting around a campfire and listening to the music of the hounds. Lionel Barrymore likes his part, as the old farmer who thinks a man's best friend is his dog, and calling a she-dog a bitch is an insult.

Rhodes: Impressive biographical idealization of an empire-builder, fascinatingly performed by Walter Huston. Lots of high sounding talk about the unification of South Africa but also an admission of the reason for invasion: diamonds and gold. No wonder the British understand Mussolini.

### *GO ALONG IF YOU HAVE TO*

Boulder Dam: Something splendid could have been done with this, but they merely made a filler. The shots of workers on the immense project are swell. There's a sappy story full of hairbreadth rescues. And the heroine talks natural like this: "I ain't sore eyether," she elocutes, in the role of a worker's daughter. Incidentally, everybody gets to be foreman.

Paddy O'Day: That pleasantly skillful child, Jane Withers, pulls some swell brogue as an immigrant Irish orphan.

Preview Murder Mystery: A maniac is loose somewhere on a movie lot.

Tough Guy: A G-man episode, with Joseph Calleia as the gangster and Jackie Cooper as the kid who likes to be kidnapped and go camping. Also a dog that nearly steals the show from Calleia, which is some achievement.

The Walking Dead: In this Karloff exhibits the saddest face I have ever seen on the screen. No tricks; it's felt.

### *WASTE*

Bohemian Girl: Laurel and Hardy at their worst, with nothing to work on.

Klondike Annie: Bye bye Mae West. She actually gets herself converted to a salvation army. Supposed to have driven her costumers crazy, re-making stuff, but the gauds look cheap. The play is awfully slow.

### *WHERE I LIVE*

Once every few months I deem it my duty to go to a motion picture theatre. For seeing pictures in the comparative isolation of the preview room is something like experiencing tap-dancing over the radio. It isn't quite all there.

So once in a while I hie myself to a picture theatre, with the object of re-attuning your critic to the vibrations of the great American audience. And my visits are intentionally rare enough so that the atmosphere of a whole movie program with audience included always comes upon me as a surprise. Only a few months are enough to rub off the unnatural habit of movies, and to give a visitor the zany feeling. It hits me fresh each time. I sit there thinking, "How long has this been going on?" I can scarcely believe the scene is real.

And once in a very long while, as last week, I catch an audience comment that spins my head around. I hear an ordinary remark by some nitwit female sitting behind me, and as I sit there, the significance of the remark grows and grows, until I believe she has said more than I can say in two years writing these columns. I begin to feel that I am totally incapable of understanding the simple, daily fact of a motion picture and its audience. The very fact that her ordinary remark seemed extraordinary to me is proof of this.

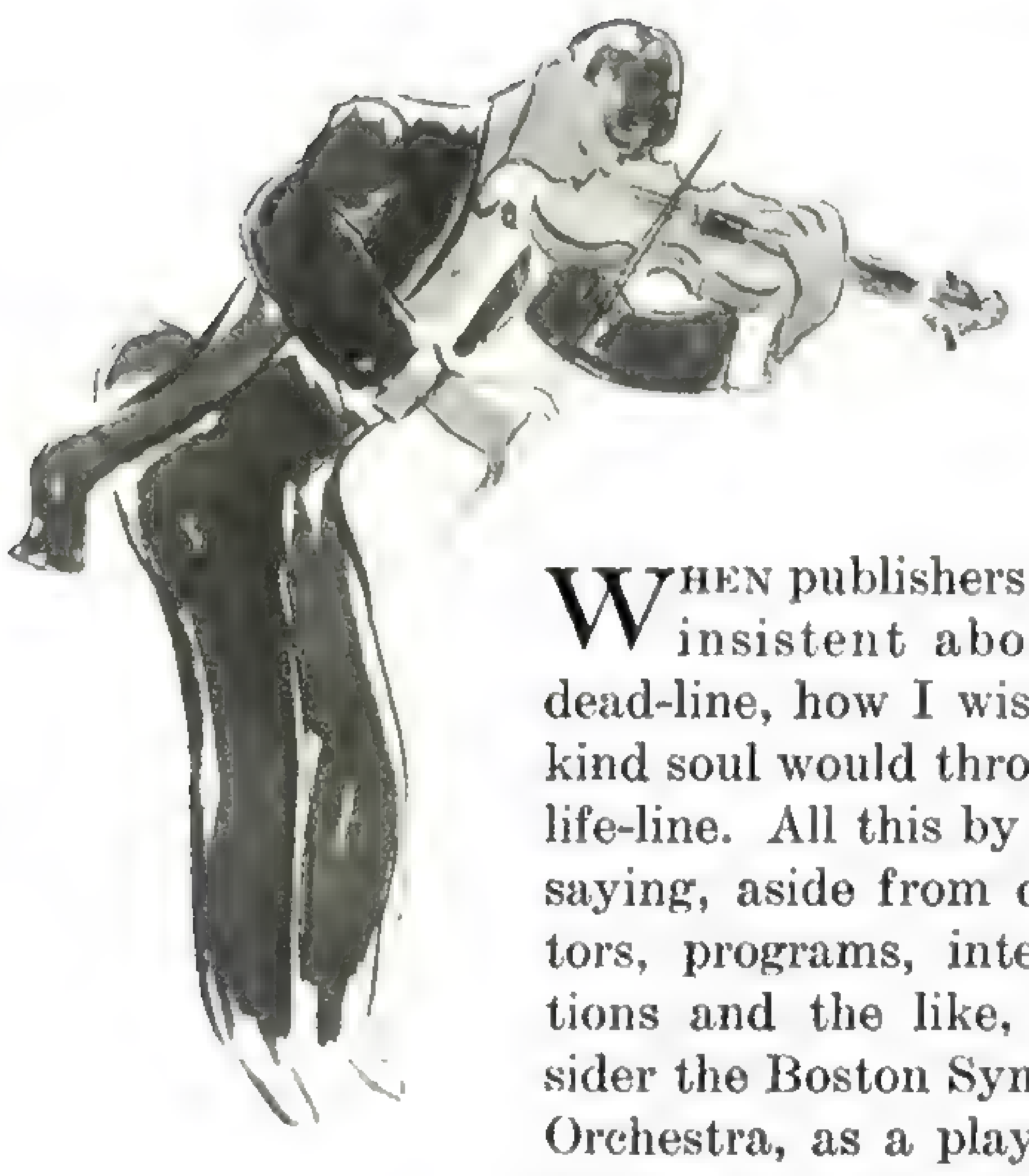
This is going to be an essay in contradictions. It may have been noticed that I have a point of view, in writing about pictures. I usually try to catch the things that bear some relation to American life. The paradox is that the vast bulk of picture-play is related to American life by being unrelated to it. That is, I have to find a comment in the evasion.

But this dumb female's remark bowled me over because it indicated that I'm not even on the same earth as that audience whose reactions I'm trying to interpret. All I mean is that on a day when the headlines of the papers screamed Police Battle Thousands in the New York Elevator Strike, on a day when restaurant eaters were dodging under counters to avoid the flying glass of smashed windows, in a year when a dozen American cities had seen their streets barricaded by class warfare, and in the same newsreel which only a year ago had shown her actual scenes of striking workers being shot down by uniformed guardsmen around a beseiged factory, this clacking female

*Continued on page 194*

# The Music-Box Review

### Thank you, Philadelphia, thanks, Boston, thanks to Strawinsky, Mendelssohn, and Irving Berlin



### by FRANK BLACK

• RECORDS •

When publishers are too insistent about the dead-line, how I wish some kind soul would throw me a life-line. All this by way of saying, aside from conductors, programs, interpretations and the like, I consider the Boston Symphony Orchestra, as a playing instrument, as good as any in America, which is saying "the world."

In my present jerky way of writing I jump to a certain Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, composer. I suppose that today Germany would pooh-pooh him as a writer of music, and call him a second-rater, and even go so far as to suggest his going to America, if he were alive today. Very, very little of his music is played in his Fatherland but, of course, that is their artistic loss. Perhaps he wouldn't even be allowed to conduct the Gewandhaus Orchestra in Leipsic and make it as great an organization as it was during his incumbency. But he did that during the early part of the past century, and one thing he did in addition which should earn him the gratitude of the musical universe and the curses of many perspiring music students, he rediscovered Bach. Also, little Felix wrote a symphony called *The Italian*, Opus 90, if you must be opusy. Sure it's full of sparkle and sunshine and all the other Pollyanna ap-creigh. But why must we continually pat Mendelssohn on the head and act as though he were as delicate as an incubator baby? He wasn't a giant when compared to Wagner, but he was a very tall man, indeed. He had the secret of the long melodic line, and, above all, his music exudes good taste and good form. Any golfer will tell you what I'm getting at.

The first movement is alive and brilliant. Mendelssohn seldom wastes time in getting into a movement, and here he simply suggests the basic rhythmic background for two measures and he's off. Play him on the nose because it's swell. The second movement is simplicity itself and a lesson to other composers in economy of means. The melodies are beautifully handled. The Scherzo is grace in a top-hat. Only Mendelssohn could make a mule bray gracefully, and he proved it in *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* In the Finale, which is a Roman Dance called the *Saltarello*, he shows tremendous skill in blending rhythms with one another and still keeping everything lucid, even at a terrific pace. Yes, he was quite a tall man.

The Bostonians, Serge Koussevitzky, head man, play this symphony with as beautiful a tone as anything you've ever heard. The string quality is simply gorgeous. The first movement seems a trifle hectic rather than bustling. There are some points of balance that could be looked after. But it is a fine symphony, beautifully played, and, interpretively, not mishandled. You'll realize, upon hearing it, that Mendelssohn was indeed a tall man, unless you are one of the sneerers called "modern."

*Mendelssohn Symphony No. 4 in A Major (Opus 90). (The Italian Symphony.) Performed by The Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky*

MUSICAL MASTERPIECE SERIES—ALBUM M-294.

* * *

Violinists, I know you're going to say, "Mom, that man is here again!" Well, I am, and so is Heifetz, and so is the Vieuxtemps' D Minor Concerto.

Much sweat has spilled over the dam since this concerto was written, and most of it has been from under the arms of violin students. Long, long ago it was relegated to the class of student pieces, but here it bobs up as an art work. Not that it was ever anything else, but, you know, people's ideas change. The mountains are just as high as ever, but it all depends from where you view them. Heifetz didn't make the Vieuxtemps' Fourth Concerto what it is, but he, at least, called the attention of the man in the street to the fact that it is a grand work for the violin, that is, if the performer's technique hasn't got a hangover.

When I was quite, quite, quite young I used to accompany some of the violin pupils of the venerable David Schradieck while they tore through, and up, pages and pages of the *Ballade et Polonaise* and the *Polonaise in A Major* by Wieniawski, and all the regular, so-called drudgery of the repertoire for the violin, not forgetting some sonatas by Bach, which, when most violinists play them, are a visible example of a man sawing a violin in half. Well, there you are. I had such a confused idea of all this music until I actually had a chance to study it away from the distraction of a half-baked student performance. Then I found out that there were some real masterpieces here if only some violinist (and I say violinist with reservations) would take the trouble to resurrect them.

The master, Jascha Heifetz, is a magician of parts. He pulls more rabbits out of his E string than a show dog can jump over. There isn't any need to embarrass the fiddle fraternity more than is necessary, so I won't tell you that his technique is flawless, but I must shout out loud about his superb musicianship and innate feeling for the right thing. What is it they say about taste when it is better than good? Oh, yes, impeccable.

The orchestra is slightly in the rear on some of the downbeats, but perhaps that is due to the amazement of the violin section as they listen to Heifetz do his quilting. Acquire this album and you'll hear more fiddle playing than a Toscanini could shake a stick at.

*Henri Vieuxtemps' Concerto No. 4 in D Minor (Opus 31). Played by Heifetz and the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by John Barbirolli.*

MUSICAL MASTERPIECE SERIES—M-297.

* * *

Cheers, laurel wreaths, loving cups and gold medals are in order! The Philadelphia Orchestra, under Leopold Stokowski, has recorded the *Fire-bird* Suite, or, if you want to become drawing-roomish, *L'Oiseau de Feu.* To say that the *Fire-bird* is hot music may be trite, but it is true. This is one of Strawinsky's great efforts. What difference does it make if originally it was designed as a ballet? It is great descriptive music, and is masterfully orchestrated. Before you settle down to hear it, please read the story and you'll have twice as good a time. It is much more fun to know that the "wood-winds snarl and crackle . . . the brasses brazenly sneer . . . the trombones utter ribald shouts" because they describe the mad antics of a horde of freaks and monsters, including old King Kastcheï himself. Otherwise you might say, "What's all the shootin' about?" Only once have I heard a louder noise from an orchestra than the final section. That was when the musicians were asking for a raise.

The *Fire-bird* story is an old Russian folktale. The Greeks loved tragedy but Russians seem to go for the morbid, the sordid, the tear-jerker, the grotesque. Strawinsky illustrates every mental characteristic in his orchestration. His teacher, Rimsky-Korsakow, was pretty good, too. (Let me take time out to say that these "w's" are getting in my hair. Not long ago "v's" were the fashion.)

The performance of the suite is beautiful, the tone, a gorgeously spun web, and the

Continued on page 216

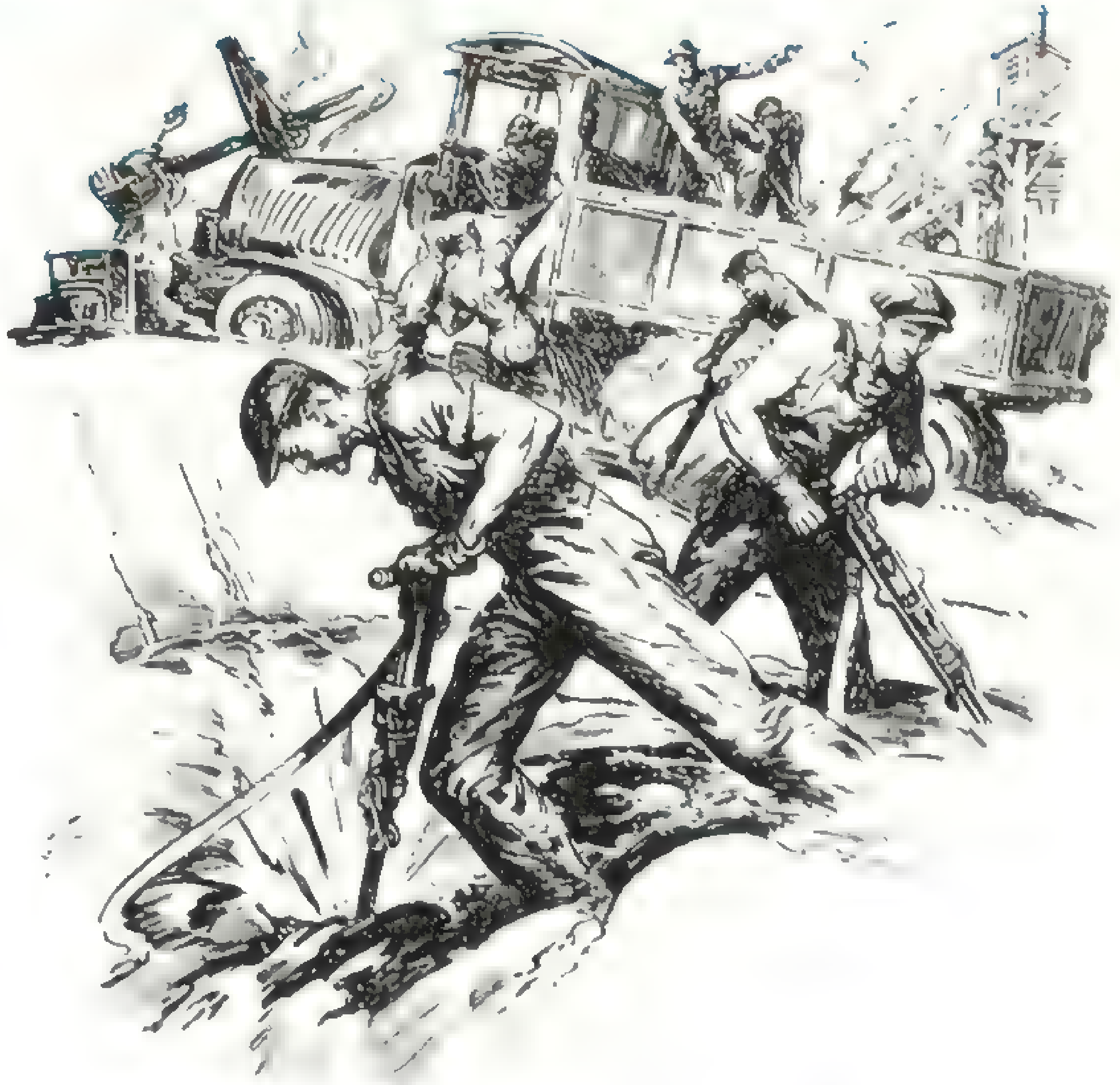
# For Digestion's Sake —smoke Camels

**Our tense, high-strung way of living strains digestion. Busy Americans find smoking Camels a pleasant aid that helps digestion to proceed smoothly!**

The causes of upset stomach in our daily life are all too familiar. Work—responsibility—worry about the future. Strain you can't see—anxiety and tension *inside.* Digestion suffers as a result. Camels are a positive aid in relieving the effects of high-pressure living.

Science and common experience agree that smoking a Camel is a pleasant and effective way to assist digestion. Camels increase the flow of digestive fluids, and no matter how many you smoke they never get on your nerves.

From Camel's costlier tobaccos you get unequaled flavor. Because they are so mild, Camels never tire your taste or jangle your nerves. Smoke Camels during and between meals for a comforting *lift*—a sense of cheer and well-being—and *for digestion's sake!* Camels set you right!



**"THIS BATTERING RAM,"** says O. D. Gladwell, driller, "is tough on the digestion. I depend on Camels to set me right."

**LIGHTNING SPEED** has carried *petite* Mrs. Ethel Arnold (*left*) to the peak of tennis fame. Physical stamina depends greatly on digestion. "I smoke Camels," says Mrs. Arnold. "I enjoy my food more and digest it better. Camels have a grand flavor!"

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

**AT THE MAYFAIR ROOM** of the Book-Cadillac Hotel in Detroit, Camels are outstandingly popular. Paul Fischer, whose genial touch adds a pleasing personal welcome to this smart and exclusive setting, has observed that Camels are the favorite and are steadily increasing in popularity. "A glance around our tables," he says, "proves that those who appreciate quality have made Camels their first choice."

**OVER 664 PARACHUTE JUMPS.** Joe Crane says: "Stepping out into empty air tightens my stomach. I turn to Camels for digestion's sake."

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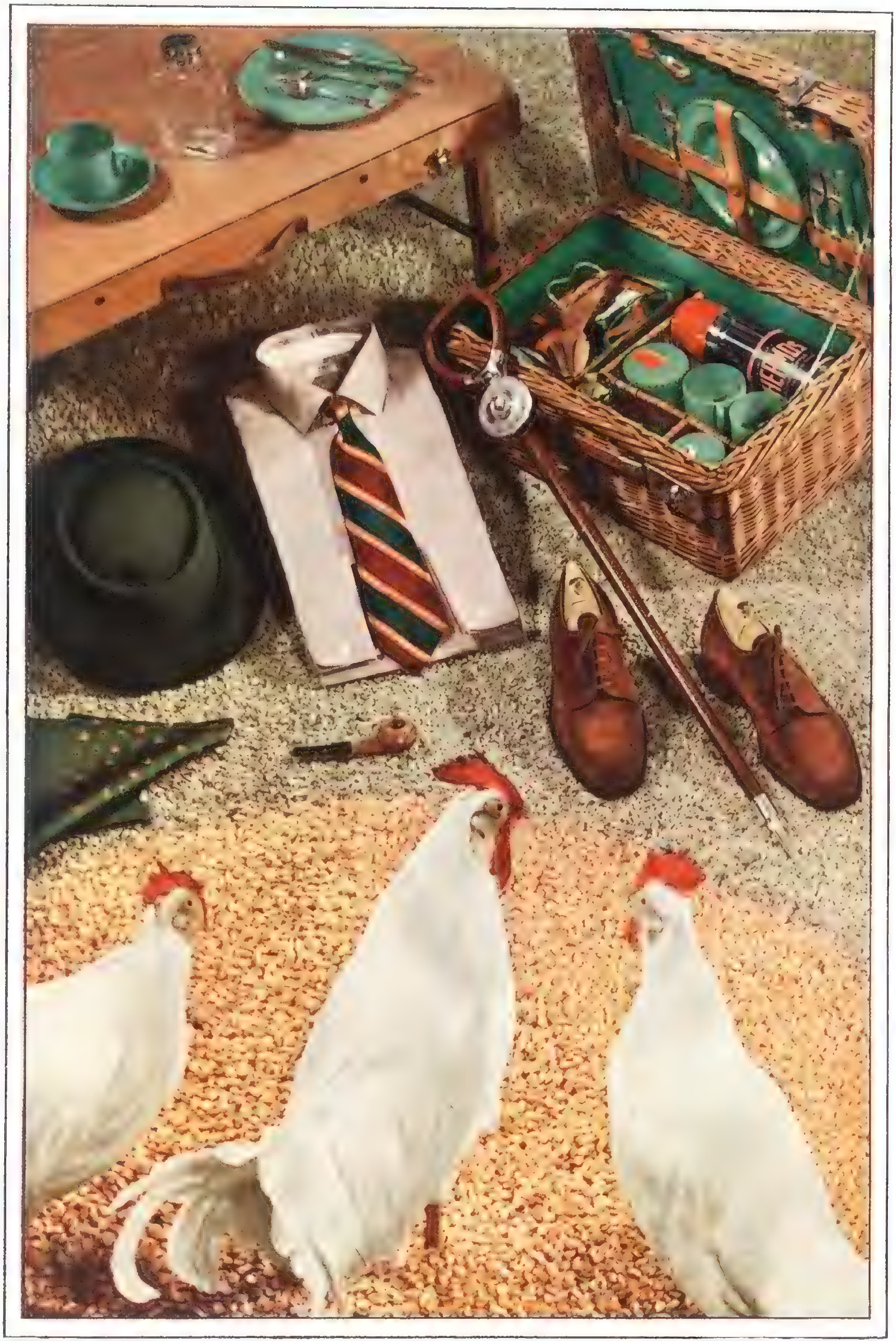
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

## Costlier Tobaccos!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.



DIRECT COLOR BY ROSENOW

DESIGNED BY W. BAYARD OKIE, JR.

# CITIFIED COMFORTS FOR THE PICNICRAZY

This page would be more felicitously titled as "all the comforts of home for those who are too dumb to appreciate them." Anyway, the best thought on the subject seems to be that there are people who will always insist upon taking some of their meals with a certain percentage of sand and insects, and that the only thing to do about picnics is to bring the natural hazards of *al fresco* dining down to the irreducible minimum. This is accomplished by pretending to share the mania of the incurable picnic addict by consenting to go along, with the sly proviso that you be allowed to furnish some of the equipment. Thus, with the low table, hamper and shooting seat pictured here, you transform the otherwise barbarous event into a semi-civilized approximation of the pleasure and comfort of dining at home. Incidental concomitants to this humane act are shown in the form of appropriate accessories.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*

# Reeds and Wind

### The first hundred years were the hardest for the saxophone, now a mature member of the band

### by H. ROSS & R. FINLAYSON

• ARTICLE •

HAD Adolphe Sax been able to foresee, in 1846, the agonies his brain-child was to cause a future generation of Americans, it is probable that the saxophone might never have been given birth. But a kind Fate obscured the future to that gentle musician, and he brought forth his labor of love, never guessing that in years to come this honorably conceived child of the Muse was to suffer the shameful obloquy of a bastard, to be the object of sneers and ridicule, and to be heaped with the scorn of a tormented people before it finally, through sheer endurance and stamina, emerged to claim its rightful place in the family of legitimate musical instruments.

Christened Antoine Joseph, but for some reason known as Adolphe, the father of the saxophone was a Belgian. An unkind biographer, his eardrums still suffering from the blatant memory of early saxophones, might add that Adolphe Sax undoubtedly received his inspiration from the first sounds that reached his ears; for he was born in the turbulent year of 1814, and in that very district that was destined to become, less than a year later, the scene of carnal turmoil and confusion; of chattering rifle volleys and booming cannon. But these aspersions, however accurate historically, would be untrue; for the fact is that Adolphe Sax came of a family of musicians, and his thoughts and ambitions were as remote from war as they were from jazz. To him, the registering of the saxophone in France in 1846 was probably no more than an honorable episode in the lifetime of effort he devoted to the perfecting of musical instruments. Certainly he did not consider it the climax of his musical life. No one, probably, would have been more surprised than he, had some soothsayer told him that a yet unborn generation on the other side of the world was one day to be set on its ear by the invasion of his innocent invention.

Strictly speaking, the saxophone cannot be called the invention of Adolphe Sax. Accuracy demands that it be called his development; for it had a quite long, and certainly honorable line of musical ancestors. There appeared in Europe at the turn of the eighteenth century an instrument known as Guillaum's Serpent Horn, which derived its name from its S shape; and from this primitive instrument was developed in the early half of that century a more compact adaptation known as the Military Serpent. This instrument was of thin wood construction, covered with leather. There were six finger holes and three keyed stops, the tone being produced by way of lip vibration through a metal cup mouthpiece—the same mouthpiece as is used in the trombone and trumpet of today. This instrument had a small range—only slightly over one octave. Then almost a century after the appearance of Guillaum's Serpent Horn, its descendant underwent some further improvements, and emerged the Ophiclide. Operated also by means of a cup mouthpiece, it had eleven keyed stops, and a range double that of the improved serpent horn. Also, the wood-and-leather construction was replaced by metal. This new instrument enjoyed the prestige of membership in military bands—it was played at the battle of Waterloo—and nearly half a century of prominence on the European continent after that.

Early in his life, Adolphe Sax acquired an Ophiclide, but, not being satisfied with the conventional manner of producing tone, he did a little experimenting. First, he added to the keyed stops; giving the instrument twenty, instead of the eleven it had possessed before. Then, by the simple expedient of removing the metal cup mouthpiece, and substituting for it a clarinet mouthpiece, he altered its entire classification. What had been a brass instrument became a reed instrument; what had been an Ophiclide became a Saxophone.

Thirty-nine years were to pass, however, before it made its bow to a distressed American public; for it was not until 1887 that it emerged, now brightly dressed in nickel plate, from a factory in Elkhart, Indiana. And ironically enough, it was the very simplicity with which its maker had endowed it that was to be the curse of the saxophone for many years to come.

Given a sufficient chest expansion, any child could make a noise upon it. So the saxophone in America entered upon an era of simple "tooting." There was no musical aptitude test in those days, such as that which the psychologist Dean Seashore has given us in recent years; the question of whether little Johnny had musical ability was determined solely by the system of trial and error. So the parents of little Johnny, if they had the means, likely as not bought him a saxophone. And parents being notoriously prejudicial in questions concerning the abilities of their own offspring, the little Johnny of the early period of the saxophone in America became the social pest of the day. It was dangerous when you made a social call to let the conversation lag; for that was the cue for little Johnny's mother to say, "Would you like to hear little Johnny play a tune on his new saxophone?" And—whether you liked or not—you were obliged to sit through half a dozen popular songs, which Johnny's big sister played on the piano, while the young pseudo-virtuoso maltreated the melody with much puffing of cheeks and distending of chest.

That was the era, too, when the saxophone in America was regarded as a musical freak. No scores were written for it; no orchestral arrangements included it. It was outside the pale. And as such, it stood in much the same relation to music as tuned water glasses and musical cowbells. It appeared on Chautauqua platforms along with jugglers, novelty musical acts, and Swiss Bell Ringers. It appeared occasionally in vaudeville—but only to brighten up a magician's act, or give variety to the acrobatics of a team of tumblers.

Long before this, mind you, the saxophone had been admitted to military bands in Europe. But here in America, musicians stubbornly refused to admit that the saxophone was a musical instrument. And why not? When practically anyone, with a few hours' practice, could play a simple tune on the saxophone by blowing strenuously enough into the mouthpiece, why should finished musicians be interested? Why should accomplished musicians, who loved the mellow tones of the cello and the lilt of a clarinet cadenza, have anything but contempt for an instrument that could apparently, do nothing but bray? A man might be kind to animals and children, but if he played the saxophone he was no musician. He might be good to his aged mother, but if he was a saxophonist, he was a musical outcast. That was their attitude, and they stuck to it.

Despite all this, though, the saxophone persisted in its strange appeal. Perhaps it was because of the advertisements of musical instrument manufacturers assuring the gullible that they could

Continued on page 138

# Mr. Bacchus Spends the Day

## Broadway and brassieres, false teeth, fake antiques and steam heat are just old Roman customs

### by WILFRED J. FUNK

▪ ARTICLE ▪

When a modern man gets up in the morning from his comfortable bed, looks out of the window at the snow, giving thanks meanwhile for steam heat, and steps onto a soft rug en route to the bathroom, it would be permissible for him to think, if it occurred to him to speculate at all, that his life was quite different from that of a Roman citizen of say, eighteen hundred years ago. The difference is not so great as he imagines.

The era of the Emperor Hadrian will be a likely place to look for a comparison. It is a day of tranquillity and prosperity. The Romans are tasting luxury then, in the early Second Century of the Christian Era—a luxury such as we have hardly known. As a matter of fact, the smart Roman clubman of that day would find us rather dull to his taste. To tell the whole humiliating truth, we would be nothing for him to write home about unless, perhaps, he wanted to describe to his friends the amusing simplicity of what we call our "modern" social freedom.

If it is permissible in this informal chronicle, it might be interesting to ride out through that ancient Rome and call on a certain Mr. Bacchus. The gentleman lives on the Esquiline Hill. The smart set has moved there to escape the din and dust of the city.

We can go down Broadway if we like. Yes, Rome had its Broadway, known by that very name—the Via Lata, or "Way Broad." And the traffic! Dear heaven! The streets of this Rome are so congested that the commissioner of vehicles has long since had to order all heavy trucks, carrying timber, brick, building stone, cement and such, to move only at night. In the center of town the jam is almost as bad as in the New York of the 80's, when it took from four to five hours to resolve the snarl of horses and carriages at Fifth Avenue and 42nd street. The Roman poet Juvenal complains that he can't sleep at night for the noise, what with all these prototypes of our early morning garbage and ash carts.

As we jog along, many familiar sights come into view. There are apartment houses on each side of the street. Do you think we invented them? They are on ancient Rome's Broadway, ten and twelve stories high, built square around a central court. Nice fire traps, too—there are lots of political scandals about them—but all this can be fixed, in old Rome as in contemporary New York, Chicago or San Francisco, by knowing the right boys downtown.

The shops along this business thoroughfare are worth noticing. They sell the old familiar department store articles—silk dresses and brassieres for the girls; soft, wool-lined slippers for the long evenings; raincoats against bad weather; parasols to meet the hot sun, and leather wallets for the rich, with a whole line of hairnets, aprons, rugs, needles, safetypins and other notions. One can almost hear the Roman elevator boy calling out the floors.

Just across the street is a place where matrimonial alliances are made. Next door, quite aptly, is an Egyptian detective agency, guaranteeing to secure evidence for divorce.

Beyond is an antique shop, but not one to be recommended. The lovely couch they claim as of Julius Caesar's period is a fake, and even the old silver they sell is artificially aged. They know their stuff in these early days.

There are drugstores here, too, with quack remedies for coughs and colds, all touted with nice, bought-and-paid-for testimonials printed on wrappers. Along the shelves are discovered jars of cosmetics, razors de luxe, false teeth, depilatories—everything is here but cameras and soda fountains. This busy shopping district has bookstores, also, carrying a line of the old classics and the latest modern publications. Little helpful pocket phrase books can be had—*The Greek in Rome*, and *The Roman in Carthage.* Vergil's *Aenead* is still a best seller.

On the corner ahead is an apartment hotel. It has rooms for transients—travelling salesmen and others. It would not seem so strange if one were to spend the night here. But in the morning the guest would know that he was in another age, for here's the bill the room clerk would hand him:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 pt. wine with bread | 1c |
| Other food | 2c |
| Hay for mule | 2c |
| Room and girl | 3c |

Blondes were preferred!

Now we are moving through the outskirts of the city, between rows and rows of speculative houses as alike in design as our own suburban real estate developments. It will be well to note the homely touch of flower pots in the windows and on the roofs, and the lines of shade trees along the avenues.

The *tour de ville* ends in a lovely community where the fortunate rich have discovered the quiet of the hills, and the trail has led to the very steps of the residence of Mr. Bacchus.

His is a pretentious place of concrete and stucco, with a red tile roof. In their brilliant coloring the houses here are just like those that will be built nearly 2,000 years later in Palm Beach or on the Riviera.

A houseman will let the visitors in at the bronze gate. The entrance leads through a vestibule into the reception hall—a beautiful room with marble walls hung with tapestries and an exquisite mosaic floor. An open door in the rear of the house yields a glimpse of a lovely garden.

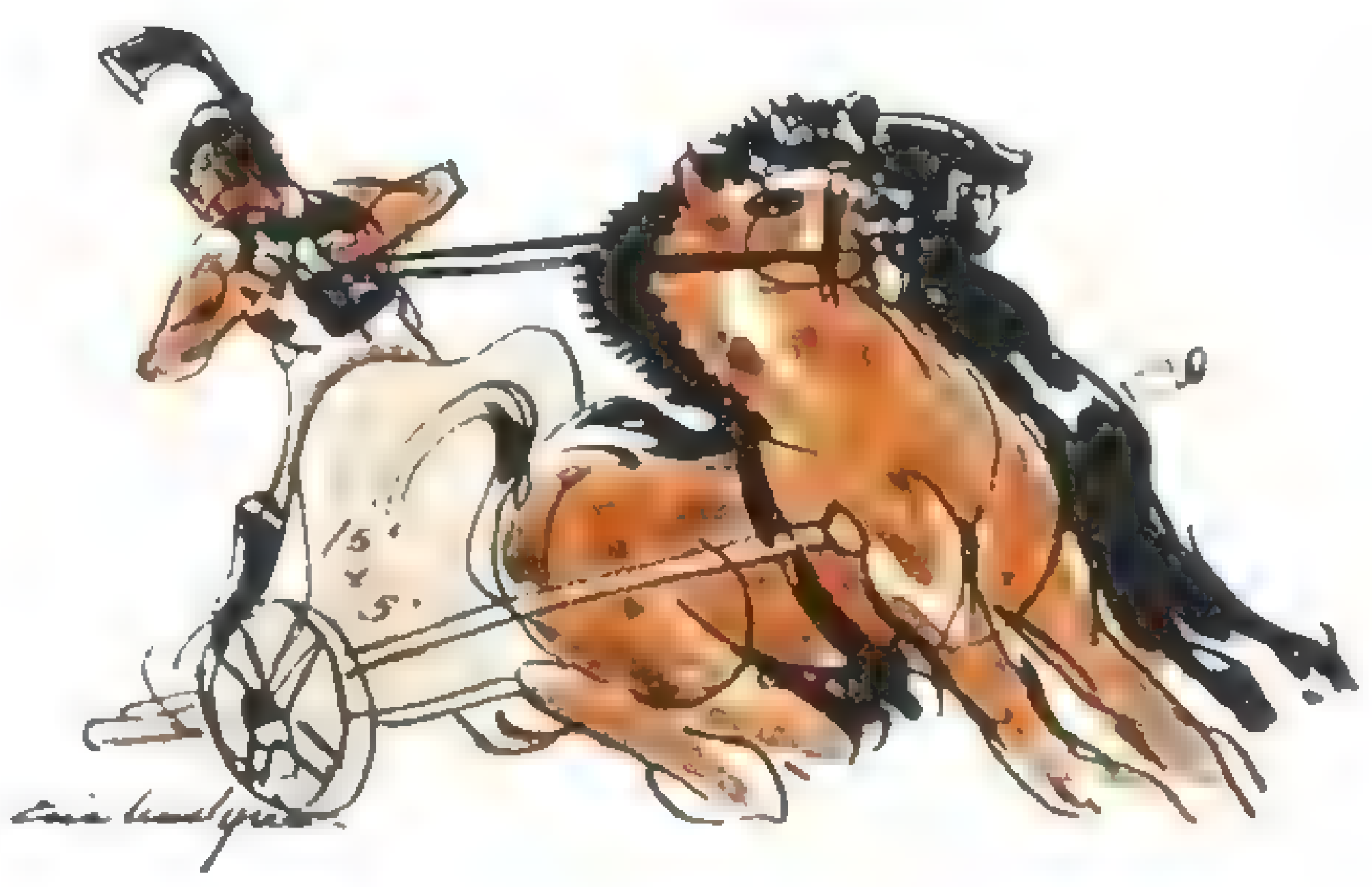
Mr. Bacchus, the host, has gotten up.

The brilliant morning sun of a clear Italian day lights up his first-floor bedchamber, a room of simple and subdued taste. There are a couple of chairs and a marble-topped table. A vase or two of honey-colored Oriental alabaster. A few oil paintings. A somewhat more ornate bed than we are used to, with a fine feather or fleece stuffed mattress, and pillows of the softest down. A mosquito netting gives the final modern touch.

These are the furnishings, and not so very different from a chamber which, a thousand or so years later, might be described as quarters belonging to a gentleman of taste and culture.

The windows are of glass, set off with rich draperies.

Is it a surprise to find the room warm? It shouldn't be. Steam is being experimented with in Rome by the Second Century. A house has been uncovered within the last few years, on the Island of Cyprus, fitted with steam to the second floor. But Mr. Bacchus is old-fashioned in his ways, and, like most of the Romans, still prefers the hot air system. The heated air is routed from a central furnace somewhere in the bowels of the cellar, runs under the floor of the bedroom, through tiled pipes, and circulates also through air spaces in the walls. Of course, only two or three rooms in his house need be heated in the mild Italian winter



Perhaps the uninitiated will think that this well-to-do gentleman of the Year One will have to go out to the pump to wash his hands. Not at all. There is running water from faucets, piped into the house. Even Chic Sales would have no work to do. Mr. Bacchus has a toilet that actually flushes.

This old Roman has soap and towels, too. It doesn't matter that little, yellow, tattered fragments of these towels are preserved in the museum at Damascus. He makes use of them this morning just the same—dainty face-towels of fine linen which his wife bought downtown at a bargain. And for his shower bath he takes a huge, Brobdignagian towel that covers his whole body, such as are used on the continent today. Even then, these many centuries ago, our fastidious Roman shakes nicely scented tooth powder on his tooth brush. If he is asked, he will explain that the base of his powder, like ours, is some form of calcium—bone, oyster-shells, egg-sheels, crab-shells, or maybe the hooves and horns of animals, mixed, of course, with various perfumes and aromatic flavors. He follows this with an astringent mouth-wash, possibly the one invented by Hippocrates, the Greek doctor, nearly six hundred years earlier.

Of course, our ingenuous Roman can't know that this very tooth powder will later prevent pyorrhea, and the mouth wash will banish halitosis, or that his innocent soap will preserve his schoolboy complexion. He yet uses these articles for the homely purpose of getting off dirt.

He has a comb and brush, of course, although more rococco in design than our own. Hair lotion exists, too, but only for the gigolos and nancies of the day.

The Roman of this period will not have to shave. The style for wearing beards has been set again by the Emperor Hadrian, and the male inhabitants have once more recovered their priceless lambrequins. The clean shaven man is out of style.

With his toilet finished, Mr. Bacchus will be ready for breakfast. He could have fruit and cereal, with eggs and milk to follow, or pancakes and sausages if he prefers.

But being more or less of a commuter, he takes a simple, modern Italian morning meal of bread and wine.

Mr. Bacchus can ride or walk to his office. Once there he runs through his foreign and domestic orders, reads his morning mail, and dictates to his stenographer—a male secretary who usually takes down the notes on paper, with a reed pen dipped in an ink made from a mixture of gum and soot. There are three systems of shorthand being taught at this time.

Although the ancient Roman business man could get his lunch downtown at one of the hot and cold drink counters, he prefers as a rule to go home, and usually likes to take a couple of friends with him. The luncheon is early, between 11:00 and 12:00 o'clock, and is served in his spacious dining room, made beautiful by cool, mosaic floors and walls decorated with murals in fruit and fish motifs. But alas, with all this luxury, there is no silverware. In this case fingers have actually been made before forks.

The menu for the meal is chosen from a variety of foods almost as great as today. Cold cuts of smoked ham, bacon or other meats from yesterday's dinner; wood-cock; pheasant; guinea hen; capon; game and poultry of all kinds; oysters; caviar; tunny fish, and a multitude of vegetables including artichokes, mushrooms and asparagus, and a host of pastries, fruits and melons. Whole wheat bread is preferred to white, because it makes muscle, say the Roman dietitians, and is considered to have laxative qualities.

Several items, however, are conspicuously missing from the bill-of-fare. There are no oranges, bananas, nor Long Island potatoes or tomatoes. Neither is there butter nor sugar. At this time the problem of dated coffee doesn't bother the Roman.

There is no coffee.

On the way back to town the business men stop to read the newspapers. These are, rather, bulletins, called "Daily Doings," written on a series of tall white boards set up in the Forum on pillars.

From time to time public secretaries come out and make additional notes. Copies of these are sent to influential people in all parts of the country.

The men run over the headlines quickly:

> Divorces; fires; the latest play; Senate proceedings; important law-suits; concerts. Buildings under construction; human interest notes like the latest dog story or a record of a father with twenty-three children who is visiting Rome and gets a Rooseveltian handshake from the Emperor.

The three friends can spend the rest of their afternoon at the athletic games and competitions if they wish. Or they can buy tickets from one of the speculators for a burlesque show.

There they would see standard slap-stick stuff, unspeakable vulgarity; the old Billy Minskey strip-tease act; or perhaps a popular female impersonator.

They could also pick up a few new dancing steps at the theater. Rome has gone dance crazy and the aristocrats are all taking lessons from the local Arthur Murray.

Instead of this the boys return to the office.

Then, like some of the wealthy crowd of our time, they knock off at about three o'clock and run over to the gym for a workout with the medicine ball.

After a shower and a massage they catch a couple of drinks at the bar and go home to dinner.

It is the end of a day that even a modern can recognize. #

# The Burgoomaster

*Continued from page 80*

Jim Looney. Looney developed the art, and became the "King of the Burgoo pot."

When King Looney first used beef and larger meats in Burgoo, he ran into difficulties. Big chunks of meat refused to get on a piece of bread under ordinary dunking conditions. This was annoying, like the elusive cherry in the bottom of an old-fashioned, especially since the consumption of Burgoo without dunking is a breach of etiquette in Kentucky similar to cutting meat off a fried chicken drumstick. It was Looney's first stroke of mastery when he eliminated the chunks in Burgoo.

Just in case you have five thousand or so hungry mouths to feed sometime—here is the way Burgoo is made. You can try it. You must make it in the open, but it is best to put up an open-side tent. King Looney hates the tent, but experience has taught him that if his fire is unprotected a hard rain will put it out and ruin his Burgoo.

After you find enough heavy iron kettles to hold the stew, dig your ditch. This should be about eighteen inches deep and just wide enough for the kettles to fit over snugly. Build a wood fire under the kettles—remembering that ordinary scrap wood will not do. It must be rustic in appearance, and smell of the campfire.

Now for the ingredients. Here are the usual amounts for a crowd of about five thousand people:

800 lbs. meat
200 lbs. fowl
168 gal. tomatoes
36 gal. garden corn
350 lbs. cabbage
6 bushels onions
86 gal. tomato purée
24 gal. carrots
1800 lbs. potatoes

SEASONING

2 lbs. red pepper
½ lb. black pepper
20 lbs. table salt
8 oz. Angostura bitters
1 pt. Worcestershire sauce
½ lb. curry powder
3 qts. tomato catsup
2 qts. sherry wine

Put meat and fowl into the kettle of water about ten o'clock the morning before your Burgoo is to be served and cook until ten o'clock that night. Then take out all meat and fowl with huge strainer-dippers, leaving the rich liquid to receive the vegetables and seasoning. Chop the vegetables fine and, with the exception of the corn, let them stew gently through the night. Meantime, bone the fowl and chop it with the meat very fine. Stringy Burgoo is no good. About four hours before serving time put the meat back in the pot and add the corn. The corn has been saved because it requires less cooking.

Remember, Burgoo is a very temperamental dish. So after it is completely mixed get two men to stir it constantly. If they stop a moment, it will scorch. It must be served hot; and if it once gets cold there is no use to reheat it. It never tastes the same.

Now that your Burgoo is ready—taste it! You'll experience how peppery hot it is without being too hot . . . how rich, but not greasy . . . and how perfectly flavored.

There is a distinct French influence upon the Burgoo recipe. Jaubert was a Frenchman; and throughout his long residence in the South he constantly protested against "southern style" foods on his table. Fried chicken was taboo—he preferred it stewed. No greasy stews were tolerated. One of Burgoo's vital characteristics is the absence of fat or grease. 'Possum, pork and the greasy meats are never used, and fat is carefully stripped from fowl and meats before they go into the pot.

This is the first time the true seasoning of Burgoo has ever been made public. Looney and Jaubert have always carefully and zealously guarded its secret. Not that the King isn't obliging about giving anyone the recipe for Burgoo . . . he is, except for the seasoning. This he refuses. But the writer has accompanied the King several times to watch each intricate step of Burgoo making, and has obtained the King's permission to use the full recipe in this article.

Colonel Looney has been "King" for some thirty-nine years in this Burgoo business, but he achieved national fame only after the 1932 Kentucky Derby when "his" horse won the big race.

Colonel Bradley was very fond of the Burgoo King, and vice versa. In 1927 Colonel Bradley, with his typical philanthropy, started an annual one-day charity race meet on his private track at Idle Hour Farm, in Lexington, Kentucky—the proceeds of which went to the crippled children of the state. The profits from the sale of Burgoo was the Burgoo King's contribution.

And was the Burgoo popular! The King almost lost his reputation there in 1930. The day was very cold and disagreeable. Wind cut through clothing, and a hot drink was at a premium. There were some seven thousand people present, and they descended in a body on the Burgoo pot. By the time the fourth race was over the kettles yawned almost empty. Then came word from Colonel Bradley: "Looney, be sure not to run out of Burgoo!"

It takes twenty-four hours to make Burgoo, and Colonel Bradley said to have Burgoo right now! So Colonel Looney says to Colonel Bradley: "It shall be done!" Yet here was the soul-shocking knowledge that all his fame, all his score and ten years of reputation, all his prestige and renown as a concocter of Burgoo was in the balance. He was standing before the judgment of seven thousand people. But Colonel Bradley had spoken, and to the few remaining gallons of his beloved Burgoo the King added water, water—more water—enough to meet the emergency. Stirring up the fire he served it hot—and got by.

The King's ruddy cheeks widen with an infectious grin, and his kindly eyes twinkle merrily as he tells this story on himself. And deep down in him is enough of the small-boy delight in having hurdled such a provoking obstacle to make up for the suffering occasioned the pride of an artist who must mar a masterpiece.

That afternoon, November 17, 1930, King Looney got an unexpected reward. Mr. Bradley made a short speech of appreciation for the support accorded him, and of the Burgoo King he said: "I wish especially to thank James T. Looney, the Burgoo King, for the excellence of the food and the masterly manner in which he conducted the feeding arrangements today. In compliment to him and to perpetuate his title, I am going to name a good two-year-old *Burgoo King*."

It was a kindly thing to do; but it turned out to be a gesture far more vital than anyone even thought of that day.

Three months later, Colonel Looney got this letter:

BEACH CLUB
Palm Beach, Florida
February 27, 1931

Mr. James T. Looney
Lexington, Kentucky

My dear Mr. Looney:

I had Mr. Bradley name the Ch. C. by *Bubbling Over—Minnewand, Burgoo King*. Mr. Bradley named this colt for you. This colt was one of our fastest colts last fall.

The only colt that could beat him was the *Blossom Time* colt*, a three-quarter brother to *Blue Larkspur*.

Now here is a colt that will win the first asking. I will try to keep you posted all summer how your colt is doing. Take a run out to the farm some Sunday and ask Gentry to lead him out for you.

Trusting that your colt will be as "hot" as your Burgoo,

I remain, Sincerely yours,
BARRY SHANNON

The fame of *Burgoo King* is known the world over . . . how this colt grew up to be a Derby winner; how *Brother Joe*, his stablemate, beat him in the Derby trial at Lexington in their first race of the year together; how *Brother Joe* worked better than *Burgoo King* in early pre-Derby workouts. But when the horses entered the race in competition with each other and the best of their age—*Burgoo King* led the field.

During the thirty-five years Looney has been racing his own horses he says of himself that he "should have been put off of every track in America." He probably would have been had he been anyone but Jim Looney. He has never even attempted to control that Irish temper—and nobody cares.

One day at Latonia he had a horse in the third race. The horse won, only to be disqualified by the judges for interference. That made the old man mad, and he started up to whip the judges. Someone stopped him; so in the approved manner of a schoolboy he sat down along the rail near the entrance and pouted for an hour or so.

"Well," says Colonel Looney, "I had to go back to see my other horse go in the seventh—and just happened to get alongside the judges' stand. Here came my horse, about ten lengths ahead. So I looked over my shoulder and yelled at the judge standing just above me: 'Now, you son of a bitch, disqualify that one!' The judge just laughed. I looked back at the track, and I'll be damned if there wasn't another horse that I hadn't seen on the rail that was ahead by a nose."

*Wadsworth's Last* was Looney's favorite horse. He was his "friend" horse. A "friend" horse is one, according to race-track superstition, that will always win just when a win is needed most. A "friend" horse may not be worth his oats—he may win only a few races a year. But when he wins, that winning money is worth many times its value . . . will, when necessary, "take you away," which means pay expenses for moving the "stable" away when the races are over.

Looney and his trainer would take their "stable" to a track for a meeting, and it was not infrequent that their money was about gone before the meet was over. Being an impulsive man, he was likely to bet his last dollar on a race that would pay well if he won, but would leave him stranded if he lost.

The last day of the Christmas meet at New Orleans one year found the Colonel broke . . . and a long way from home with several horses and several employees for whom to provide. But the Colonel had his ace in the hole. He had *Wadsworth's Last* entered in the last race on the last day of the meet. He borrowed a few dollars to put "on his nose," and promptly forgot his worries.

The last race that day was run in complete darkness. Few in the stands knew when the race started. All they saw was a brown horse coming down the stretch so far ahead of the field that there is an argument to this day among the judges and spectators alike as to whether or not that horse ran all the way. Of course, it was impossible . . . and yet there *was* a gate, leading from the stables, just about a half mile from the start. The Burgoo King came to Lexington in style. ##

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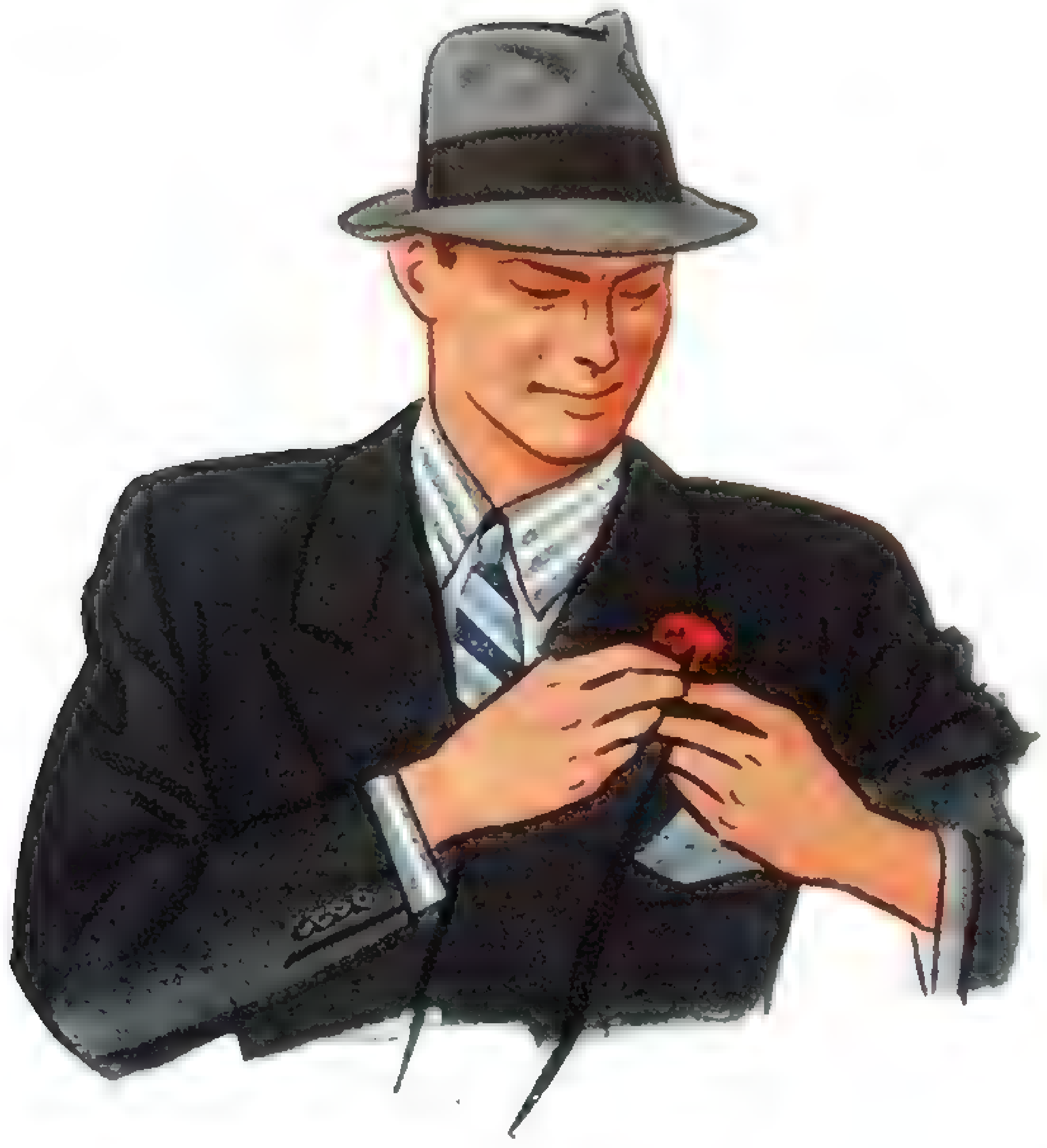
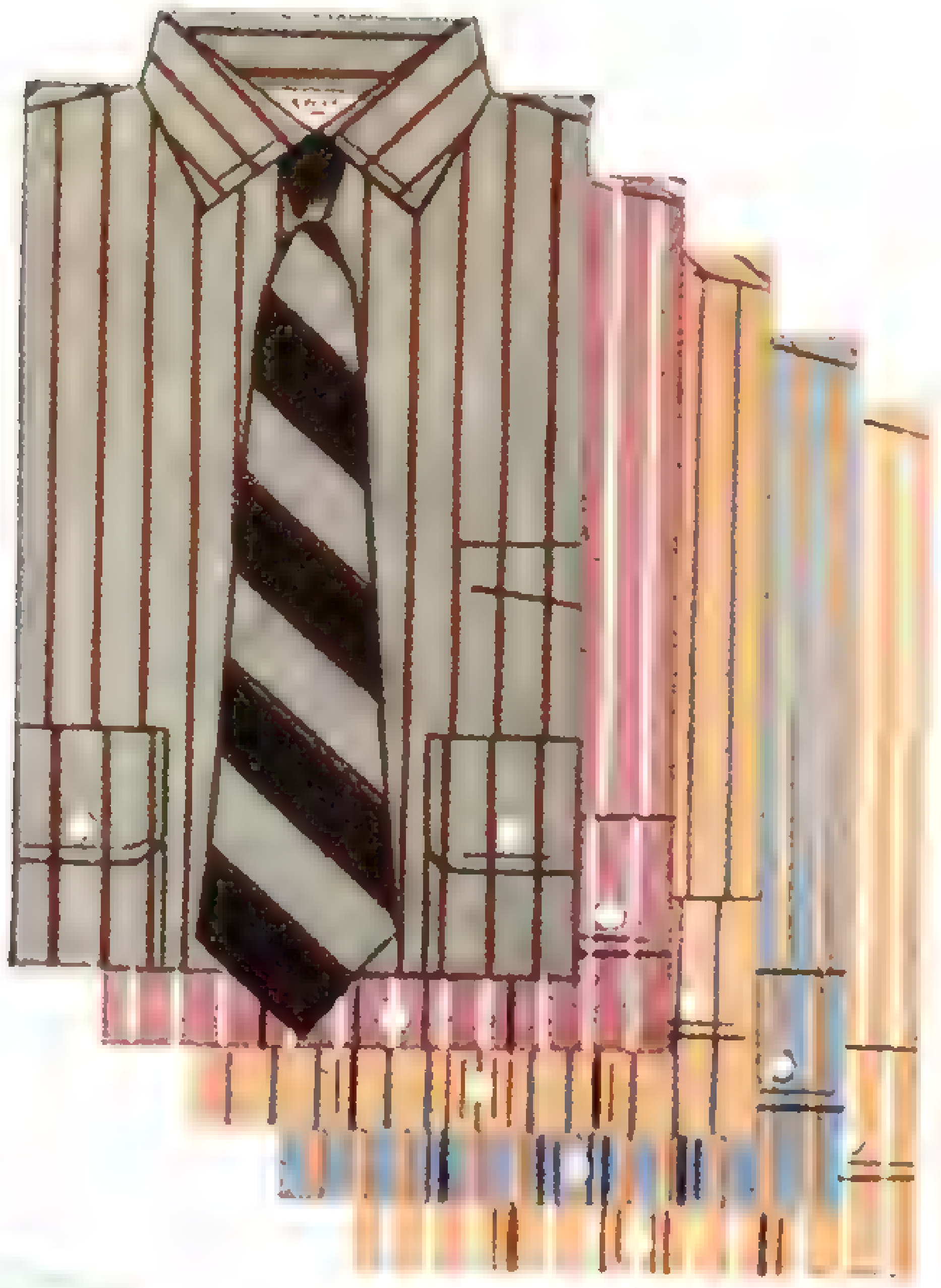
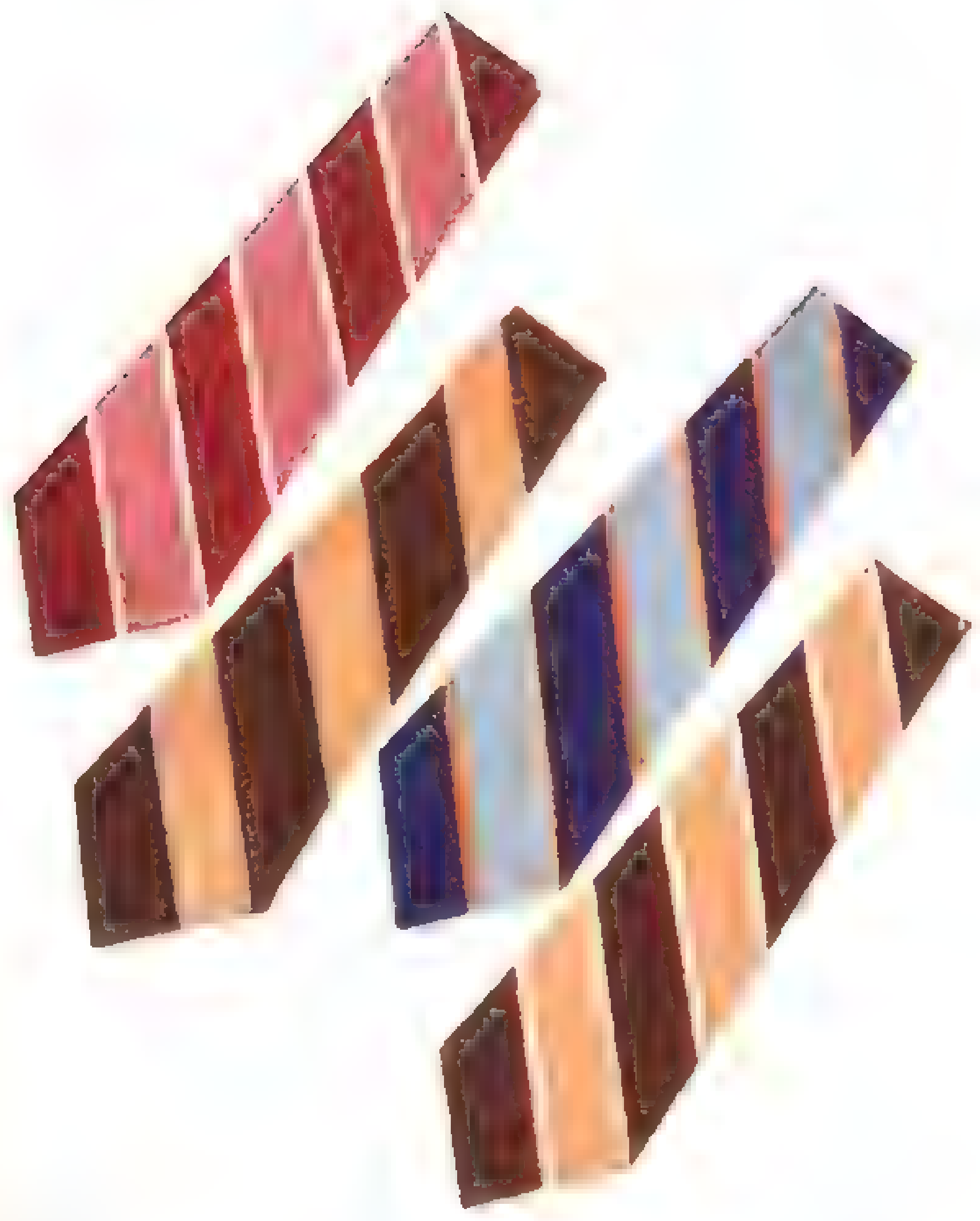
*EDITOR'S NOTE: This was *"Brother Joe"* (*Black Toney—Blossom Time.*)



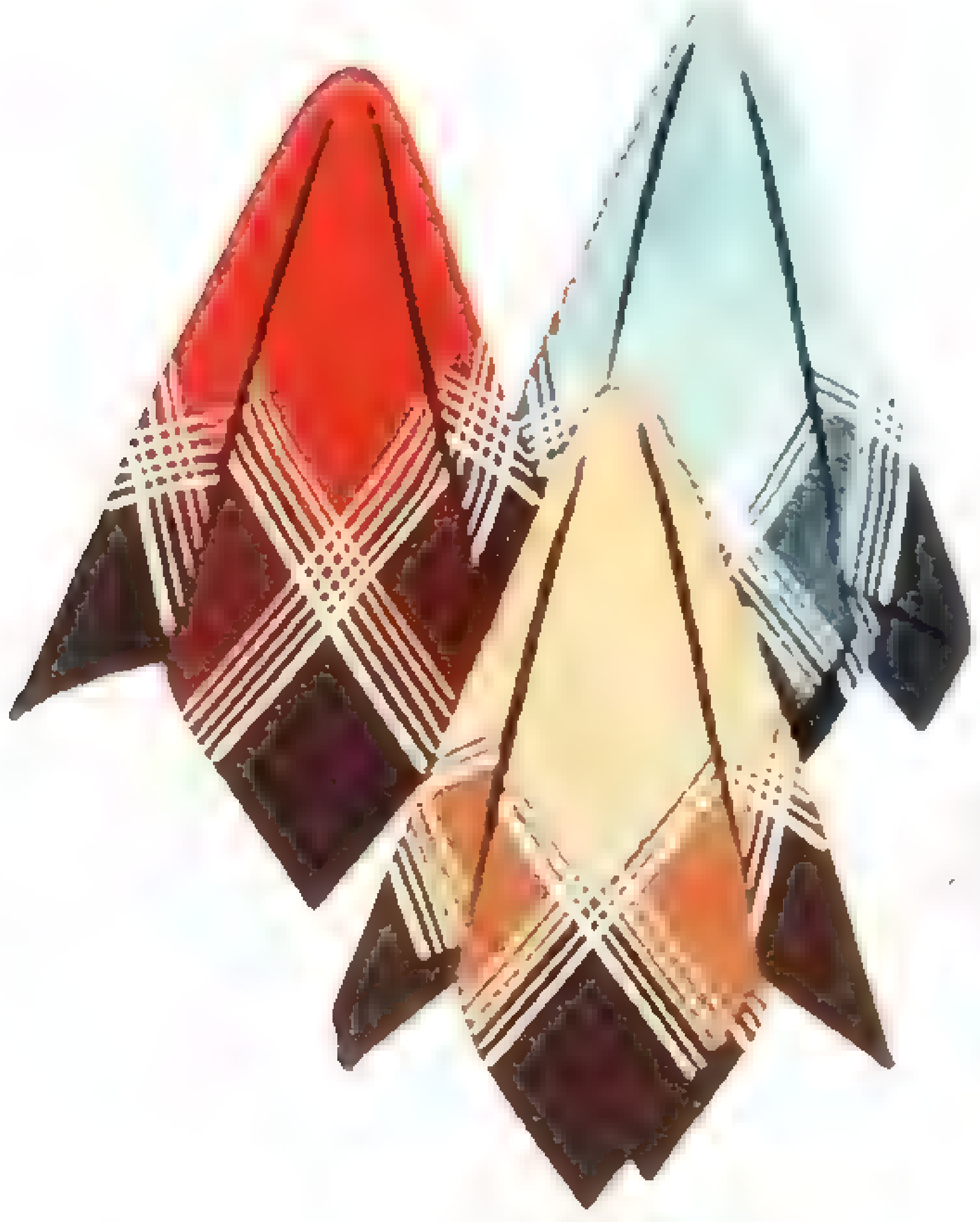
Arrow borrows a stripe from suits and puts it into this Suiting Stripe shirt. Mitoga form-fit design. Sanforized. $2





Arrow Ties specially designed for the shirts carry same key color and pattern as the shirts. Exclusive with Arrow. $1.

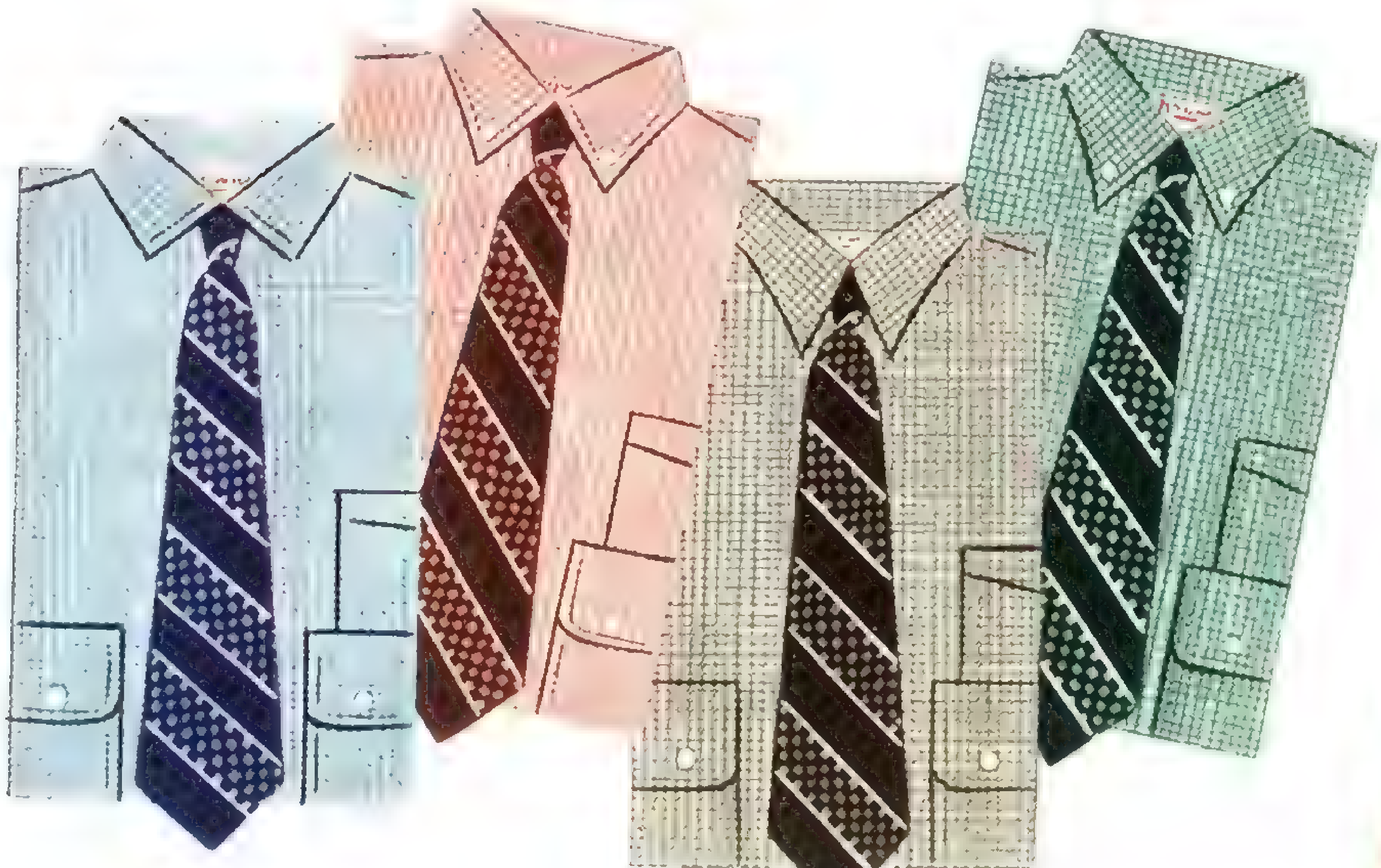
Special style note: All the Shirts shown on this page come in these 5 variations of the popular Arrow Collar.



Arrow matches an original striped handkerchief with a striped shirt. 35¢

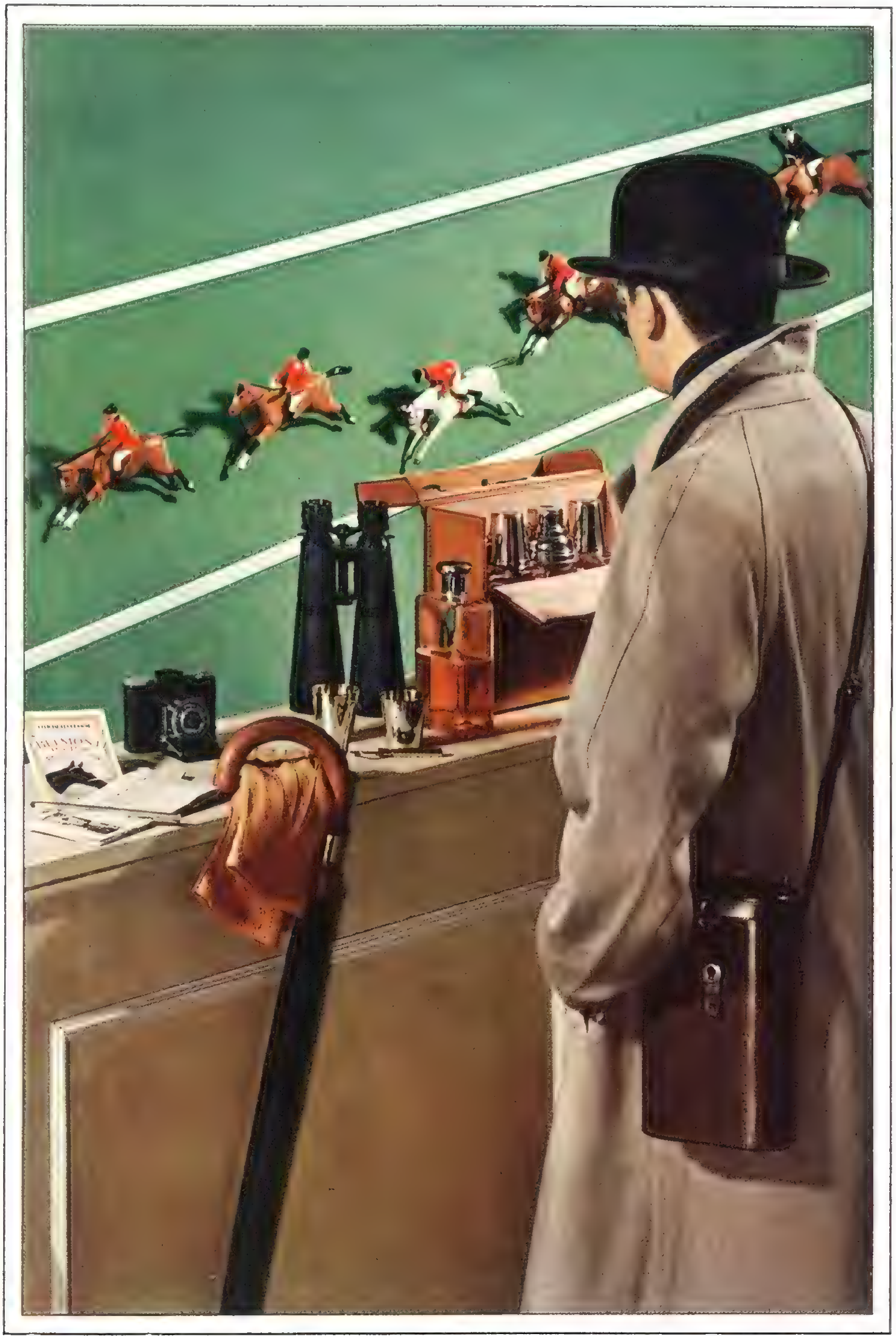
ARROW
SANFORIZED SHRUNK
SHIRT
WITH
ARROW COLLAR

If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow.



Whats new in check shirts? The Dormer Check- by Arrow. $2.50. And the design is picked up out of the shirt and injected into the tie. $1.

© 1936 Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N.Y.



DIRECT COLOR BY ROSENOW

DESIGNED BY W. BAYARD OKIE, JR.

# LO, THE COMPLEAT SPECTATOR-SPORTSMAN

One of life's little oddities that must go forever unsolved if it awaits our explanation is the here-apparent fact that it takes considerably more equipment to watch a race than to win one. But we have been assured on presumably expert authority that your true dyed in the wool devotee of the hunt race meet would as soon leave his eye teeth at home on the piano as any of the following: a rough finish bowler hat, a gabardine raincoat, a homespun muffler, a leather fitted case for cocktails and liquor, a pair of binoculars, a leather handled racing umbrella with a pencil in the handle, a pair of peccary pigskin gauntlets, a folding camera and a gold pencil containing an extra heavy lead. To forestall caustic exegesis by the literal minded, as well as to enlighten the very young, we might explain that the horsies in the background are not real horses at all. We aren't so sure about the man.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*

# The Private Life of a Sailor

### He is highly prim and proper, in fact, just the kind of boy a man's sister ought to marry

### by JOHN McNAMARA

• ARTICLE •

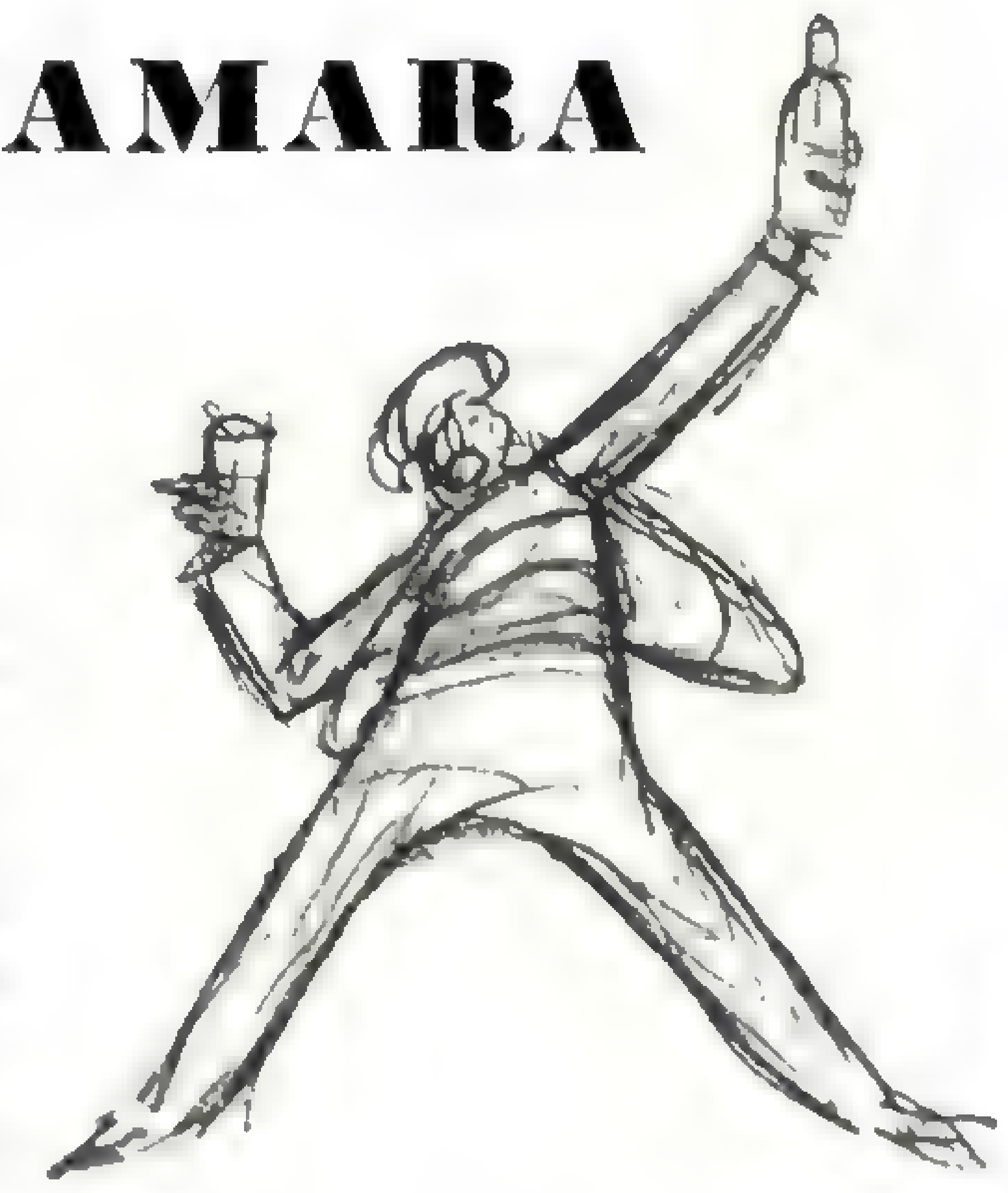
Strictly speaking, a sailor has no private life. And I am not simply referring to the fact that the *Morro Castle* disaster and the other marine emergencies of the past few years have made him a public figure, but rather to the conditions of his job which make absolute personal privacy impossible.

Almost all of us can go back into our memories and dig up the recollection of a week-end house-party of twelve persons in a house with only one bathroom. If we just season that recollection with the supposition that the house were snow-bound for a couple of months, we get some idea of the state of privacy in which the ordinary Merchant Marine sailor lives.

His is one of the few occupations which impose the condition that the worker has to eat, sleep, and live with his fellow workers on a twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week basis. Even a lumberjack can go for a walk in the woods when he becomes fed up with the company of his mates, for there is plenty of room in the woods. But there is a definite lack of room on a ship. Space is valuable. It can be filled with cargo.

This lack of privacy is the basis of a whole system of forecastle etiquette, a design for living which is peculiar to sailors and typical of them alone. And the first rule of this system is, "Thou shalt not sit on another man's bunk!" If there really is a code of the sea, as the story books tell us, then this is it. His bunk is the closest thing to a home which the sailor has aboard the ship, and in many cases, the closest thing to a home which he has anywhere. And, Edgar Guest to the contrary notwithstanding, fundamentally a home is a place which you can tell the other fellow to keep the hell out of. And that's just the way a sailor feels about his bunk.

The same thing applies to his seat at table and his right to the washroom when he comes off watch. He has a fixed time for washing and a fixed place for eating, and if anyone tries to interfere with his habitual routine in either, there is bound to be trouble. His passion for regularity in such apparently minor matters would make him seem over fussy, if it were not for the fact that he is just as careful not to step on anyone else's toes as he is insistent that they don't step on his.



Altogether he is surprisingly considerate. He doesn't whistle before breakfast or belch after dinner, and he tries not to awaken his room mates when he comes in at night. He doesn't play the radio when they are sleeping, and if he reads in bed he is very careful to shade the light. He may snore a little, it is true, but you can't hate him for that. He'd stop it if he could.

This doesn't necessarily mean that he is a paragon of thoughtfulness by nature. Quite often his inherent character is just the opposite. But these habits of consideration for others are part of the job of seamanship, and he takes just as much pride in his ability to get along with people as he does in his ability to splice a line.

Probably the most surprising fact about his private life is the relatively small amount of liquor which he consumes. Month in and month out, his is a ration which would leave the average customer's man with his tongue dragging on the floor. His reputation as a drunkard is based simply upon those fleeting moments between quick trips when he has to cram his whole month's dissipation into a few hours, and consequently winds up in the gutter. To assume that these holiday moments represent his normal behaviour is as silly as to suppose that the couples we see kissing goodbye at railroad stations have just spent two or three months of unbroken participation in this popular pastime. Given a more normal condition, as when a ship is laid up in drydock for a few weeks and the crew is kept on to assist in the repairs, you will find very little drunkenness among the crew after the first day, and that drunkenness will be partly due to the fact that the sailor is a bit out of practice and can't handle his liquor very well. Actually, although he would resent your saying so, his only claim to distinction as a drinker is the fact that while other men can drink more than he, they can't at any given time get any drunker.

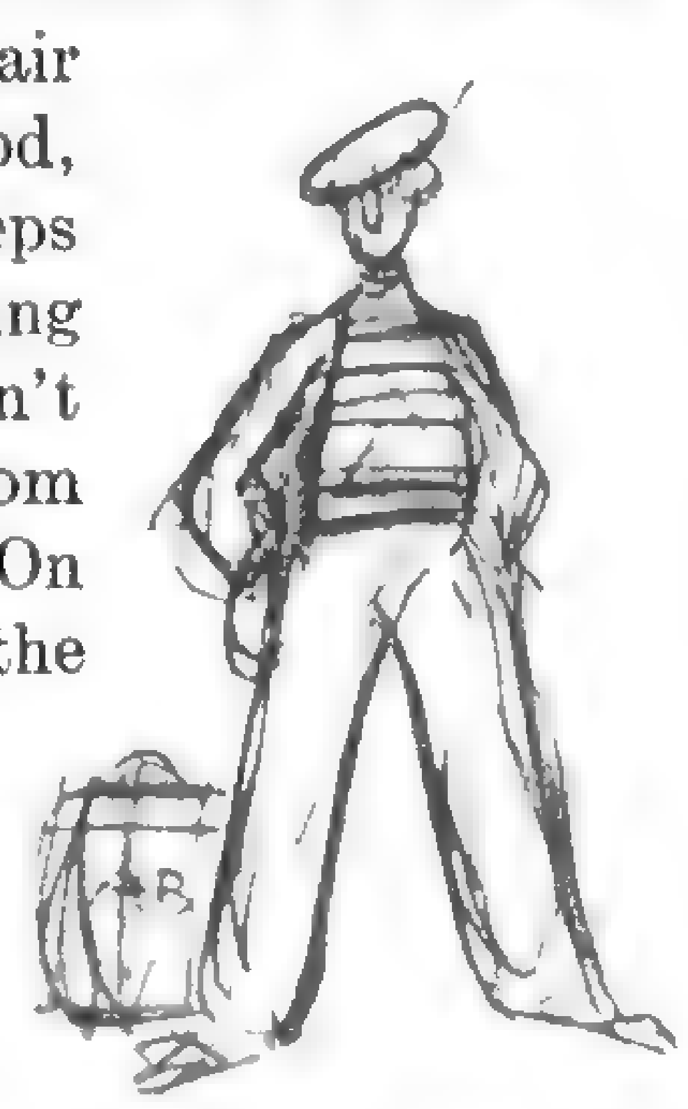
Similarly, his reputation as a Don Juan is a matter of flattering but unfounded tradition, based upon the fact that whatever sex life he has is necessarily of the most obvious sort. Relying for one's social connections upon the introductions performed by taxi drivers is the height of wearing one's heart on one's sleeve, and that is just what the sailor is up against. Perennially the stranger in town, the only feminine welcome he can find is that of the professional sweetheart. And yet, it's surprising how often he will go to the movies instead!

There is no truth, of course, to the legend that on the longer trips his food is doctored with anaphrodisiacs, although the average sailor still persists in that belief. It is true, however, that his daily diet is not particularly rich in those vitamins from which big ideas are said to spring, and this fact, plus hard work, plus the fact that even on passenger ships his work seldom takes him within shouting distance of women and the suggestion which they present, does probably tend somewhat to reduce his amorous propensities.

In short, much as he would resent your saying it, he is just the "sort of fellow you can trust your sister with." As a matter of fact, your sister would be likely to shock him, for he doesn't approve of girls who smoke or who wear low cut evening gowns, and he is quite sure that all society girls are no better than they should be, and probably not even as good. Incidentally, his opinion on just how good they should be is pretty clear cut, for he is a good solid believer in the Double Standard.

He knows slightly less about contraception than the average high school boy, but is well up on venereal disease, thanks to the tons of literature with which the government health services constantly deluge him. He knows enough about medicine to visit the Marine Hospital when he is ill, enough about diet to complain constantly about his food, and enough about hygiene to keep himself and his quarters scrupulously clean.

He shaves and takes a bath every day, and usually washes out his underwear at the same time he takes a bath, quite often using his undershirt as a wash cloth. He usually sleeps in his underwear, since pajamas are just another item to wash out, and are more bother than they are worth, especially if he has a watch which calls him out of bed late at night. He owns a pair of sandals, either wood, leather or straw, and keeps them on while he is taking his bath so that he won't get Athlete's Foot from stepping on the deck. On his way to and from the washroom he wraps his towel very carefully around himself, for he is much more modest about his



*Continued in center of page 141*

## A Bare Possibility

*Continued from page 77*

did and Mrs. Wagstaff said Well you wouldn't use it that way yourself Vincent and Mr. Lasher said No I don't think I would but you must remember that it is quite normal for most men to be interested in such things. Well I'm glad that there is someone that is different anyway said Mrs. Wagstaff and she and Mr. Lasher smiled affectionately at each other. But Mr. Wagstaff went on eating.

But there was one thing that bothered Mr. Wagstaff quite a lot. Miss Deering had been so little disturbed by his demonstration of the ray's effect that he had tried it on her again a couple of times as a sort of joke of course being considerate and not looking right at her when he did it. But each time it seemed to him that afterward she assumed a greater intimacy in the relationship between them. It wasn't anything that she actually did or said but she seemed less matter of fact and detached and her smile was warmer and less impersonal. And at first he didn't know whether he was glad or sorry.

But one day when he had finished dictating Miss Deering closed her notebook and stood up and said Mr. Wagstaff I am going to leave. What! said Mr. Wagstaff Why aren't you satisfied here? O it isn't that said Miss Deering and Mr. Wagstaff said I've noticed that you've seemed different lately and I suppose you are in love. And she said Yes I am and he said Are you getting married? And she said No.

O said Mr. Wagstaff and he thought a minute and said Well then I don't see and then he looked at her and said was it that he had offended her with the ray because he guessed it wasn't a very nice thing to do. Nonsense! said Miss Deering You haven't offended me but maybe it was the ray at that. And she sat down and said Listen Mr. Wagstaff I believe in being perfectly frank and why shouldn't I tell you? It is you I have fallen in love with.

Whee! said Mr. Wagstaff and he looked so flustered that she laughed and said I know what you are thinking you are saying to yourself Why here we have worked together peacefully for six years and I have never made a pass at this girl and now all at once—Well she said the fact is there and that is all that interests me but I know you well enough by this time to realize that unless you can get some explanation for it you won't think of anything else for a week and I want you to forget it. Well I could have gone on for six more years as long as there was no intimacy between us. I suppose unconsciously my defences were always up. But somehow that ray knocked them down particularly when I realized that I didn't mind.

You mean said Mr. Wagstaff hoping to turn the talk into less painfully serious channels that clothes are normally the last line of defence? In a way said Miss Deering but it's much more than that. And then she looked at her watch and said Goodness you haven't time to be so philosophical for you must go to the club and get dressed. For the Wagstaffs were dining with Mr. Lasher and then going to the opening of his new show. Well said Mr. Wagstaff I am sorry about the whole thing and of course if you want a new job. No said Miss Deering I won't take another for a while for father has to go to Egypt about a contract for his firm and I will go with him. O said Mr. Wagstaff vaguely I didn't know that your father—Yes she said he is president of Deering & Wicks. O said Mr. Wagstaff putting on his hat Well goodnight.

Well the dinner was about what he had expected with a number of theatrical people who talked English with a strong American accent or vice versa and his wife was very gay and amusing but anyway the food was good. Then they went to the play which was all about a lot of subnormal people who never did things because they wanted to but because they had compulsions and fixations only the compulsions never came out and you had to guess what they were from what the people did. It all seemed very psychological and screwy to Mr. Wagstaff but the audience liked it for at the end of the second act they all cheered and yelled for the author. Mr. Wagstaff was kind of shocked for it seemed like cheering at an accident and when Mr. Lasher got up and left the box to go on the stage he said to Mrs. Wagstaff Well I hope he can explain it to them. And Mrs. Wagstaff said coldly I fail to see what there is to explain surely it is obvious that the whole tragic climax is due to what happened to him when he was little. Who Lasher? said Mr. Wagstaff Well I never thought of explaining him that way. No you fool said Mrs. Wagstaff the grandfather in the play. And then Mr. Lasher appeared before the curtain.

Well Mr. Wagstaff always took the tube with him everywhere because it looked just like a walking stick and he had it with him now across his knee and pointing almost at Mr. Lasher. And however it happened he never knew but just as Mr. Lasher started to speak he turned it on. Mr. Lasher had thrown his arms open in a dramatic gesture and was saying My friends I have stood here before you many times but never as proudly as I do tonight never with so much faith in what I am showing you. And then suddenly his clothing vanished and he stood there before them naked and gently knock-kneed and a murmur went through the house and grew into an amazed yell of delight.

Well Mr. Lasher's confident smile changed into a rather foolish one and then as he at last looked down at himself into a grin of terror and he turned and dove through the curtains just as Mrs. Wagstaff knocked the tube from Mr. Wagstaff's hands. It fell into the orchestra and lay across a seat pointing at a stout dramatic critic who turned at once into a pink Silenus by Rubens. Mr. Wagstaff started to climb out of the box partly because Mrs. Wagstaff was looking around for something to throw at him and partly to recover the tube when he saw a girl run down the aisle pick up the tube and turn it off. Well the girl was a knockout and there was something vaguely familiar about her too especially her bare shoulders and Mr. Wagstaff thought he had better thank her and at the same time find out who she was so he kept on climbing. But someone pulled him back and it was Mr. Lasher and a policeman.

Arrest him officer howled Mr. Lasher You saw what he did. And the policeman grinned and said Sure I seen it and it was the best part of the show if you ask me. He's ruined my play roared Mr. Lasher and the policeman said Keep your shirt on buddy and your pants too this time they seem to sit pretty light on you. O don't be humorous officer said Mrs. Wagstaff. O K ma'am said the policeman I'll take him if you say he done it. He did said Mrs. Wagstaff. O K said the policeman again but I wish I knew the trick of it I'd give Minsky a run for his money. And he put his hand on Mr. Wagstaff's shoulder. But just then there was a movement behind the box curtains and the policeman's uniform vanished.

Well a cop clothed only in an expression of horror is not a symbol of authority and indeed he seemed to sense this himself for he gave a loud cry of dismay and tried to get behind a small gilt chair which only framed him the more amusingly. And Mr. Wagstaff ran out of the box. In the passage was the girl and he grabbed her arm and raced up the aisle into the lobby. She handed him the tube and then he looked at her and said Why you're Miss Deering!

Yes she said Did you think anyone but your secretary would have your interests so much at heart? But he just kept on staring at her and said I don't see why I didn't know you but I suppose it is because I never saw you in an evening gown before. Miss Deering blushed a little and said Well maybe it was the earrings. Maybe said Mr. Wagstaff staring some more. But Miss Deering said she must go back because her father would be wondering where she was. And she said you'd better beat it before that policeman comes out here. So Mr. Wagstaff beat it.

Well he went home and went right to bed but he didn't sleep because he was trying to think up something to say to Mrs. Wagstaff. And about four she came in and turned on the light and said O there you are! Well a fine night's work you've done for yourself! You ruined Victor's show that's what you did! And all at once Mr. Wagstaff got mad and he sat up and said Rats! I put it on the front page for him and that's something he never made before. You ruined him with the intelligentsia said Mrs. Wagstaff. The intelligentsia were snoring in their seats said Mr. Wagstaff and Mrs. Wagstaff said Pah! and threw a small lamp at him. The intelligentsia enjoy a good laugh as much as anybody said Mr. Wagstaff dodging. Well anyway said Mrs. Wagstaff I am through with you and your horseplay for I am going away with Vincent tonight. Really? said Mr. Wagstaff wondering at his boldness Well that's fine and you tell him from me when he writes another show to remember that those knees of his are always good for a laugh. Pah! said Mrs. Wagstaff again and threw a glass paperweight with a picture of Niagara Falls on it at him and left. And Mr. Wagstaff went to sleep.

So in the morning Mr. Wagstaff went to his office and when Miss Deering came in he said My wife has run away with Mr. Lasher. O said Miss Deering I am so sorry. Are you really? said Mr. Wagstaff and Miss Deering said No. That's swell said Mr. Wagstaff Will you sit down a minute? Do you want to dictate? she said and he said No but I don't want to be dictated to either and I don't want to be jawed at breakfast or kept in line with small pieces of bric a brac. I'm not a very good shot said Miss Deering and Mr. Wagstaff said Neither was Mrs. Wagstaff but she was improving and with those knees I don't think Lasher will be as quick on his feet as I was which makes me very well satisfied with her choice. But he said that has nothing to do with us. No said Miss Deering but do you really want to marry me? O don't begin to argue said Mr. Wagstaff I have been in love with you ever since last night. So Miss Deering picked up the tube and said Well then you won't need this any more will you? He said No and started to break it over his knee and then stopped and said No I have an idea and he put it over in the corner. And Miss Deering didn't ask him what the idea was but kissed him instead.

So when Mrs. Wagstaff got back from Reno and married Mr. Lasher Mr. Wagstaff married Miss Deering and then he sent Mrs. Lasher the tube for a wedding present and Mrs. Lasher was furious and threw it at Mr. Lasher who didn't dodge quick enough and it nearly knocked his eye out. #

# Hickok styles your initials

THE *mark of a man* this Spring is initials. And the *harmonizing* initials—that never look "applied"—are Hickok initials. A custom-jeweler, centering his design around your initials, would give you this same finished, *unified* effect.

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# Love Is a Recent Invention

*Continued from page 56*

and he performed his conjugal duties with great regularity. Devotion to the mother of his children did not always exclude the seduction of housemaids. He was sexually active, but sex activity is not love. Domestic devotion is not love. Love includes both, but it demands more.

We can meet these demands better than our ancestors. The new leisure has enabled us to develop a new conception and feeling of love. Love is neither a gamble nor a one-sided infatuation. Love, modern love, is based upon mutual physical and spiritual devotion. We are not lovers until we know that *it takes two to make love*. When I explained this to a patient of mine who, in spite of innumerable amours, somehow never finds happiness, he laughed. "And you call that a discovery? I knew that from the day when I first made eyes at the janitor's girl." That is, no doubt, the average reaction to my statement. Paradoxical as it may sound, the average person does not realize that *love is a task for two*. "A task?" said a pretty young friend of mine. "I thought it was a pleasure." I deliberately use the word "task." Love may have its beginnings in a sudden infatuation, but it does not mature, it does not deserve the name of love, without labor and discipline, sacrifice and co-operation.

In the past, as in the present, the predatory male seized the female and the predatory female ensnared and captured the male. Such a relationship involves neither reciprocity nor mutual sacrifice. Love, like the dance, needs the harmonious co-operation of two partners. German peasants to this day impose upon a newly betrothed couple the task of cutting down a tree with a two-handed saw. On the way in which they handle the job, on their ability to co-operate are based predictions as to their future and their chances of connubial felicity.

"My husband loves me," remarked a rotund brunette to me, "he gives me all the money I want for clothes and does not mind if I lose his hard-earned money at the bridge table." What have such things to do with love? Very little. The husband in question receives in return only frigid caresses. Possibly he even admired his wife for being a "good" woman—too good to be thrilled by passion. It is obvious that neither has guessed the secret of love even if they look upon their marriage as satisfactory.

Love is not an unequal partnership, where one gives all and the other gives little or nothing. *Love is the equal partnership between a man and a woman—where two are merged into one, a human dyad, reconciling the sex urge of the individual with the biological needs of the race and the demands of society.* "Dyad," I am afraid, is a dictionary word. It is worth looking up. I use it because it is the only word that completely expresses my meaning. It signifies the true marriage, on equal terms, of two souls and two bodies.

To achieve the dyad of perfect love, the following rules may recommend themselves to the reader:

1. Don't look up to your mate, and don't look down: approach love as an equal.
2. Don't expect an impossible perfection in others, of which you yourself are incapable: love a woman, not an angel; a man, not an eidolon.
3. Don't think of yourselves as one or as two, but as a twosome.
4. Don't take without giving, nor give without taking, in love.
5. Don't pick out a partner who does not entice you physically, but do not entangle your fate with one who appeals to you only on a physiological basis.
6. Don't fail to co-operate with your mate on every plane, socially, economically, intellectually, spiritually, emotionally and biologically.
7. Don't lose yourself in by-paths and blind alleys: there is always a way out of emotional labyrinths—potentially all humans are fundamentally normal.
9. Be a slave neither to convention, nor to your own idiosyncrasies: remember you are not merely an individual, but a unit of your social group and the human race.

It was Leibnitz, a great German philosopher, who said that the soul was a "house without windows." All mortals in his opinion were "monads," solitary creatures, incapable of communication. But he did not know that love opens the windows of the soul. When Jack and Jill find love, they cease to be monads. In place of solitude, "the solitude of all created things," the lovers discover a new and blessed state for which Nietzsche has coined the term *Zweisamkeit*—dualitude. "Though indeed," as Sir Thomas Brown remarks in *Religio Medici*, "they be really divided, yet are they so united as to seem as one and make rather a duality than two distinct souls." We may well say with Shakespeare of perfect lovers: "An apple cleft in two is not more twain than these creatures."

Shakespeare, if we may believe the testimony of his sonnets and the testimony of his biographers, including Frank Harris, was not himself a successful lover. But he has said many beautiful things about love. He was sufficiently great and, belonging to all time, sufficiently modern, to have at least an idea of the new conception of love. *Romeo and Juliet* is a beautiful early version of modern love, a love that defies family conventions and sacrifices—if necessary, even life itself. In the days when Romeo and Juliet lived and in the days of Queen Elizabeth, such love was rare, so rare that it inspired the greatest of playwrights. Today the story of Romeo and Juliet is no longer exceptional. There is not a day when some girl in the Bronx does not defy her family for her love's sake. There is hardly an undergraduate at Harvard or Princeton, or at the University of Chicago, who cannot write lover letters as passionate as those which brought Romeo to Juliet's balcony.

There are everywhere in the world, in the U. S. S. R. no less than in the U. S. A., youngsters who approach love and marriage on the basis of complete equality and unstinting co-operation. But it is not necessary to be a Browning (I am not referring to the protector of "Peaches," but to the poet) to be a great lover. I have known many couples in small houses and Lilliputian apartments who live in perfect dual felicity. Their names will not thunder down the ages, but they are contented lovers. The little girl with the feather in her hat, who sits opposite you in the subway, and the young man who gazes into her eyes, may know more about love than all the poets put together.

The Philosophers knew even less than the poets. Plato has devoted symposium after symposium to love. But Plato himself was an imperfect lover because he could not, or did not wish to, find a woman who was his equal. Nevertheless, it was Plato who originated an enticing theory of love. According to him the male and female were one until the gods, jealous of man's perfect bliss, split them in two. Since that time each half seeks its counterpart forever, and seeks it often in vain. It is only in our own day that the search is beginning to be successful.

Even the great lovers of the past lacked, as a rule, a social conscience. Perfect lovers are adjusted perfectly, not only to each other, but to their social environment. Their personal adjustment must be physical as well as emotional. Even the most idealistic lover must realize that love is an art that requires technique. Both the Occident and the Orient have given us manuals of love, text-books of passion. There is something to be said for *Kamasutra* for *The Scented Garden*, even for *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, and there is much to be said for popular scientific books which attempt to give expert knowledge to amateurs. But all knowledge and all artistry are vain unless it is shared by both lovers in a mutual devotion.

We should not, with false modesty, close our eyes to the truth that love, even in its physical aspect, is a task involving the harmonious and whole-hearted co-operation of both parties. Don Juan must be forever unsatisfied, because to him fornication is a task for one. The fatal error that a carnal relationship may be a task for one, is the basis upon which prostitution is reared. From it springs not only the Red Light District, but the disease and infection that are bred in its unhealthy atmosphere. No young man who understood the secret that supreme sexual satisfaction requires mutuality, could be contented with the inferior *Ersatz* of peripatetic charmers.

Two American writers, Viereck and Eldridge, in *Salome, the Wandering Jewess*, portray a woman who seeks perfect equality vainly for two thousand years. Their heroine gives her favors freely to sturdy gladiators and Nubian slaves, but denies herself to the one man she loves because she will not accept him except upon the basis of absolute equality. She attempts to achieve this equality by levelling the difference between her sex and his. Salome, or her interpreters, fail to realize that equality in love does not imply equality of function. It requires, on the contrary, biological differentiation.

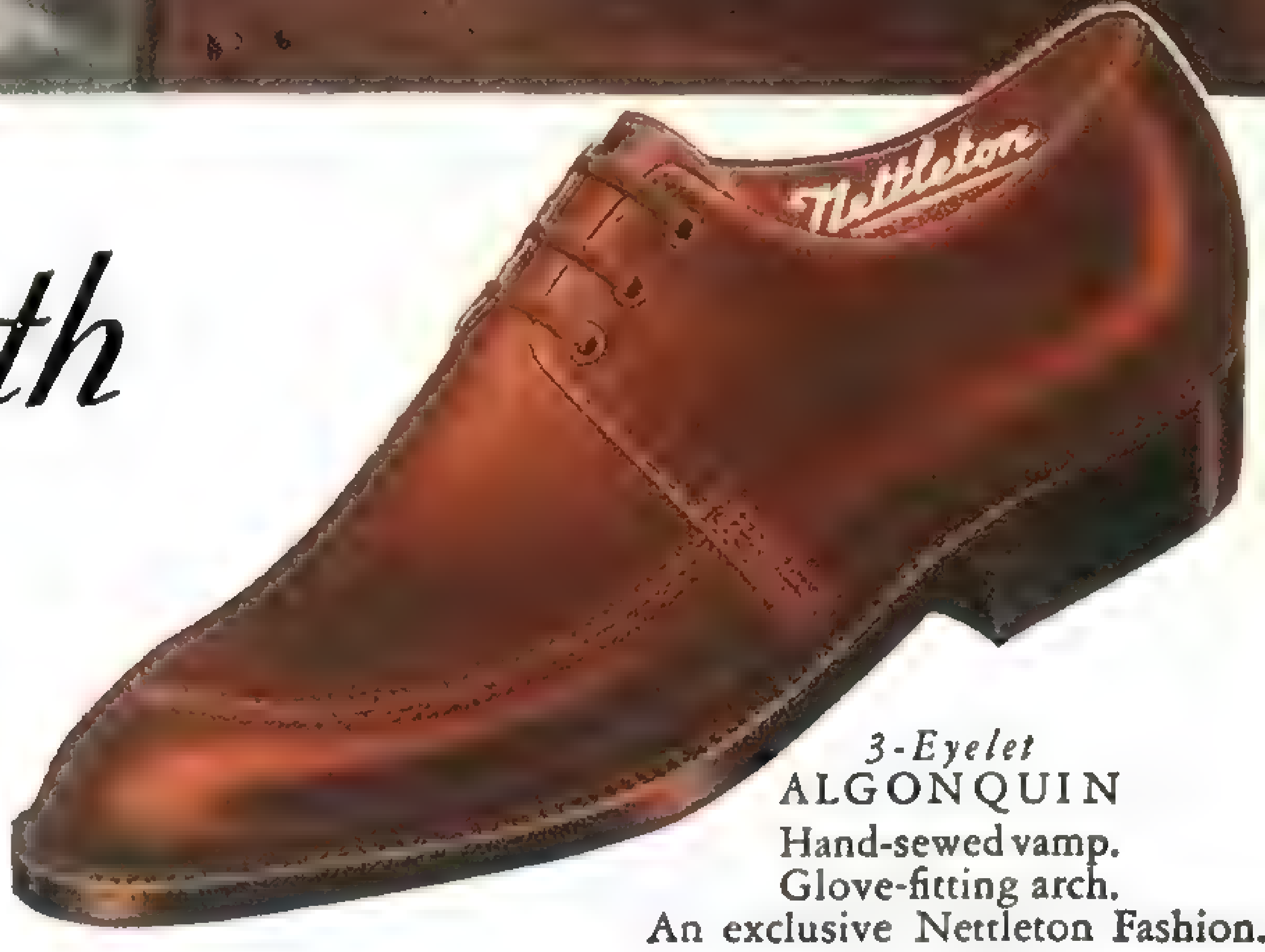
Love, though necessitating the union of the two sexes, is not based solely on the sexual function. The pleasure of sexual union is the premium nature pays to insure propagation. But neither pleasure nor propagation is sufficient in itself. Love is not love unless its uplift is spiritual, as well as physical. This uplift must not be at the expense of society or of the race; it must be in harmony with man's biological function and the preservation of civilization.

Love in our century has emerged from its Dark Ages. Many factors in modern life are favorable to love. Nevertheless there are still many factors, rising from the imperfections of human society, which militate against love. These factors inspire the "masculine protest" in women and the inordinate "fear of women" in man. No man is civilized or a perfect lover until he knows that he can find complete self-realization only in what I have called "the human dyad."

Woman is even more handicapped than man by ancient taboos, sombre vestiges of her sexual past. Language itself creates antagonism between the male and female by referring to Eve's daughters as "the opposite sex." Language denies to woman the complete equality essential for love. We still say that a man "takes" a wife. Words and proverbs in which the old prejudices still linger are more potent than most men realize. They keep false traditions alive and subtly corrupt our judgment. There should be no "taking" in love or marriage, but a mutual "give and take;" a Holy Twinity (if I may be permitted to coin a word), in which neither the male nor the female strives for domination. #

# *They never tread the beaten path*

In every line of human endeavor, a few succeed to leadership. They do not tread the beaten path. Nettleton Shoes, distinguished from the commonplace, are made for men of that type. A. E. Nettleton Co., H. W. Cook, Pres., Syracuse, N. Y.



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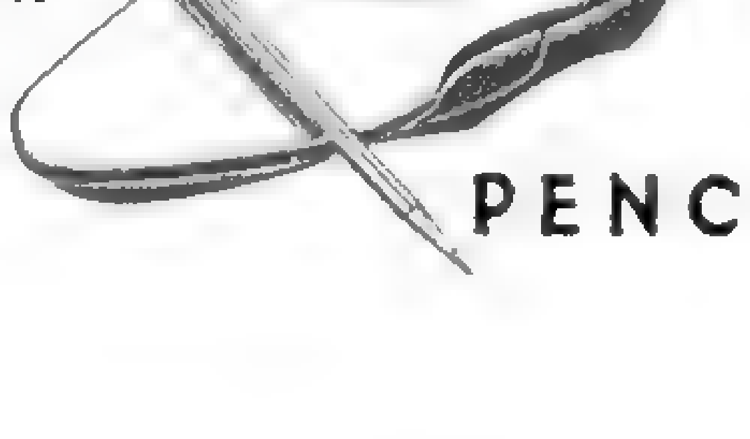

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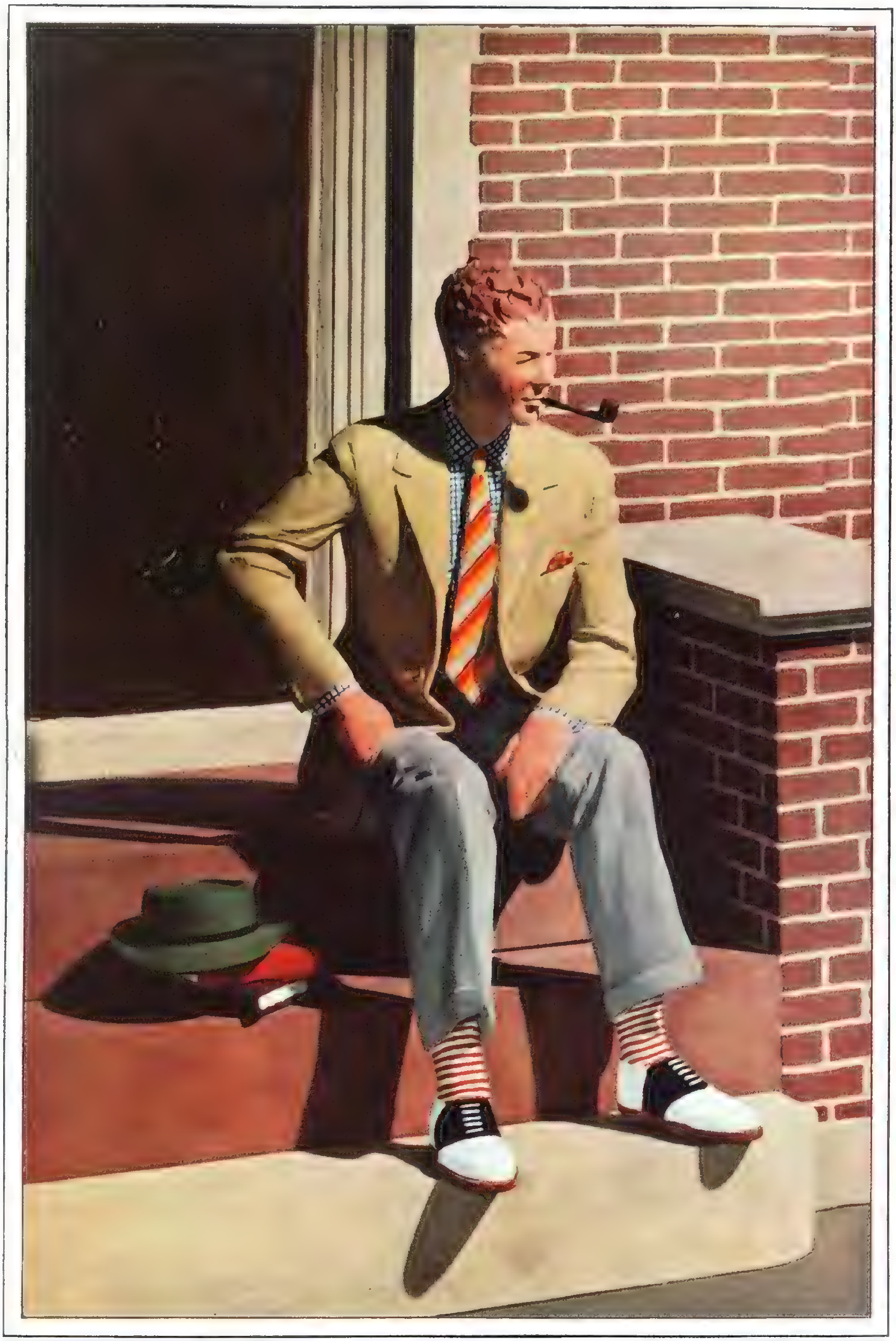

MODELED AND STAGED BY ARTHUR VON FRANKENBERG

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## "THE THINKER" IN A SPRING '36 VERSION

With all due respect to Rodin, we must seriously insist that von Frankenberg has here created a statue that more immediately rewards study than that of the famed *penseur*. On account of what could Rodin possibly tell you about this spring's clothes for collidge? Nothing, whereas Mr. von Frankenberg, in this little statuette, positively lectures on the subject. This meditation on a campus doorstep depicts the following items that are typical of the fashionwise young men at the leading universities: a three-button notched lapel single breasted gabardine jacket, with side vents, grey flannel slacks, light weight wool regatta striped hose, white shoes with black saddlestrips and red rubber soles and heels, a bold checked shirt with widespread collar and striped rep tie, a colored foulard breastpocket handkerchief and, on the steps, the increasingly popular green pork pie hat.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*

## Cable Spinner

*Continued from page 96*

Next came the physical examination. The doctors left nothing to chance. When they okehed a man to go up, he was as nearly physically fit as human examination could determine. They tested our hearts, lungs, eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. Our blood pressure was recorded. We were examined from head to toe for reflexes. Our balance was determined. We were made to stand on one foot with our eyes shut while we held the other leg in the air. In short, they all but unbuttoned us for a complete look inside.

Once more Don and I almost gave up and quit. It was while they were testing him for abdominal reflexes. He lay on a table in the middle of the hospital. A doctor had just finished tapping his elbows and ankles for reflex response. He took a sharp instrument and was about to run it over my chum's exposed stomach when the door opened and our friend the foreman came in with his load of papers. He called the doctor to one side of the room and showed him a chart. The doctor shook his head. He pointed to another part of the chart. Soon they were arguing loudly—as to whether they had "amputated that guy's leg" above or below the knee. It was no surprise to me when Don failed to show any abdominal response.

Barely two days after that we were told to report for work at five the following morning. And four days later I had my first experience with death. The old chap with the scythe lost that first encounter by a hair's breadth of wire, but we never know just when he's going to be more successful.

Going up the catwalk that morning was like a man's first taste of battle. Each step seemed to take us farther from reality and nearer catastrophe. We followed a long line of men that labored up the steep incline to Tower I. We could feel the wire mesh sag beneath our rubber-soled shoes. We gripped the rail tightly on the one side, and the cable on the other. We noticed at once that the handrail was more for balance and support than for protection. It was a mere three-quarter inch cable some three feet above the catwalk floor. There was plenty of room between it and the walk, room for a man to stumble and fall off into space.

Don and I disregarded the old rule not to look down from a high place. Our eyes were drawn irresistibly to the ground. We saw the broad highway that borders the bay at San Francisco's waterfront. We saw the trucks and automobiles of the early-morning traffic grow gradually smaller and more remote. Then the docks were at our feet, far far below. They had no depth, no shape, just area. The great ships that lay at berth were masses of masts and ropes and spars. The water looked placid and flat. It would have taken a major operation to loosen our hold on the handrail.

At intervals we passed the men who still had an hour to work on the night shift. They turned to regard us with curiosity. They wondered, as we have since of other new men, how we would fare up here. Would we "freeze," and have to be dragged down, or would we get the swing of it and be able to stick? The night men looked wet and tired, and ready for bed. They had been up since midnight. They were soaked by the heavy fog, and chilled by the wind that came up off Frisco.

We were getting the feeling of the height and gradually surrendering fear to curiosity. Then we got our first shock at the altitude and the tricks it plays. It was as we came up the walk, almost to Tower I.

Looking down, we saw the base of the great steel frame directly below our feet. But the top was still some distance ahead. It gave us the feeling that the tower was slanting *out* toward the bay. With the realization we suddenly became dizzy. It was several moments before we realized that we were climbing at an angle of almost forty-five degrees, and that everything was in perspective. A tiny tug moved in a space of water seen in the triangle of girders. The tug seemed to be going up hill. Its whistle was shrill and detached as we heard it. Don and I were definitely dizzy. Only the press of men climbing behind us kept us from turning back.

When we finally reached the summit of the long wire hill, we had to leave the mesh, and climb out to the side on a set of wooden stairs that led over the steel cap of the tower. The groaning of the winches thundered in our ears, the shouts of the working men added to the bedlam, but we were still able to hear the pounding of our own hearts as we stepped over a foot of space that separated the walk from the steps. Down through that foot of gaping space we could see the water shimmery as it caught the first sunlight.

We had been assigned a post between towers I and II, in the great loop of the walk over the center of the bay. Here the parallel catwalks look like two long hammocks swinging between steel posts. We felt the walk shake as we stepped back down onto it. A man ran along it somewhere ahead of us, and the catwalk bounded under his steps. We felt as if we were surely going to be plunged over the side. In three places between the towers are crossbridges that connect the catwalks.

At the very bottom of the great sag in the walk, one of these bridges stretches across the opening to the other wire swing. It serves to remind us of the immensity of space that separates us from the world.

The work, we found, was simple. There were two spinning-wheels ("rabbits"), on each catwalk. As one wheel unrolls wire from the San Francisco spool, the other wheel comes from the center of the bay, unwinding wire from the reel on the central anchorage. We fasten the wires to the floor of the catwalk as they trail behind the spinning-wheel, and after it has gone over the next tower, adjust them into strands. The adjusting is done by winches on the towers, for although these wires are only a quarter of an inch in diameter, each weighs more than a ton. We signal with flags as we desire the wires raised or lowered. When we have finished adjusting, and are waiting for the next wheel to come over with its load, we have time to kill. This we spend in sightseeing.

Almost since the first Spaniard came to California to live, to be followed by every other nationality on the face of the earth, letters have been written home concerning the supposedly ideal weather of the Golden State. In turn, this "propagandizing" has been taken up by the Chamber of Commerce and every other civic organization in the State. For all ordinary purposes, it may hold true, but for bridge-builders nothing could be more contrary.

For instance, it is impossible, due to weather conditions, to work more than three six-hour shifts in each 24-hour period. No shift can work from noon to six in the afternoon because the weather is either too hot, too cold, or too windy. And quite often the three shifts that work from six to midnight, midnight to six in the morning, and six in the morning to noon never finish their regular hours for one of the above reasons.

When it is too hot, the wire expands, and adjustment is impossible, when too cold, the wire contracts and adjustment can't be carried on, and when windy on the catwalk, hardly any function is possible. Rain is a fourth hindrance to cable-spinning.

Our first experience was with hot weather. We knew it was going to be warm when the fog dispersed and the sun was out by nine o'clock. By ten, the catwalk was a wire Sahara. Those who had been thoughtful enough to bring water bottles found them empty by ten-thirty. There was no water boy on the job. We started peeling off the layers of clothes that we had so carefully bundled around us at four in the morning, and which had barely been sufficient at that time. A haze set in that obscured San Francisco at our feet and made the towers seem fantastically distant and hazy. Ships steaming up the bay seemed to sail right on up into the sky and disappear. Don's face was red as a cut of meat. My own nose felt like it had been fried. Perspiration poured down our faces. And still the spinning-wheels came over with their wire.

Don and I were both bursting with heat. We would have sold our souls for just a nip of liquid. The lines of the *Ancient Mariner* drummed rhythmically through our minds—"water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink. Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink." And there wasn't a drop—without a drop of some three hundred feet. We found it harder to handle the wire. There wasn't a speck of shade on the blistering steel walk. The water reflected the heat from below, the steel reflected it from around us, the very air seemed charged with fire. Men were working bare from the waist. Don and I didn't dare strip. Our shoulders would have cooked under that sun. The wire was beginning to burn through our gloves as we handled it. It was Hell in the sky.

We knew that no power on heaven or earth could stop the work as long as it was possible to spin cable. The job had to be done, regardless of comfort. But we also knew there was one *out:* a time-honored custom that if a man is killed on the job, work is suspended for the day. Don turned at last and voiced it: "God, I wish somebody would fall off." He was in deadly earnest and I agreed with him. The chap who ties the strands came up. He agreed with us. Everyone along that walk actually was praying someone else would get killed, and soon. The heat was unbearable. It was becoming difficult to adjust the wires. They wouldn't stay where we put them. Readjustments were getting frequent. That got on our nerves too. Don and I were ready to quit. Then we heard shouts from down the walk. There was activity down there. Men were yelling up at us. Finally we understood them. The command was "tie up and go home!"

History books may continue to quote such phrases as "Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes"; "Give me liberty or give me death"; "A chicken in every pot"; "To be or not to be," or "On to Moscow." But as far as we're concerned, the greatest words that ever crossed human lips are, and will continue to be, "Tie up and go home!"

Other days up there are exact opposites. As we went to work one morning, we couldn't see the catwalks at all. They were hidden entirely in a bank of fog that seemed to have crept in from the ocean and swamped the earth. We weren't sure as we picked our way up whether or not we'd be able to work. But up we went.

As we reached the catwalk level, we couldn't see a yard in either

*Continued on page 132*

## Cable Spinner

*Continued from pages 96-131*

direction. It was blind groping. We held onto the handrail and felt our way out in the general direction of center. It was like being in a pit of solid snow. As we walked, the snowbank moved with us. Our legs told us we were climbing. Deathly silence prevailed through the limitless aerial tomb.

The cable was wet, the wires were wet, slippery. As we stepped, the little drops of moisture that clung to the mesh beneath our feet, were dislodged, to fall like rain into the clouds below. There was no one on the bridge as we climbed. It was like a ghost town, deserted, alone. The fog was so thick on either side of the walk we had a feeling we could climb over the rail and romp around in the fleecy clouds. We shook off that feeling. It was bad. There wasn't a stir of air, just the dead clinging fog on all sides. San Francisco advertisers never put that in California weather pictorials. Los Angeles writers never pictured bathing girls in water of this sort. Then sounds began to drift up from the level of the bay. Ships were slipping about down there, groping for harbors. We heard their fog horns. We heard squeaks, sobs, roars, groans, moans, yells, shrieks, every sound the blatant talents of mortal mind could devise. It sounded like a haunted house with lost souls crying out from all the corners. And yet we had to go to work. We gave our signals by yelling "Up a little on Number 4," "Down on Number 2," "Dog it off," "Hold 'er steady," until it seemed our throats could not possibly utter another sound. It was then a cold wind came down the catwalk from the west, and within an hour California was her prettier self once more.

Naturally, when our six hours up here are finished, we waste no time getting down. Unconsciously, I guess, we are under a constant mental and nervous strain. We gear ourselves to stick out the shift. But when the noon whistles penetrate our spinning noises and announce quitting-time, we tie up the cables and leave for sea level on a dead run. True, our first few days found Don and me creeping cautiously down, but it wasn't long, about a week, before the ever adaptable human system had accustomed itself to the ways of birds. Now we spring down our wiry walk like frightened deer, bounding along with great springy strides.

But never do I cross Tower I without thinking of that other poor chap who was in a hurry. He broke all records for descent —but he never came up again. It was when spinning first started on this walk. They were still hanging the storm cables that steady the catwalks on windy days. A long cable dangled from the top of Tower I to its base in the water, a football field's length below. As this fellow reached the top of the tower and started to cross over by the stairs, he noticed the dangling cable. Then and there he decided he would set a record by going down the strand hand over hand. No one had ever descended that far in that manner. He would prove there were champions even in catwalking.

His co-workers tried to dissuade him, but his mind was made up. He scrambled over the handrail, grasped the cable, and lowered himself over the side. For the first fifty feet he went cautiously, and appeared to have the situation well in hand. Then he hit a wet section and commenced to slip. Desperately he clung to the wire and tried to check his speed. But he was gaining momentum. The gang of men at the tower watched with fascinated horror. Their lunches were forgotten. In the front ranks of the watchers, leaning far out over the railing himself, was the brother of the man on the cable. Like a runaway elevator, the victim gained speed. Still he clung to that cable for ever so dear life. It was burning through his gloves, through his flesh, into the bones of his hands. Finally, mortal pain overcame consciousness and he let go. Away he flew in a great arc over the water, then curved in again toward the tower, seeming for a moment to hang in mid-air, and finally lighting in a soft heap on the concrete base of the pier. It was a solemn group of men who went home that day. But they were back the next morning, among them the brother who had witnessed death pitch a strikeout, and that brother is still up here. Bridge men are like that.

Carelessness is the greatest danger up here. Familiarity breeds contempt even in the stratosphere. It was carelessness that caused the young chap to die at Tower I. It was carelessness that almost cost me my own life when I found myself suddenly suspended in space with nothing but the bay below.

We had been told to handle only one wire at a time when taking them off the spinning wheel. As the two wires on the bottom of the wheel are unreeling while the wheel moves, they are known as "dead lines." But the two upper wires are the ones being unreeled, and continue to move. Hence, they are termed "live wires." We guide them with sticks, pulling them down from the wheel with a long pole. On this particular morning, the United States fleet was steaming in through the Golden Gate, and we were trying to watch the great battleships steam in beneath. Work was the interlude rather than the occupation. Just as the submarines came gliding below, resembling sleek fish, the spinning wheel arrived overhead, and in my hurry to see the navy I grabbed both live wires at once. I pulled them down to my level, and was about to hook them under their pulleys when the spinning-wheel passed over a bump in its track and jerked the lines free. I released the stick, which soared aloft like an arrow from a bow. Up it went, coming down on Don, who had been too busy looking over his side of the catwalk to notice my predicament. While I was sympathizing with him, I felt the live wires at my shoulder. I grabbed them both in my gloved hands and started to pin them once more. But again the wheel jerked them up. This time I held on, trusting on my weight to hold them down. But it didn't, and as I was carried higher and the wind began to catch my body, my feet over the handrail, then swinging back, I spent the longest moment of my life, and learned my most thorough lesson.

Often we are asked what sort of men work on the catwalks, as if they might be from some other race entirely. We tell those who ask to look around in any crowd. Take the able-bodied men, tog them in helmets and red overalls, burn and freeze their faces until a leathery tan results, and you have a potential bridge-man. We have found all sorts strung along the airways. There are sailors and architects, students and clerks, even ministers. But once on the catwalk, there is no dividing line. Even names disappear. If a man be under five foot ten, he is "Shorty," if taller, "Slim." If his complexion is light we call him "Whitey," if dark, "Blacky." As long as he can do the work, he's tops in our league. There isn't such a thing as a "boss" up here. They're all "pushers."

And in that respect, we got what was probably our greatest surprise.

We had expected to find strong silent men with grim hardset mouths, cold blue eyes, muscles of iron. Instead, we discovered the directing heads of the actual construction to be middle-aged men both large and small, with the sunny dispositions of kids. They hail from the prairies, the backwoods, from everywhere but those places we thought bridge-building was most common.

It seems a bit ludicrous working to the whiny twang of an Iowa farmer and the soft slur of a former Louisiana cotton planter. Yet here they are, building California's two great bridges, and seemingly enjoying everything but the extremely cold mornings. One particular pusher closely resembles the late Will Rogers, both in manner and looks. He is our favorite, never "bossy," yet inspiring effort that handles the greatest number of wires possible per day. After a month, I think any one of us would have gone over the side for that fellow.

Yes, here we are, in probably the most exposed position in California today, with hundreds of thousands of commuters gazing our way daily. We are the center of attraction of northern California, yet I doubt if any of those who lift their heads twice a day to gauge our progress have any idea of the little world that we have created up here in the clouds, and of the very normal thoughts we think six hours out of twenty-four, of the pride we take in our work.

As we handle each of these wires, maybe cursing it, perhaps fondling it, or merely laying it in place, we all have a feeling that we are doing something worthwhile. To the layman, we are vague figures up in the sky doing some mysterious thing with steel that will eventually result in a bridge. But we know that we are building a monument. We know that we have 472 wires to lay in each strand, 37 strands to arrange in regular rows, and two huge cables to hang over the four towers from San Francisco to Yerba Buena Island. Other workers are digging a double-deck tunnel through that island, while a third group connects the steelwork of the cantilever span from Yerba Buena to Oakland. From here, the long skeleton of the cantilever span looks like a huge dinosaur feeding on the verdure of Yerba Buena. Away off in the distance its tail lies in the mud flats near Oakland. Very soon it will carry a constant stream of vehicles like ants speeding back and forth, linking the East Bay and San Francisco.

The complete bridge project, when finished, will have cost $70,000,000. It will consist of five bridges and a tunnel, consolidated to make one structure. It will be four and one-half miles in length, exclusive of approaches. Two decks will handle the traffic, two decks supported here by the 17,464 wires we are laying.

San Francisco and Oakland may show off "their" bridge, may point with pride to the huge undertaking, may even hold a World's Fair in its honor, but those of us working up here now will know whose bridge it is. It will always seem a little nearer to us, a little dearer. It's no longer a gaunt steel skeleton, a killer, a marvel of engineering ability. To us it's just a great big sturdy friend, a little ugly now in its youth, a little clumsy, but we can look ahead with parental pride and see it as a graceful lyrical thing of beauty.

Today we finish the cable-spinning from San Francisco to the central anchorage. The two great cables are done halfway across the bay. Tomorrow there'll be new men, new thrills, and new problems. Maybe a few of us will take the short way down to make up a man for every million dollars spent. But there's the noon whistle. Tomorrow we start on the other half. ##

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# What Makes a Fly-Caster?

*Continued from page 95*

understand the psychology of the fishing man.

When you show your pet fly rod to a friend who knows nothing of the sport he is apt to say, "Fifty dollars for that *pole?*—my God!" And you know that his mental reservation is, "The damned idiot!"

Why does a man spend hours at a fishing tackle counter mulling over a large stock of flies only to end up by purchasing a scant dozen of them? He inspects their hackles with critical gaze; appraises the wings in the manner of a collector studying a rare print. "Don't like the tail—too long and bulky. This fly wouldn't set well on the water; out of balance. Can't you get any more flies with real Andalusian blue hackle? That dyed stuff is a mess." (Let this fellow's wife ask him to accompany her on a shopping trip and see how neatly he crawls out of it!)

It seems to be a commonly accepted opinion that all of this business of fine tackle is a pose, an unnecessary concomitant to the occupation of catching fish. Wouldn't a five dollar rod do as well? And how about that ancient gag concerning the country boy with his willow pole and can of worms, who always catches more and bigger trout than the fly-fisherman?

If trout fishing consisted only in catching trout it would be a different matter. But one has only to see a skillful performer casting a fly to appreciate that the sport has in it the elements of art. And an artist thinks seriously about his tools.

I want good linen canvas on which to work; springy, full-bodied brushes and honest, brilliant pigment. Cadmiums, madders, viridian and ultramarine are expensive, but through their agency I can be at ease, knowing that if I fail it is *my* fault. Similarly, one cannot cast accurately, or drop a fly daintily on the water with a crude combination of bamboo, metal and varnish posing as a rod. Only a fine product by a master builder (of whom there are a bare handful in the land) can do the work demanded of it by the angler and at the same time possess the subtle grace and dignity present in beautiful objects. The angler has much the same feeling for his rod as that possessed by a violinist for a rare Amati or Guarnerius.

No two rods are ever exactly alike. Each has a personality, so to speak, and when the time comes that a favorite weapon can no longer hold up under the strain of constant casting the owner puts it aside with regrets, knowing that he has lost a friend. Sentimental? Perhaps; but I have known men to lavish sentiment on things less worthy than a good fly rod.

A dozen years ago I had a rod especially built for me by one of the country's most famous rod makers (now deceased). It was an eight-and-one-half foot dry-fly rod, weighing about four-and-one-quarter ounces. I had owned several rods of this type before, but one day's fishing on the stream convinced me that here was a find. I liked it so well that I did a foolish thing—fished with it day after day under all conditions for eight seasons in succession. Constant casting weakened the fibres of the bamboo and I could feel the action gradually softening.

The end came one evening while fishing a long pool above Buck Eddy on the Willowemoc. It was almost dark and in the soft glow of evening I could just distinguish the boil of water caused by a rising fish, under a leaning hemlock across the river. The disturbance came at frequent intervals, accompanied by a sound such as you might hear if you heaved a tomcat in by the tail. Only a huge trout makes a noise like that.

The distance was fully sixty feet, a long cast with a good rod and virtually impossible with my poor old weapon. But there was the trout, his consistent feeding a challenge that was irresistible. By wading as far as possible I succeeded in reducing the distance by ten feet and went into action.

It was too dark to see the fly float, so I could only guess and hope that I was putting the fly somewhere near the right spot. By good luck I succeeded and at the third or fourth cast the monster came up. Setting the hook I felt the line tighten. There was nothing spectacular about that fish; he simply moved off toward the tail of the pool as though he had intended going there anyhow. The rod bowed dangerously, almost groaning under the strain. Five yards—ten—twenty, and just as I was sure that the fish would gain the fast water below the pool he stopped and sulked.

There he stayed for a full two minutes. I stood in water waist-deep, shaking and praying, wondering what to do about it. With a powerful rod it would have been possible to force the issue, but as things stood I was all but helpless. The fish must have sensed that it was in no danger, for the next move was to work slowly and ponderously upstream toward my position. I took in slack, keeping a tight line with as much pressure as I dared use. When the fish came opposite I could just make out, in the fading light, the huge bulk of a great brown trout.

I would not even try to estimate his size. Such fish make liars of men, though heaven knows there is just cause! In that moment I knew I should never possess that trout. He headed back toward the hemlock, pulling like a bull. I hung on, but the second joint of the rod collapsed as though it had been made of straw, the leader parted, and rod and trout were gone forever. Don't overwork a favorite rod.

One of the reasons that fly-fishing appeals to so many men is, I think, that the sport is non-competitive. There are occasional individuals, I know, who can't seem to be happy unless they go forth for the day's fishing laden with bets on the first fish, the largest fish, the heaviest creel and so on. Such men miss the point. Angling is an esthetic pastime. There are thrilling moments, of course, but there must be leisure and a receptive mind to appreciate the delights of the stream. A man has no time to listen to the song of the thrush if he feels an obligation to break a record. Golf or trap shooting would better suit his temperament.

It is a mistake to take things too seriously. Flies *will* get caught in trees in spite of one's best efforts, and a spill in a clear, cold pool is always a possibility. The angler must not let it dampen his disposition. He should accept these as minor matters to be dismissed with a wave of the hand. The next pool holds a fine trout (it invariably does). Perhaps an iron blue dun will interest him.

Among fly-fishermen there exists a very special kind of comradeship, the feeling referred to in Walton's time as "Brothers of the angle." There are fireside pow wows at clubs and in fishing lodges, where amid the ascending wreaths of tobacco smoke the sport is discussed with fervor and enthusiasm. Effective patterns are offered as gifts or exchanged, much as small boys trade postage stamps. The newly arrived angler offers a greeting, pulls up a chair and joins the discussion without preliminaries. None are expected, for this is a fishing circle.

On the stream anglers are mutually helpful, too. When you see a man standing hip-deep in a pool, his rod arched by the strain of a good fish it is entirely proper to call out, "Whadja raise him on?" Only a mean fellow would refuse to give you the right answer—and he, of course, wouldn't be an angler.

It sometimes happens that regardless of the number of flies one has along none of them seems to be the right answer as far as the trout are concerned. Under these circumstances one just keeps changing, trying this and discarding that. With trout boiling out all over the stream the fellow who can keep his temper within anything like reasonable bounds will pass anywhere. The temptation is to give up, but when trout are really on the feed there is always one pattern that will take them.

Fishing along the Beaverkill one evening I had taken a fish or two in fast water, but as there were no flies apparent and the trout were not definitely on the feed I decided to drop in at a pool farther on down the river. Now it often happens that trout will feed in a pool when the fast water stretches are dead—and vice versa.

The bulk of water flowed along a large ledge of rock in this particular place, forming an excellent feed lane whenever there was the suspicion of a fly hatch. Arriving at the pool I saw an angler standing there looking exceedingly dejected. When he turned to greet me I recognized a friend. That he was in difficulty was at once apparent. He said that there were a few flies on the water, a very few, but whenever they appeared they were engulfed by what looked like whopping big brown trout.

The fly had a pale lemon body and a dusky gray wing. Did I have anything like it, and if so would I, for God's sake, put it on? He had stood there for an hour, trying everything in his collection without results and it was getting to be more than his nerves could stand. As we talked there was a watery explosion in front of us as another trout broke to take in one of the succulent flies.

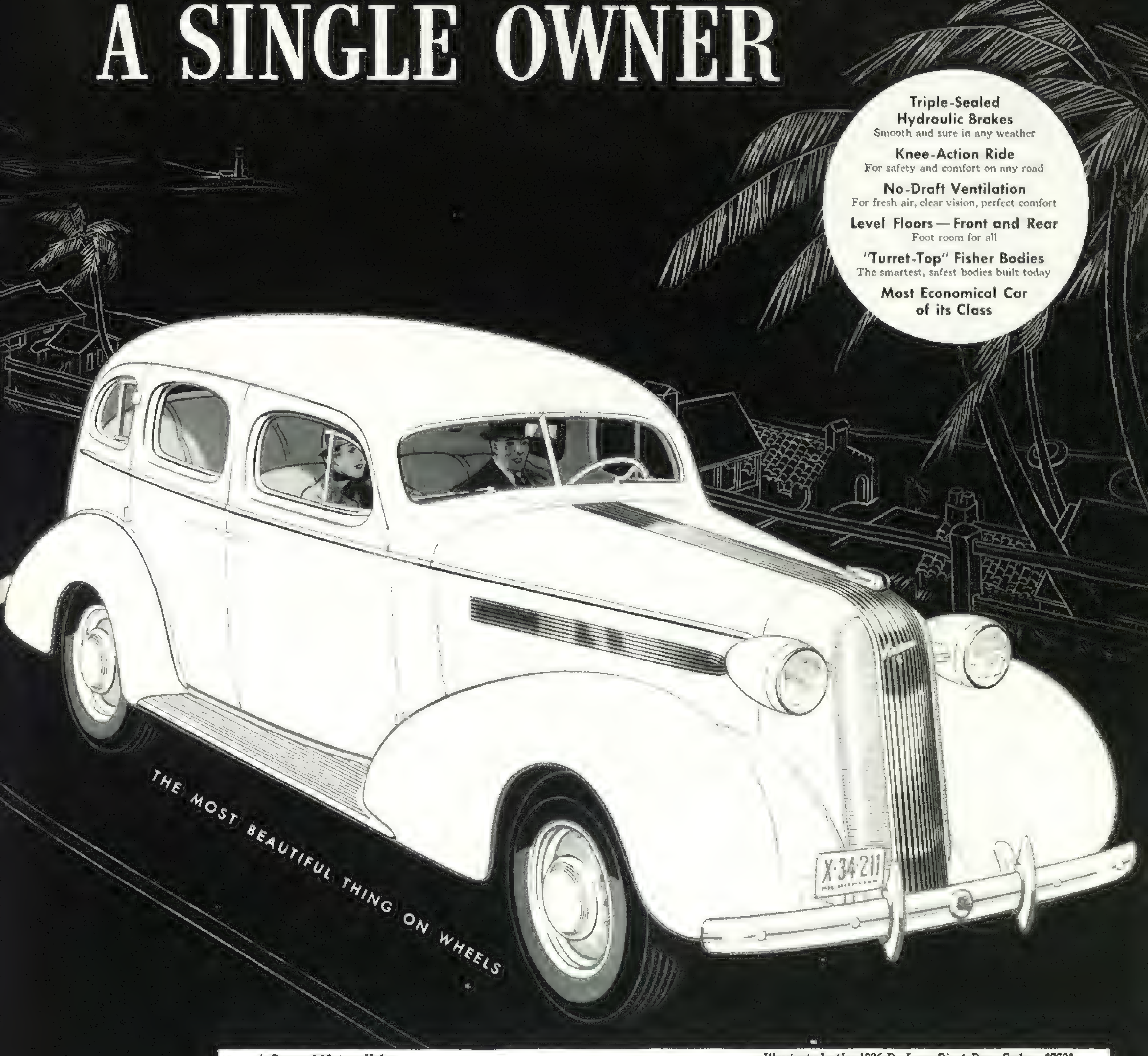
Hauling out my fly boxes we went over the contents feverishly and found two fanwings that seemed to fit the description. It seemed an age before we could tie them to our leaders. Wading into position we started to cast.

I saw a break, just a bulge of water such as a large fish often makes, and a careful cast dropped the fanwing a few inches above the spot. There was the suggestion of a swirl, just a mere dimple, and I struck. A pound trout cleared the water in a clean leap and was off for a stiff fight. As I netted the trout I looked up to see my friend's rod arched under the weight of a struggling fish. He looked at me and grinned. We had found the right answer. Half a dozen fine fish left that pool before the hatch was over.

As we left the river I was asked the name of the fly. I didn't know. It was a special, concocted in an idle moment by an angling friend who handed me several with the remark, "Here, try these. I don't think they're worth a damn, but you can never tell." Up to that time they hadn't been; neither have they been of value since. Nevertheless, my companion of this adventure promptly ordered a dozen from the local fly-tier. I haven't fished with Corey Ford since that occasion, but I'll venture that several flies of this pattern are always in his vest when he ventures forth. "You can never tell" is a saying that has a perennial value on the trout stream.

While I have never heard the story, I suspect it was some such incident as the above which led to the birth of that killing trout fly which bears his name and makes him the envy of anglers everywhere. Such a distinction, in angling circles, overshadows every other achievement. It is, in fact, immortality!

# WE DARE NOT DISAPPOINT A SINGLE OWNER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## Protest at Thirty

*Continued from page 74*

tomorrow—because, no matter whether it's Franklin D. Roosevelt or Alf Landon or Colonel Knox, or some dark horse we'll be facing the fact that there is not the market for human brains and energy that there once was. "The United States wants no dole!" Taking on the dole would be a national calamity—like going off the gold standard—because we are a proud people. But we don't want to pay too many taxes, either. We *can't* pay many more. That means no more work projects. So what? You have to do something about starvation and disease. That's something you don't laugh off.

I feel that the next ten or fifteen years won't be funny, despite all our somewhat tardy efforts at what has come to be known as "planning for the future." It's a fine idea, even if a little late, and if we survive it'll be only because we've done it. But I don't think we can. I don't see how a nation can breed rugged individualists for a couple of hundred years, drill "rights" into them from childhood up, then expect them to get together and plan for the common good. If you like lots of trouble go up to a big lumberman and tell him that he's got to lose some of his timber supply in order to carry out a system of flood control for the farmers in the valley. Or—if you'd rather—tell the farmer his land has to be flooded to save some timber on the hill.

You hear a lot of argument pro and con about whether Capitalism or Socialism or what-have-youism is the best method for operating the frightfully complex mechanism we've evolved over a period of hundreds of years. I just have a feeling that none of them are the answer, and that I will be a long time dead when, and if, it's worked out. Also, I have a feeling that I, and even my six-year-old, has had the ill luck to be born during one of the "hot" periods.

Futility? I think not. I'm going to get up at seven-thirty tomorrow and do a day's work as well as I can. And I've an idea that Jack and Pete and Jerry will do the same thing. We don't want any credit for this dogged courage, and when I say "courage" I do so with fine irony.

We know perfectly well that it's in a man to blunder on blindly toward something, just as it's in him to fight and mate. That's the only reason I feel there's any hope at all.

All I know is that I'd rather be seventeen than thirty. Or fifty than thirty. If I were seventeen I might have a chance to see the beginning of the solution, and to feel I'd had a part in it, perhaps. And if I were fifty I'd be able to sit back, and not care much, thinking: "Well, things used to go along pretty nicely before such-and-such happened."

I'd rather be fifty. #

## News by Lip Service

*Continued from page 101*

"It was supposed to be a flight of friendship," I said, "a visit."

"They were war planes. It was shown to all these nations how strong you are. Yours is a great country. You are far ahead of us, but we are proud, too."

"They went as far as Argentina. They say that one of the planes fell into the ocean. Was that true?"

"Yes, that was true."

There was a feeling of satisfaction, though in our presence they were too polite to express it.

"Lindbergh flew over here," Don Gabino said. "A year after you were here, Don Olivio. It was by here that he entered Guatemala."

"Yes, I saw it in the paper."

"A paper of New York?"

"Yes."

"Think of that. That man flies over this little village, and one publishes the name of Jacaltenango over all the world! We saw his machine plainly."

"There you have a great man. A *simpático* man. If he went over to China, he could finish all those Japaneses."

"It did us honor when he flew over us."

"You are recently from the capital, señores?"

"Four months. Just after the eruption, we came out."

"How about the war with Honduras?"

"It hasn't started yet. They have a boundary commission working. It is hoped there will be no war."

"Perhaps not. But one can't make our President back down. A strong man, friends, he has the strong hand."

Don Gabino rose. "Now it's late, and I'm a worker. May you pass good nights, *caballeros*."

That broke up the group. I turned in chewing on the meanings of "recent." Four months' news was still fresh and good in these mountains. There was no hurry to know about the infinite, unreal outside world, and all knowledge keeps. I realized that my five years' absence seemed neither long nor short to Don Gabino, who was a firm friend. This was the world from which we emerged long ago, wherein one travelled a year to visit for another year, where the shapes of things were formed over decades, where ideas lived and grew through generations, and events stayed alive and recent. The loss of a plane in that unhappy goodwill flight was still satisfactory; Jacaltenango still held vivid in mind the fact that Lindbergh entered Guatemala over its territory. The official Gazette arrived weekly at each Juzgado, possibly someone read it, but those were printed words without substance. News was contact with a man who had personally seen or heard, or somehow been nearer than oneself to a reality in an unknown, half-conceived world. The time element did not exist.

II.

Returning to our base at Santa Eulalia, we let our horses out. The early spring was as sparkling as New England's October in this high country, we felt fine, and we had been away from the village long enough to be glad to return. Everywhere one went in that country, he met the curious awareness of the people towards North Americans, a two-fold closeness of observation. There was the watchfulness for offensive superiority, a preparedness to be insulted, which would wear off. As defensive pride proved unnecessary, there was the attitude that one represented a great, mysterious country of incalculable advancement in civilization and materials. One was supposed to be more enlightened, of wider knowledge, better equipped, dressed, fed, and one was required to act as such persons should. In our own village, where we lived, this was constant. We were the only North Americans they had known. We had medicines, cameras, scientific equipment and heaven knows what all. It was up to us to show that our nation was great in other things besides military power and wealth, or that, despite our advantages, we were no better than any other.

Pride in one's country responds to such an attitude. We measured our actions in terms of these concepts, and from time to time the effort became a strain. It was relaxing to pass through villages where one was little more than a temporary novelty, and even more so to ride alone, talking English, not thinking about appearances. We trotted through the rolling pass, under the giant evergreens, and broke into a lope as we came into the long valley running towards Santa Eulalia, the horses going springily over close, brilliant turf.

Don Juan Muñoz swung out of the side-road from San Miguel, and we drew rein to let him catch up with us. A slightly better educated man, more actively literate than most of the Highlanders, with some grasp of the outside world, we liked his company. He was going to Barrillas, he said, and just passing through Santa Eulalia. He could not have lunch with us, as he had arranged to eat with Don Angel.

The three horses livened each other, stepping briskly, with a jingle of spurs.

Lookingly curiously at us, he said, "Have you heard about the Lindbergh baby—*el nene Lindbergh?*"

"Surely. He has a fine boy, about two years old."

"We knew that already. But about what happened to him?"

"No. Is he ill?"

"He's been stolen."

"What?"

"Stolen, through the window of his house. They have offered a big reward. Do you think they will find him?"

"How—is it sure?"

"It was in the Gazette which arrived yesterday, an official notice."

"When did this happen?"

"Last week. It is very strange to us that that could occur."

It took measurable time to get it into our heads, to believe it possible. Our country. We couldn't make talk. Don Juan, sensitive as most of his people, drew aside, then let his horse lope ahead of us.

We rode on into Santa Eulalia. People greeted us, we watched them, but their greetings seemed as usual. Don Juan had gone to the Juzgado; if no one there had read the Gazette, he would tell them. By nightfall he would have told Quetzal and Barrillas. This news, and this only, had bridged time and civilizations, had become real out of a printed source; it would leap through all the highlands, its strangeness and horror would be vivid in the furthest *rancherias*. We turned down our street, two men bigger than most of our neighbors, better dressed, well mounted, wearing expensive revolvers with which we could outshoot anyone in the village.

Our Indian *caporal* was at the house, and a couple of Ladino friends, endlessly idle, like most of them here, full of interest in our industry. We liked them as people, and had always been slightly witty at their expense.

There were greetings and inevitable, routine questions. Then we managed to get rid of everybody. With the doors closed, the place was half dark. We unbuckled our belts and put our guns down. They were competent, trusted weapons, they ought to prove something, but they didn't. My own son was almost the age of that child. Dozier's expression had become very Indian, hard to read. He was unmarried, but he had the Indian's natural, deep fondness for children, their gift of feeling for family ties. We sat down and looked at each other. We had nothing to say, we rather wanted to be alone, yet, feeling around us the presence of a nation of guiltless people, we needed each other's support. Someone came by and hesitated at our closed door. We sat without moving and let him knock. In a minute he gave up and went away. #

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# Reeds and Wind

*Continued from page 119*

be "the life of the party" in ten easy lessons. Perhaps it was because, to the uncritical ear, the inexpertly played saxophone of that day really sounded like music. Whatever the reason, the lay public gently but persistently nursed the cause of Adolphe's brain-child, never quite relinquishing its fondness for that poor half caste creation that was neither flesh, fish nor fowl of the musical kingdom.

Such a condition could not continue forever. With the public insisting upon expressing its pleasure whenever a certain instrument appeared, that instrument, musical or not, was bound to find followers. Some few musicians, braver than their fellows in the face of jeers, determined to find out what there was to find out about it. They did—and discovered to their amazement that the saxophone well played had a beauty of tone that rivalled that of the cello. They discovered that all the braying that had been done in the name of music was nothing but the ineptitude of the unmusical; and that the saxophone, basically, possessed all the qualities to make it a great instrument, not only for ensemble, but for soloists as well.

By this time, though, the saxophone, owing to the company it kept, had won for itself a thoroughly bad name. Even the genuine virtuosity of the famous Six Brown Brothers could not wholly reclaim it. If you admitted liking the saxophone—excepting when it was played by such as the Brown Brothers—you admitted to lowbrow tastes. And it was as much as a musician's professional life was worth to register as a saxophonist.

There was the case of the musician who, in 1917, wanted to transfer his American Federation of Musicians card from Des Moines to Kansas City. He was a clarinetist—but he was also an artist on the saxophone. Moreover, he was one of the few union musicians, of whom there were probably no more than a score scattered throughout the country, who foresaw the future of the saxophone; and he somewhat mulishly insisted, not only upon playing the instrument, but upon calling himself a saxophonist. When he went to the office of the Union in Kansas City, to deposit his card with the secretary, and told the man that he played saxophone, he was met with thinly veiled hostility.

"Ahem," ahemmed the secretary, regarding the card as though he thought it a forgery, "I guess you'll have to go before the executive board."

"Why?" demanded the saxophone player. "I'm a musician in good standing with the Union."

"Yes, but . . . " the secretary seemed vaguely at sea for words, "I guess you'd better go before the executive board anyway."

When the musician appeared, two days later, for the interview, that board of musical graybeards put him through a merciless quiz: where and in what bands had he played before? why had he come to Kansas City? did he expect to find a job there? had he any "connections?"—about all they failed to ask him was the maiden name of his maternal grandmother. And all the time they seemed trying to discover, in some febrile fashion, why a man in his right mind would play the saxophone. Not openly, of course; but the question was implied. The quiz, though, did not end the conference. The saxophone player, after he had been put through his verbal paces (they had omitted asking for a demonstration of his abilities) had to wait a full hour outside closed doors while the conferees went into a huddle to determine whether or not his Union card should be honored. Eventually, he was admitted, and starting out to seek a job, learned that his sole competition in the saxophone field, in that city of a half a million was an elderly gentleman who had lately taken up the saxophone, and who had grown too deaf to hear the tones emanating from his own instrument!

Our saxophonist found a job playing with a dance orchestra in a cabaret. Not long after, while he was playing one evening, he noticed a man sitting at one of the nearby tables, who kept watching him. After two or three numbers, the man approached him.

"Kiddo wants to see you," he said.

"Kiddo?" asked the saxophonist. "Who's Kiddo?"

"Kiddo Librera," explained the other. "You know him. He has the job at the Windsor. I'm his violinist."

The saxophonist, being a newcomer, did not know Kiddo. "What does he want?" he asked.

"He wants you to come over and talk to him. He sort of needs a saxophonist."

So the next day, our hero packed up his instrument and went over to call on Kiddo. Kiddo's orchestra was a three piece ensemble including piano, cello, and violin. It was a concert orchestra, and its repertoire consisted mainly of classical and semi-classical, though it played occasional popular numbers. They were playing *Tales of Hoffman* at the time. When they had finished, Kiddo came down off the platform.

"You play the saxophone?" he asked abruptly.

"Some," replied the saxophonist, not caring to commit himself too much.

"Well," said Kiddo, "they're asking for a saxophone here. Fact is they're demanding it. I've got to find someone that plays saxophone, or turn over my contract to someone else that will."

"Suppose you sit in a couple of numbers," Kiddo suggested, "and we'll see how you do."

The saxophonist complied, not caring much whether he suited or not. After the numbers were over, he went out into the cloakroom to await the verdict. Kiddo followed him shortly, surprise lighting his eyes.

"You really get music out of that horn!" he exclaimed. "I expected you to blow the bell off of it, and drown out the rest of us."

"It's all in the way you play it," the long-suffering saxophone player answered patiently—he was used to that attitude by this time—"A *pianissimo* can be produced on a saxophone as easily as on any other instrument."

"Uh-huh," Kiddo agreed. "I've just found that out. I guess you'll do."

These experiences in Kansas City were probably being duplicated, by some pioneer musician or other, in every city in the United States.

Then came the World War, and with it, a change in the trend of music from the impeccable style of the finished musician to the reckless, jangling tempo of the Jazz Age. And suddenly—almost overnight, it seemed—the saxophone became the fair-haired boy of the orchestra. Simultaneously with candy-striped silk shirts, it bobbed up in musical organizations from end to end of the country. It blatted and hooted and wailed and wept. It chortled a syncopated *obbligato* to the unmusical vagaries of the popular dance bands of the day. It created for itself a demand so great that saxophonists found themselves suddenly holding down as many as three jobs at a time. New ones, too, appeared. Many of them were unable to read fluently the music set before them, and they had to "fake" their parts. But they got by. Anything, if it was noisy enough, could get by in those days.

There was, of course, another school of thought on the subject. But that section of the population that vainly wished the saxophone might have been stillborn had no longer any retarding effect upon the upward progress of the instrument. If they didn't like it, they knew what they could do. So they contented themselves with listening, whenever they had a chance, to what the jazz-loving younger generation (quaintly designated in those days as flaming youth) considered stodgy classical stuff. The mere sight of a saxophone would cause them to break out in a cold sweat, and scurry for cover like a harried fox.

But while they were scurrying for cover, something new was happening. "Hot choruses" and "breaks" and "jazz endings" were losing favor, and being replaced by a new and smoother syncopation. No longer did an instrument have to sob to achieve popularity with the masses. A certain Paul Whiteman, aided and abetted by an unknown young arranger by the name of Ferde Grofe, was introducing a new type of popular music; and yet a music that had a legitimate place for the saxophone. To prove it, a score for that instrument was actually written into the newer arrangements. And out of the gradual *diminuendo* that followed the slow death of the Jazz Age arose the clear, sweet, reedy tones of the versatile saxophone. Even the highbrows were beginning to admit that it had something. For those harrying years had produced saxophone artists who were masters of technique and tone. While the highbrows had been frenziedly clasping their hands to their ears, trying to shut out the wails of the day, gradually and inauspiciously a new school of musicians had been arising. They laid aside the despised C Melody—that instrument which had pioneered for the whole saxophone family because it could follow the piano without the necessity for transposition—and substituted the alto, and the baritone, and the tenor, and a further variety of saxophones in different keys and pitches. With arrangers writing parts for it, the saxophone no longer had to limp along on parts that had originally been intended for the cello. It had at long last arrived.

Where once the public had asked for only one sax in an organization, it now clamored for two, and even three. Its presence was demanded everywhere; at the seashore, on the campus, in the swankest hotels, at the smoothest banquets. It did not even have to quit the dives where it had served its apprenticeship, to gain admittance to the circles of the ultra-ultra. To crown its triumph—as though that were necessary—it will come to you at a twirl of the dial, from any broadcasting station in the country.

Today the child of Adolphe Sax's musical fancy, resplendent in burnished gold plate, sits on a dais surrounded by admiring colleagues. It trucks to no one. It is on an equal footing with all. Equal? It is envied. By some it is considered the keystone of the modern orchestra. Its popularity and proficiency are conceded by everyone—highbrow and lowbrow alike. The parts written for it are interspersed with all the varied artifices of a special arranger. Perhaps now if Adolphe were here, he would scarcely recognize this child of his brain, for it is the perfection of modern reed instrument manufacture. It accepts modestly the plaudits due one who has plodded through many bitter years to glory. Its serpent ancestors to the contrary notwithstanding, it revels in the musical Garden of Eden. It's a Biggie. #

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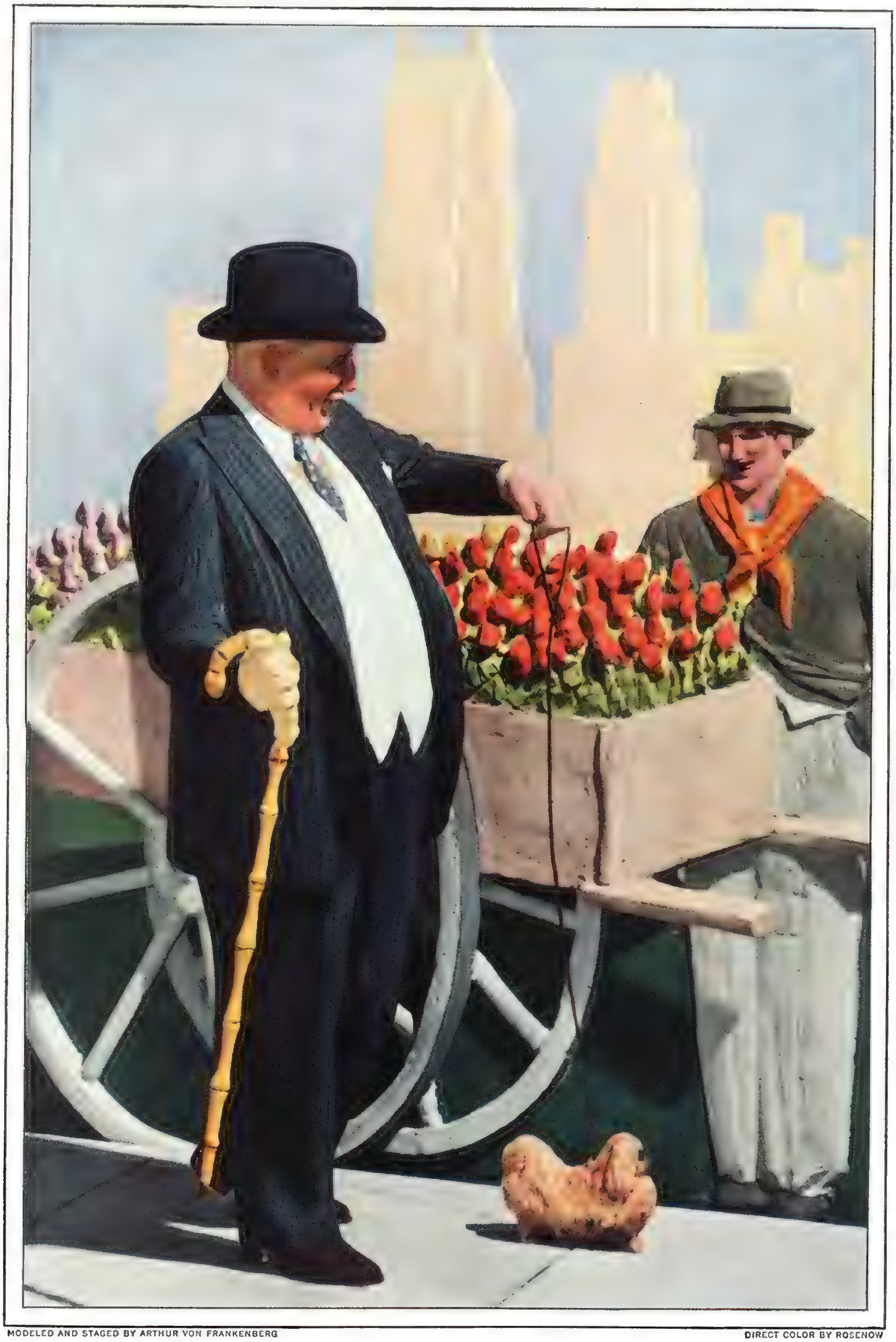

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JUST as the richest desserts seem to appeal to the fattest ladies, so do white linen vests appeal most irresistibly to men who are least fittingly formed for them. That the craving need not be repressed is triumphantly demonstrated by the amiable old gent modeled here. His vest, it is true, is cut on the most angular lines, and it is further helped by the very long roll of the lapels of his wisely striped suit. Optical reduction of avoirdupois is also accomplished by the relatively long points and narrow spread of his starched collar and by the high, tapered crown of his blue Homburg. Some compensation for his noticeable lack of height is further afforded by the bright natural color of his whangee stick which is, incidentally, well keyed to his chamois gloves and tan shirt. His foulard tie, too, is discreetly narrow. We presume that the peke belongs to his granddaughter.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*

## Gattorno: Program Note

*Continued from page 111*

intellectual he is very proud when he is that way.

Then he went on to Paris and there it was the same as in Italy. He understood and saw all about modern painting and it was all quite natural to him. They were his contemporaries too although the only one who was dead, by then, was Modigliani. There is no mystery when you are a part of the mystery. Gattorno painted very well in Paris.

Back in Cuba he saw it all now as a painter and, like the greatest ones, each time he painted a picture he tried to get all of it in; no matter what the size of the picture nor whether it had only two figures in it he tried to put all Cuba in it. He did not paint buck niggers, nor rumbas, because he had no desire to interfere with the province of music. He painted the people of the long, sad, overfoliaged island with the skill and knowledge of a painter who could have become a great abstractionist and he made some marvelous pictures. In the pictures is his delicacy, his aloof passion, his detachment and his full understanding. Then it was over; because Cuba is even more a place to leave than a place to return to.

Why is it a place to leave?

Because a painter cannot make his living there, because he can never see any great painting to wash his mind clear and encourage his heart, because if he gets to be a great painter no one would ever know it nor would they buy enough of his paintings for him to be able to eat. There is no one there even who can photograph a painting properly and no one to reproduce it as it should be reproduced.

Why is it a place to come back to?

Because you are born there and every artist owes it to the place he knows best to either destroy it or perpetuate it.

Now he must work. He does not know how much he must work because he can see that it is all in a single picture when he paints that picture. But to live you must, if not repeat, insist. He must go on insisting. He will never be bankrupt because you cannot bankrupt pure skill. And no one owes anything to the world. But I would like to see him paint much more because while he can put it all in one picture he can put it all in again and there will be other things. It is like hauling through the same part of the sea with a net with different dimensions of mesh. But if he will not change his net and wants to go to other seas why then let him go. And when he returns again there will be other fish in these waters that will not go through his mesh.

The thing for him to do is to paint, wherever he is. But to do that he has to eat, to buy his materials and to have a place to work. As things are organized now he could risk his hide a few times for one party or another and if that party won, and had the loot at its disposal, he could get his share in an official appointment. But to see Gattorno, who was made for painting and for nothing else, and to ask him to fight is as sensible, economically and tactically, as to use a camel's hair brush for a bayonet. So he has to go.

The trouble with people who do things perfectly as they go along is that they do not realize that they improve. Gattorno can be much better than he is although he can never be any better than he is at the time. He must go on and he must paint.

Antonio Gattorno was born March 15, 1904, in La Habana. He is a Cuban and has lived all his life in Cuba, except for seven years spent studying and traveling in Italy, Spain, France, Belgium and Germany. For the last three years he has lived and worked in the suburb of Marianao of La Habana. #

## The Private Life of a Sailor

*Continued from page 125*

body than the average Y.M.C.A. dweller, probably because of the old whaling ship tradition of pederasty, of which he is still conscious. He jokes about this, but he still takes it pretty seriously and is just a little bit afraid that people will get him wrong.

He is invariably tattooed and invariably opposed to the idea of being tattooed, claiming that he was very young or very drunk at the time he had it done, and would never have it done again. Some of the tattooings are of a patriotic or religious nature, while others are frankly obscene. Of the latter type the most startling example I have ever seen was a naked woman tattooed on the point of a man's shoulder, so that one leg extended down his arm and the other leg down the side of his chest, the hair on his armpit giving just the effect of realism for which the artist was striving. Incidentally, on his other arm this same sailor had a picture of a tombstone and the inscription, "My Mother."

His language, while quite profane, is seldome picturesque. He never says "Shiver me timbers," and he never sings chanteys. When a certain amount of rhythmic co-ordination is required on the hauling of a line, the bosun usually says something like, "*All*-right-*let's*-go-*once*-more," or simply "*Hmff*-uh-*hmff*-uh-*grunt*-snort." His profanity is unimaginative and unvaried, his most characteristic habit being to prefix the more innocuous oaths with the forthright participle, as "Where the———hell were you?"

He is usually very well read, since he has plenty of time for reading and plenty of books and magazines, thanks to the American Seaman's Friend Society which sends aboard a large chest of assorted literature almost every time the ship enters the Port of New York. He likes sea stories and adventure stories, but approaches them in a highly critical manner, caring very little for Jack London, and having no use at all for Richard Haliburton. One of his favorite magazines, strangely enough, is the *National Geographic*. He probably reads it for the same reason that people read reviews of the play they've just seen, simply to see how the thing looked to someone else.

The New York *Herald-Tribune* and the *Journal of Commerce* are his favorite newspapers because of their complete shipping news. Most ships post a daily bulletin of radio news, and the sailor makes it a daily habit to look it over. He isn't at all interested in the stock market prices which usually head the bulletin, and sometimes even misses the foreign and political news and the baseball scores, but he never fails to read the high and low temperature reports for New York City, which are given at the end of the bulletin. Whether he is on the North Atlantic or in the middle of the Indian Ocean he always wants to know how cold it is on South Street.

His favorite game is Acey-Deucey, a simplified form of backgammon, but he also plays Pinochle, Poker, Checkers, and sometimes Chess; very rarely Poker. There is usually more gambling on oil tankers than on other ships, possibly because the wage scale is a little bit higher on tankers. When he has plenty of time on his hands he makes himself a belt out of Belfast cord. By varying the knots of which the belt is composed, and by using different colors of cord he manages to work out some very tricky designs, and the belts are not only extremely durable but very comfortable as well. He is also a past master at such handiwork as making neat patches on his clothes, making up bulgeless bunks, and folding unironed clothes so that they will not wrinkle. A good sailor never leaves a ship with soiled clothes. His seabag, if he has one, is scrubbed clean, his clothing washed and mended, and very carefully folded and stowed away in readiness for the next trip.

Sailors are never "fired" from their jobs. Each trip is a separate entity, and the sailors have to sign on and off at the beginning and end of each voyage in the presence of a government shipping agent. If a sailor's work is unsatisfactory, he is simply not asked to sign on for another voyage. On the discharge which he receives at the end of each trip there are three blank spaces to be filled in by the Master, "Character," "Ability" and "Seamanship." Even if he is not asked to make another trip the sailor is almost always marked "Very Good" on all three counts. The mark "Good" carries with it a certain amount of disgrace, and the lowest mark, "Decline to Report," is usually reserved for cases of mutiny or murder.

The fact that the sailor is granted free medical attention, immunity from law-suits, and exemption from the cigarette tax does not make up for the fact that his pay is very low. Steamship lines which receive government subsidies are required to pay "Shipping Board Wages," which at the present time are $57.50 per month for A. B.'s, but many unsubsidized lines pay as low as $40. The initials A. B., by the way, stand for Able Seaman, not "Able-Bodied," as the latter term is a relic of the past. The reason why the initials are not A. S. is that they might be confused, when written in long-hand, with O. S., which means Ordinary Seaman. An ordinary seaman gets anywhere from $25. to $40. a month, depending upon the line.

In order to get his A. B. certificate from the government the sailor has to show discharges covering three years' work as an ordinary seaman, and then undergo an examination in practical seamanship. The three year requirement is something new. Before the *Morro Castle* disaster the requirement was only one year. The examination for the government Life Boat certificate is stricter than it was before, and the certificate is as necessary as an A. B. ticket in getting an A. B.'s job on a passenger ship.

Ship's officers who are graduates of officer's training schools or school ships are more numerous than those who have worked themselves up from the forecastle, since the majority of common sailors are either drifters or men who intend some day to leave the sea and go into business ashore. The average sailor would like to leave the sea after a few years, go back to the farm or machine shop from where he came, save some money and get married. As things are now, his "prospects" are not all that a prospective father-in-law might ask, so the chances are that most present-day sailors will not marry, at least, for several years. This is a pity, too, for the average sailor's forecastle training has fitted him beyond all other men in the art of living with a wife in a one-room apartment without driving her crazy. #

## Funniest Thing About Radio

*Continued from page 93*

ences for candidates—they and the football games, inaugurations, Papal addresses, and grand opera which are also a staple of radio entertainment but come only indirectly into the commercial field. Again, my comparisons with Europe must be at second-hand, but have you noticed that when The Leader of the German people proposes an especially important broadcast, his devoted people are virtually ordered to listen in, movie houses are compelled to stop their shows during the period, and a couple of sweet lads with a fine taste in whips are as likely as not to invade your house and say, "Are you listenin'?" in tones not as dulcet as Kate Smith's? It all seems excessive to us who turned our radios on one night in March, 1933 to learn from our President what the devil he was going to do with our banks and have kept them turned on ever since when anything hot was expected—although the movie houses were not closed and indeed did rather good business. Is the difference due to the fact that the German programs have lacked precisely the change and attraction of private-profit radio? Have we, in other words, the liberty to listen or not, as we please, because we listen to the little pillmakers' little funmakers? The funmakers may be irritating, I grant you, but the sense of liberty is worth something, and I'd rather listen to amateurs, of my own free will, than to Fuehrers, at their dictation.

Of course, to the good student of Karl Marx, none of this is news. I suppose it is part of the greatness of Marx that he saw all the advantages of the capitalist system—and didn't like them. At any rate, he set it down in language you can hardly misunderstand, that nearly all the liberties mankind has ever known grew up with and were more or less caused by the capitalist system. (Don't tell me I am inventing this; read the Communist Manifesto!) Marx probably anticipated even the details of high-pressure salesmanship. He was a great man.

The radio is, I suppose, the best example of the capitalist system in action and therefore it has been the victim of pretty powerful intellectual attack. One, which I read recently, points out that the Boston Symphony was heard by millions, for two years, because a man thought the concerts would help him sell his coffee; then he thought something else would sell more coffee, and the citizenry no longer could hear the Boston Symphony. The facts are remarkably accurate and the implications remarkably false, for after Boston went off the air, other orchestras went on, and this year two of the most impressive programs have drenched the air with excellent music, the most notable stars, dozens of conductors assisting—and all for motor cars, if I remember correctly.

The intellectuals have as usual sneered, but if you look back to radio of twenty or fifteen years ago, you will not see the names of any of them as zealous pioneers in the broadcasting art. As usual, they stood aside and let radio go to the commercial dogs, and now they yelp with pain, forgetting that twenty years ago radio literally had time to give away and didn't know what to do with it and would have welcomed precisely these writers and artists who now complain about it.

That is, to be sure, another symptom of capitalism. It puts advantage into the hands of those quick and bright enough to take it. #

## Revue of Reviews

*Continued from page 102*

and for the sixty-five smackeroos I was paid every week I had to be always on the job. What's more, I've still got a big pile of press clippings that I'll send you next Christmas and from them you can educate yourself, darling, in just what the real opinion of Minnie in the role of Mrs. Alving was.

*Variety*, the so-called and self-admitted bible of the show business, recently offered the following in its department called "Inside Stuff—Legit": "Since the large splash made in newspapers last autumn by the mercy killing question, several occurrences of the practice and the subsequent debates on the subject, pix have been reported priming a couple of releases on the matter. Understood several companies have stories in the mill dealing with the subject. Hailed as a beater-to-the-punch is *Alice Takat*, legit, under the guidance of Ed Wynn. Play deals with the subject and so has the jump on films." Must old Van Wyck Potter, the Big Know-It-All, remind the bible of the show business that W. S. Maugham's *The Sacred Flame*, produced four or five years ago in New York and which dealt with a mother who mercifully killed her own son, beat *Alice Takat* and the films to the punch by those full four or five years? And must this Grand Old Boy also recall to the bible of the show business that, just this year, *Abide With Me*, in which a degenerate knave is mercifully given the works by a couple of women, one of them his mother, operating in cahoots, also beat *Alice Takat* to the punch? The critics on *Variety* evidently don't get around to the theatre much.

While on the subject of mercy killings and *Alice Takat*, I quote this helping of plum pudding from Lucius Beebe's review of the show in the *Herald-Tribune:* "It is doubtful if *Alice Takat* can become a subject for controversy in its American reaction, if for no other reason than that its foreign setting makes it more closely related to straight drama of purpose and passion." If Lucius the Luscious or anybody else can tell me what that damfool sentence means, I'll give him the pair of red and lavender socks that Valeska Suratt gave me on my birthday in 1916 and that, except for a large hole in the toe of one of them, are practically as good as new. Even if one *could* figure out what Lucius was trying to say, it wouldn't make any sense. How can merely the play's foreign setting make it more closely related to straight drama of purpose and passion? If straight drama of purpose and passion constitutes the essence of the play, what's the setting got to do with the argument one way or the other? And if the foreign setting can prevent controversy on the part of American audiences, how did such other plays of "straight drama of purpose and passion" and with foreign settings—such plays as Brieux's *Damaged Goods*, Galsworthy's *Justice*, Bourdet's *The Captive* and dozens of others —provoke all the American controversy they did? The trouble with you, Lucius old top, is that you spend too much time at your tailor's and not enough getting wise to the drama. (Where did you get that grand new full dress swallowtail evening full dress suit, kid? It hits me where I live and I'd like one like it. The only trouble with it is that your white waistcoat shows under the sides of the coat. You'll never get anywhere in London or in the Persian Room, Lucius, unless you look out for such things!)

We now come to Dickywicky, about whom I had a word or two last month. Dickywicky, you will remember, is Richard Lockridge, the youngster whose critical tail-spins are performed at the behest of the *New York Sun*. This Dickywicky has been getting the *Sun's* dough this month for some pretty fancy vaudeville. In a review of *Ethan Frome*, for example, he enchanted his readers as follows: "As Ruth Gordon's Mattie washes dishes you can, through her movements and the inflections of her voice, see Mattie's whole past and future in her."

In other words, you can see everything that is going to happen to Mattie during the whole rest of the play when, at the beginning of the evening, she just turns on the faucet in the sink and douses the dishes. You can also, according to Dickywicky, see in the simple act not only this future but her whole past before the play begins, including that visit to her grandmother's when she caught the measles, her set-to with the audacious neighbor boy who grabbed her behind the barn on a June evening, her care of her Uncle Ezra when he slipped on the floor in Mickey Halloran's saloon and broke his leg, her trip to Woosick Falls and the run she got in her stocking which made all the boys laugh, the bad cold that kept her from going to the barn dance twelve years ago, and everything else in her life. Well, maybe Dickywicky can see all that, as he insists, but all your old Uncle Dudley can see—and I reckon everybody else in the house except Dickywicky is just the same —is Ruth Gordon's Mattie washing dishes. Whenever I read such hysterical mush about attractive young actresses and the great miracles of their art, I, although I was once an actor myself and shared in all the vanity of the actor tribe, feel like going out into the kitchen and kissing our colored cook. And you ought to see our colored cook.

While on the topic of mush, have an earful of some that makes Dickywicky's sound like the bitterest kind of destructive cynicism. Thus, ladies and gentlemen, Gilbert Gabriel, the critic for the *New York American:* "I give in! Max Gordon may take his place among the immortals of the American theatre. This *Ethan Frome* which he now produces, atop of his other gala productions of the season—*Pride and Prejudice* and *Jubilee*—commands such a salvo to him as befits a great man. Now that he's through with his Broadway work for the year . . . he may not mind so much if I hurl after him this slightly obituary salute and call him—with full realization of the danger of doing it—a great man."

That's the kind of Broadway treacle, ladies and gentlemen, that passes for dramatic criticism. Maxie Gordon is an immortal and a great man, like Michelangelo, Shakespeare and Beethoven, because he has put on a play made out of a Jane Austen novel, a musical show by Cole Porter, and a dramatization of one of Edith Wharton's books. Maxie is an immortal, like Napoleon, Frederick the Great and Abraham Lincoln, because he has hired, with movie money, some competent directors to produce the shows for him. Maxie is an immortal and a great man, like Socrates, Julius Caesar and Leonardo, because he has got some good actors, with the movie backing, to play the shows for him. Maxie is an immortal and a great man, like Praxiteles, Wellington and Kant, because he has managed some of Noel Coward's plays and produced the Spewaks' *Spring Song*.

Nuts! #

# New Skipper Sportwear

## Florida Preview picks these winners for Summer of '36

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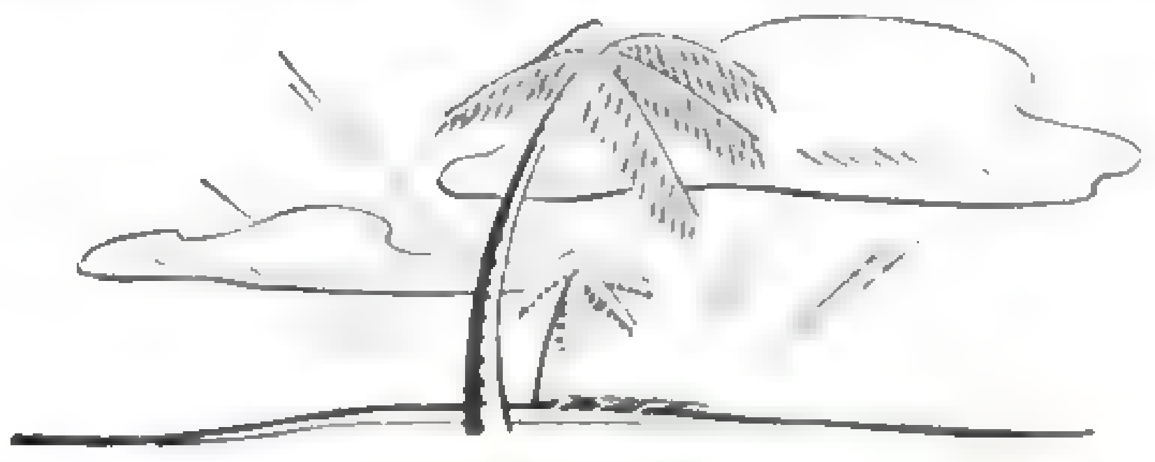
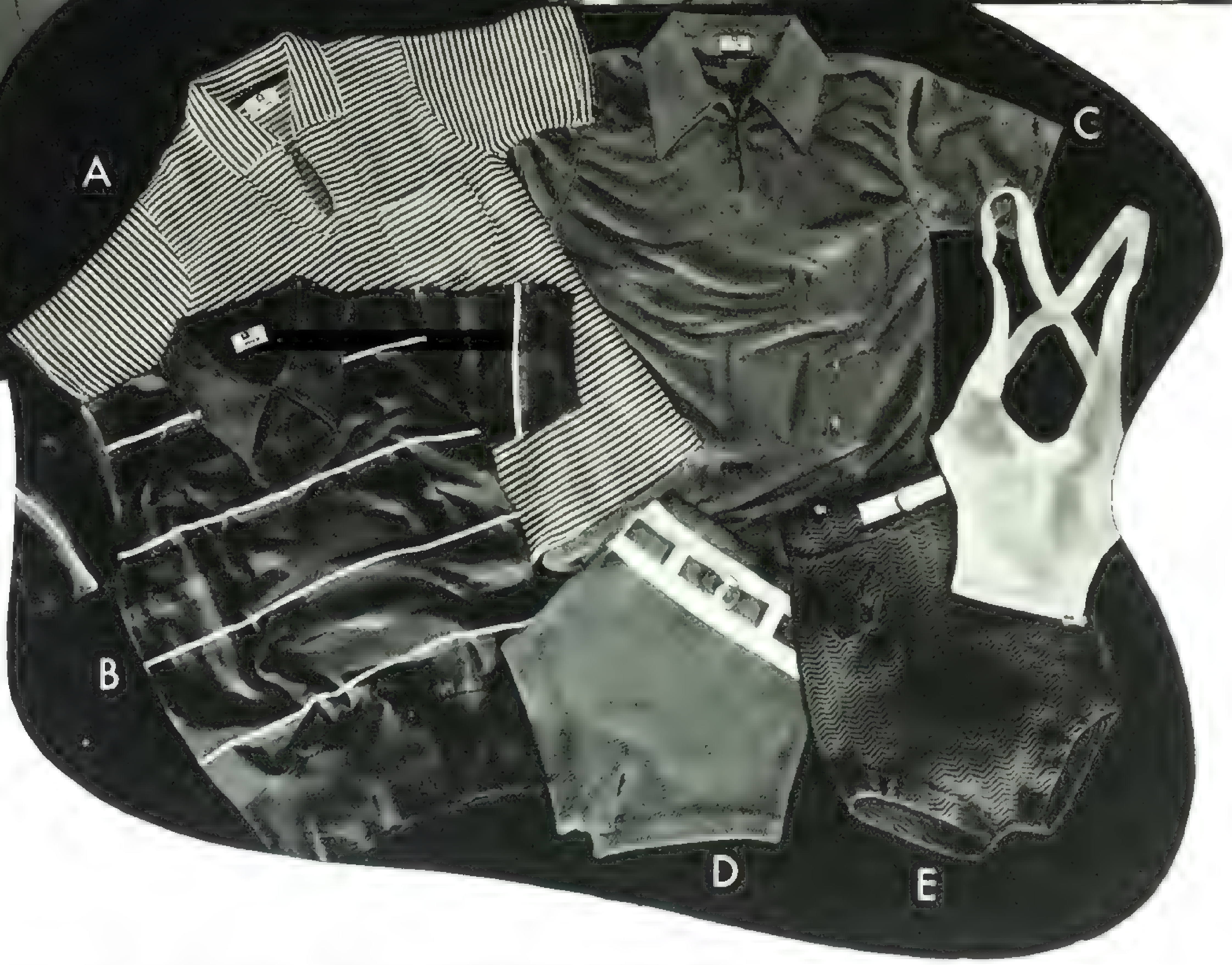


(Right) The idea for these smart new Skipper Trunks came from the French Riviera. Distinguished by new ribbed stitch, a narrow belt with cinch ring adjustments in navy, brown and white. $6.00—(No. 3075). Also $2.95—(No. 3043).

(Left) Polo shirt for more dress-up occasions—expertly tailored from an English model in finest Celanese. Two-button cuff and regular shirt style collar. Worn with or without a tie. Especially good with white linen and Palm Beach suitings. In brown, royal blue, navy, canary, maroon, green, white. $5 and $6. (No. 1802).



**A.** Novelty stitch sport shirt with horizontal stripings. Jil collar and quarter sleeve. Several color combinations. $1 and $1.50. (No. 2371.)

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# Going Native, American Plan

*Continued from page 66*

the southernmost jumping-off point for the Barriers, by rail in 20 hours. It is only 2 days to Charleston, and 3 to Fernandina via coastwise steamship from New York. An Eastern Air Lines plane out of Newark Airport will land you in Charleston in about 4 hours, and at the Jacksonville field in about 6 hours. From the latter airport it is only a 35 minute motor drive to Fernandina. Other intermediate towns for Barrier Island adventures are Port Royal, S. C., Savannah, Darien and Brunswick, Ga. Adequate equipment and supplies can be purchased at these towns.

Of course, the most thrilling way to reach the Barrier Islands is to shove off under sail or power aboard your own yacht, a friend's, or a chartered vessel. The trip by open sea or via the New York-Florida inland waterway adds another exciting experience to the adventure.

But lacking a boat, I advise going by car. As already stated, it's only a matter of a 60 hour drive from New York to the farthest of the islands and you will have your car to carry you and your supplies from the nearest town to your actual shoving-off place for an island. Fernandina is the only jumping-off point where you do not have to leave your machine on the mainland.

Conveniently accessible by automobile over a long causeway (Route Florida 13) and a drawbridge, Fernandina is the best base from which to shove off to Tiger, Pelican, Little Talbot, Big Talbot, and St. George, on a Crusoe adventure. Purchase your needed equipment and supplies there, hire a local boatman, then shove off! The procedure would be the same at any of the other towns mentioned. Incidentally the seaside of Amelia Island with about 10 miles of uninhabited beach and wild jungle is an ideal site for a stranger in the Barrier Islands to beachcomb to his heart's delight.

The feelings of a man coming home, after a long absence, yet about to set forth on an exciting adventure, swept over me on that recent November afternoon as I steered the *Irreb* slowly in towards Little Talbot.

The sun went down. For a moment it touched the jungle like a round red torch, and burned the green tree tops with crimson fire, then burnished the western sky with orange and coral flames which spread swiftly to the south'ard and streamed off into purple, smoke-like clouds.

A moment later, I brought the *Irreb* about so that Little Talbot lay broadside on her starboard beam.

Bob, our captain-engineer, switched off the motor. Its song of rhythmic power died swiftly down, and we were soon hove to in the blue twilight sea which was rolling against the palm-fringed beach with the sound of distant summer thunder.

"Shall we lower away your dinghy, sir?" asked Joe, the sailor.

"Lower away," I ordered, excited by all that my command suggested. As Bob and Joe swung my dinghy over the side from its davits, I noted how trimly we had stowed it with only the absolutely necessary equipment and supplies.

Since you will need the same sort of stuff for a similar expedition, here's a list of the gear and stores that I took along. But first, a brief word about drinking water. There are fresh water springs on many of the islands, and a fair amount of rain water can usually be caught. But I took along a 10 gallon cask of water and I advise you to do likewise.

In my dink there were several cooking utensils, a sleeping bag, shotgun, ammunition, knives, axe, first-aid pack, whiskey, rod and reel, hand-line fishing tackle, a casting net for shrimp and crabs, and some wire for the lean-to.

I had also brought along a mosquito net but chiefly for flies as our island beaches are singularly free of mosquitoes on account of ocean breezes. My clothing supply was limited to a pair of shorts, polo shirt, sweater, and a wide brimmed duck hat for the broiling hot sun.

My food supply consisted of bacon, ham, flour for frying game and fish, pilot crackers, canned butter, sugar, coffee, lard, and potatoes. I stocked some canned corned beef hash and other meats; also canned vegetables, soups, tomatoes, fruits, and milk. Eggs are not easy to keep except in mid-winter so I had only brought about a dozen.

Quail, wild ducks, snipe and rabbits are fairly plentiful during the Florida hunting season from November 20 to February 15, as are marsh-hens that taste like chicken. A hunting license is necessary, but no fishing license is required. The waters are chock-a-block with sheepshead, pompano, flounder, blue fish, red snapper, mackerel, sea trout, bass, whiting, shrimp and crabs. It's a simple thing to wade out in a calm sea with rod and reel, or a casting net, and catch your breakfast.

And there are grapes, wild oranges, red bananas and pineapples to be had for the picking on some of the Barrier Islands.

The dinghy sat evenly in the water, rising and falling in the gentle swell. Telling the crew good-bye, I swung over the side and into the dink. Sitting squarely amidships, I faced the bow so that I could watch the flame-purple dusk wrap Little Talbot in its gossamer-like veil. Then I rowed towards the surfless shore of North Point.

When the boat touched bottom, I put my hundred and eighty-five pounds behind a push that sent her bow grating in over the dry hard-packed sand. Leaping ashore, I pulled the dinghy up on the shingle by main force and made her painter fast to a drift log far above the reach of high tide. And Little Talbot, lovely and primeval in sunset's magical hour, was mine.

As I stood in the sand a wild surging sense of freedom swept over me. I ran along the shore shouting and swinging my arms until I was out of breath. A warm, powerfully pulsing current seemed to flow up into me from the beach and effect some mysterious and all-absorbing liaison between us. It was a strong and strange experience, as if I were being mysteriously reunited with a life that I had lived far back in the past.

The flame-purple dusk is not long-lived in our Barrier Islands. It was already thickening, mysteriously presaging the swift approach of the semi-tropical darkness.

The first thing to do before dark in a wild place is to get wood for a fire. The light still lingering on the beach grew fainter as I gathered driftwood. Night came first to the jungle and I was stirred by the thought that the ages-old fight for life was beginning all over again in its dark depths.

The evening star brightened in the western sky as I sat by the fire and night fell like a velvet curtain over land and sea. I watched the drama of the southern stars come out one by one and grain the sky with gold and silver dust. Nowhere else in all the world do the stars seem so thick, and so near to earth as in the Barrier Islands. I felt as if I could reach up and pluck them just as easily as I could have picked our wild oranges from the trees.

I was soon cooking corned-beef hash and coffee, over a fire in the lee of a dune. After supper, I piled the fire high with driftwood, and watched it blaze up in the night like a fountain of rainbow flames. Fire is man's first friend, his oldest ally against the dark and the wild. As I sat there fascinated by the brilliant reds, blues, and yellows of my blaze, feeling a strong and indescribable kinship with the primitives of all the ages, a wildcat cried in the jungle.

The animal's call rose poignantly above the drumming of the surf, a lament laden with ineffable creature pain and sadness, and shredded the jungle's stillness. It came again and again. Each time the beast seemed nearer. But I suppose it was only my imagination.

To walk on a lonely island shore at night is to feel something that cannot quite be put into words. Wandering down the beach, I felt a sense of mystical touch and communion with forces older than the first men, older than all creation, with the mystery of God Himself.

Some evening when you are on an island beach, venture far past its houses and lights. Stand somewhere between its phantom-like dunes and its dark beating sea. You will hear voices above the wind and surf. You will feel unseen presences. And you will understand why I came back to my fire from a long walk feeling as if I had returned from a rendezvous in another world.

Later, I unrolled my sleeping bag and undressed. The fall night air had cooled perceptibly. Incidentally, spring is the ideal season in the Barrier Islands. And autumn is probably next best. The air has a tang then and hunting and fishing are good. Even the summer heat is tempered by cooling ocean breezes. Although I have spent several winters down there without discomfort, persons unaccustomed to outdoor life in 50 to 60 degree temperatures may find the weather too chilly.

Warming my bare body by the blaze, I lay down. The flames were still dancing fantastically as I drifted off to sleep. . . .

I awakened with a start, feeling that the grey-black shadow world was seething with danger.

It was false dawn, that spectral twilight which comes just before the mysterious metamorphosis of night into day, the hour of peril in primeval countries. For then, Nature herself goes wrong. Like a half-caste woman, she is neither black nor white because the dark is not really dark and the light is not really light. And humans and beasts, blinded and demoralized by its eerie ghostly fog, fall easy victims of prowling enemies.

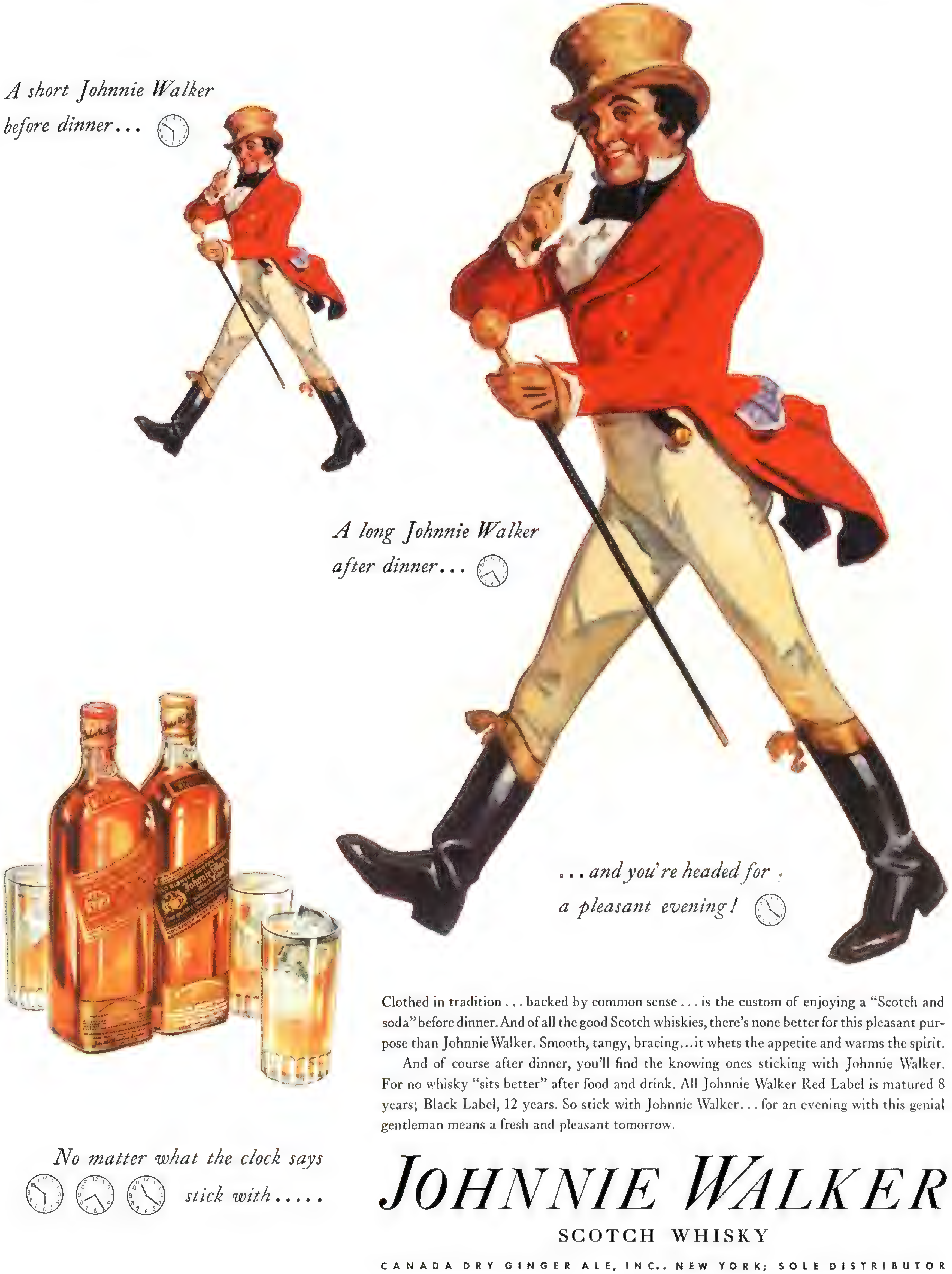
In that dusk before daybreak, all the shapes and sounds of creation seemed unreal and alien. As I waited for the first true flight of light out of the East, a feeling for the Indians swept over me. I imagined how they must have waited through false dawns in agonizing suspense, wondering if the sun would ever come again.

I thought: No wonder the Indians and all the other primitives worship the sun, and pray to the gods of fire. The sun and fire mean life, hope, courage, and security. Can you imagine such thoughts coming home to you in the city? No! They come with true significance and reaction only when you find yourself in the primitive places. That's why there is nothing like a Robinson Crusoe adventure for a city man. It takes him back to the first, true natural things that the crowded places steal from him. It's great stuff for body and soul, the surest way to start from scratch again.

Daybreak came at last, touching the far dim horizon with a finger of light: Pale at first, gradually pinking, then finally flaming into the red pageantry of dawn.

I stowed the few things I had used for the night in the dink, put

*Continued on page 147*



*A short Johnnie Walker before dinner...*

*A long Johnnie Walker after dinner...*

*...and you're headed for a pleasant evening!*

Clothed in tradition... backed by common sense... is the custom of enjoying a "Scotch and soda" before dinner. And of all the good Scotch whiskies, there's none better for this pleasant purpose than Johnnie Walker. Smooth, tangy, bracing...it whets the appetite and warms the spirit.

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*No matter what the clock says stick with.....*

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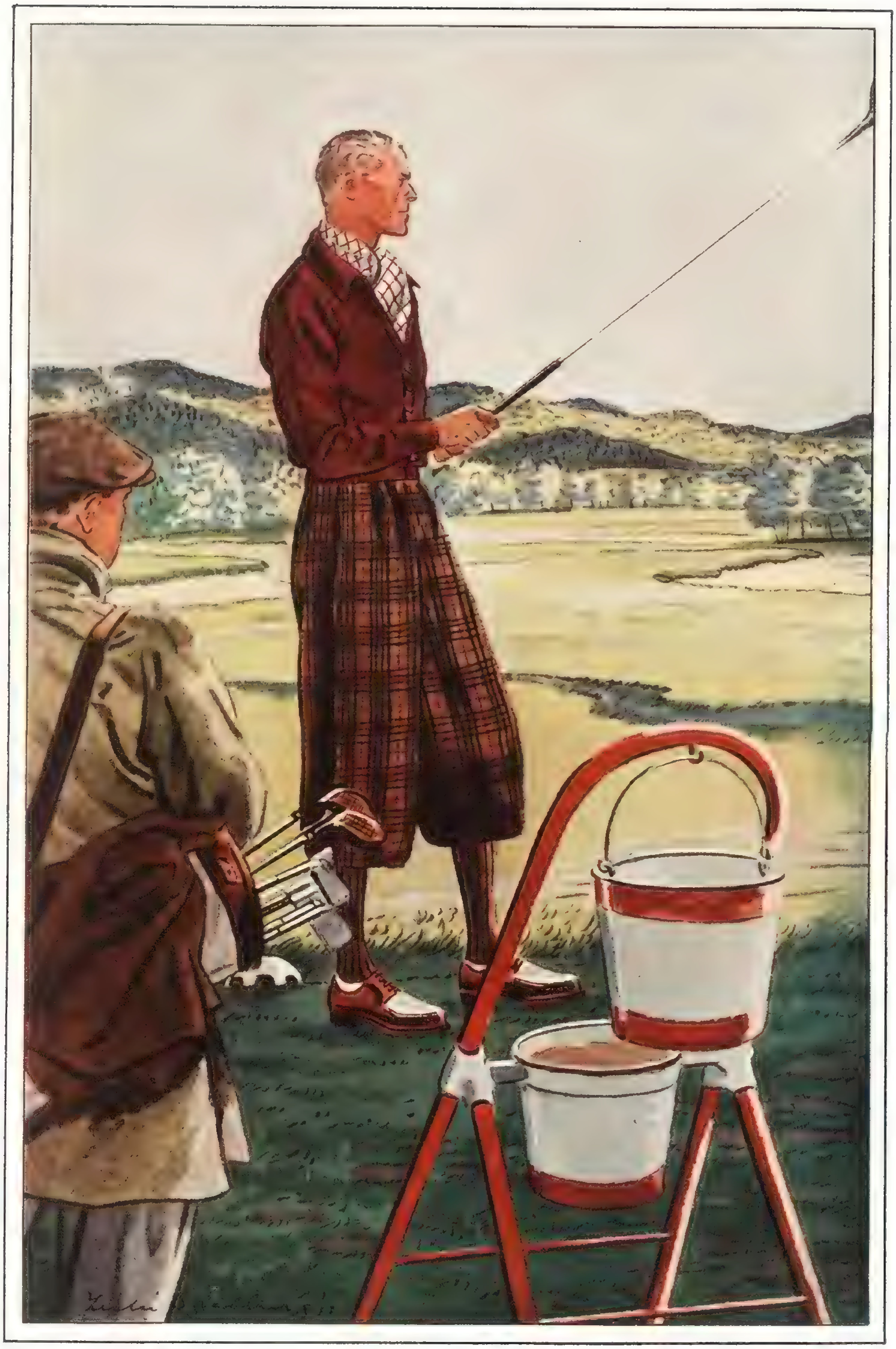

# PAR IN APPEARANCE IF NOT PERFORMANCE

We feel sort of silly about the length of that golf club and the apparent absence of follow-through on the drive. Perhaps it would be best if Herb Graffis and all his golfing pals would leaf past this page quickly. But there our apologies end, for the clothes, at least, are above all quibble. Knickers, as you know, are back to stay and the cardigan, too, is an accepted item. The knickers are of a brown Glen Urquhart pattern, worn with solid color ribbed golf hose and brown and white Norwegian model shoes. These shoes have been growing steadily in popularity since their introduction at the British Open last year at Muirfield, Scotland. The cardigan jacket is of wine color alpaca, cut very short and with a polo shirt collar. The muffler is of white foulard with a maroon overcheck. From the point of view of fashion, this outfit is par for the course at any club in the country this spring.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*

## Going Native, American Plan

*Continued from pages 66-144*

two round saplings under it and rolled it into the water. Clad only in my birthday suit, I pushed out into waist-deep water and hopped aboard.

Heading to the south'ard, I pulled steadily, helped on by the ebbing tide. It seemed incredible that I had been away from civilization for only one night. I felt as if I had been on the island for weeks.

I pulled for about four miles before heading in to miss the breakers that were lacing Little Talbot's south end with white water. Dragging the dinghy high on the beach, I plunged into the surf. The cool water tautened my muscles and sent a current of vitality tingling through me. Already the salt air, the sea, and sun were making me feel like a new man.

I found an ideal site for a lean-to between the jungle and a towering sand hill crowned by tall cabbage palms. This big dune afforded security against a northeast blow, our worst storms excepting hurricanes which are very scarce in that section. At its base a palm tree grew slantingly towards the sea. I decided to use this tree's trunk as a natural pole and build a tent-like palmetto shelter instead of a lean-to.

The first daylight job on a southern island is to bury your perishable supplies and water keg. Put them deep down in the cool dry sand for protection from the sun. Digging a hole, I stowed my supplies and covered them with sand. Later I built a palmetto sun shade over the hole.

Pulling on a pair of seaman's boots as shields against snakes, I took a long knife and the small axe and entered the edge of the jungle where palms and palmettoes were growing in profusion. Concerning snakes: There aren't any more poisonous reptiles in the Barrier Islands than elsewhere. And this is certain. You will never see snakes on the open beaches and dunes. They stick pretty close to the thickets.

I cut hundreds of fan-shaped palmettoes with long stems. Plunging deeper into the woods, I hacked down sufficient pine and oak saplings for poles and ribs. Then I gathered a batch of Spanish moss bearding the trees. It makes a soft, almost downy, base for a bed roll and is also very effective as a filler for a palmetto roof or wall.

Carrying these materials to my camp site, I built an inverted V-shaped frame against the slanting palm tree, using forked oak saplings which I securely hooked together over the palm's trunk. Next, I strung strands of wire lengthwise, about six inches apart, around this frame which finally resembled a web of wire and wood. Nicking each palmetto stem, I thatched these green fibrous plants thickly over the entire framework, hanging and interlacing them on the wires. Of course, if you prefer, you can bring along a tent. But building a lean-to is part of the adventure.

Working swiftly, I completed my shelter before the sun was directly overhead. Even in winter it is sometimes broiling hot between noon and two o'clock. Stay in the shade during those hot hours, especially in summer. After another swim, I took a siesta. No trouble to sleep at any time in that salt-laden air, with the surf rolling a lullabye. . . .

And now, are you asking what a man does to save himself from ennui and loneliness in case he goes "native" all alone in the Barriers?

The answer is that he does things he can't do anywhere else in the world. There is the absorbing new business of keeping camp which means keeping the shelter itself secure and intact, gathering driftwood, cooking, shooting and catching your own meals.

Swimming *au naturel* (the only perfect way to do it!), sun bathing, exploring, dinghy sailing, the possibility of adventures with wild animals, sleeping like a top, eating as if you really enjoyed your food, and, probably best of all, just lying around dreaming, enjoying the beauty of the golden days and the silver nights, and figuratively thumbing your nose at the world you left behind—that's a Robinson Crusoe's regular bill of fare in the Barrier Islands.

I spent ten days and nights on Little Talbot this last time. Some of their hours flew past, others drifted lazily, happily by. All that I bothered to keep account of were the number of the days, nicking my "calendar" palm tree for each one spent on the island.

I had arranged with an Amelia boatman to bring over any telegrams in case I was wanted back in New York, and on the morning of the eleventh day the boatman came with a telegram that made it necessary for me to dash back to New York by plane from Jacksonville airport.

As I broke camp, I felt as if I were being banished from my own private Paradise. For the Barrier Islands are really little Edens in our southern sea and sun. But I was partly consoled by the knowledge that I was going only a matter of hours away from them, and that I would soon be coming back.

There ought to be an island for every man, an island close enough for him to run off to ever so often and go "native." Happily enough there really is! If the Barrier Islands are too far away for your convenience, find yourself an island nearer home. There are thousands of lonely little isles waiting for you off the Pacific and Gulf coasts, off Maine and Canada, in the Great Lakes, also in the numerous bays, rivers, and lakes of the United States. ##

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by FRANK BUCK

AUTHOR OF "BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE"

Trapping and handling ferocious animals is no joke, but I'd rather face a wild beast than shave with a shoddy blade.

That's why it was almost tragic when I ran out of Gillette blades a few months ago away up in the jungle of Negri Sembelin. But I found them in a little kedai, or native trading post, located on a bullock-cart trail leading into a dense Malayan jungle.

I didn't know then why the Gillette blade stands head and shoulders above all others for quality—why it gives me clean, easy shaves under all conditions. That was before I visited the Gillette factory in Boston, and got the surprise of my life!

I never dreamed it took so much care and effort to produce the Gillette blade. I saw ribbons of finest Swedish steel put through one elaborate and precise process after another. I saw them perforated, hardened, tempered, ground, honed, stropped and cut into individual blades by machines that are almost unbelievably accurate.

Watching one amazing process after another, I marveled at the care with which each operation is supervised. Skilled technicians are in charge and every step in manufacture is followed by rigid inspection. It is obvious that nothing is overlooked to assure perfection in the finished product.

For example—each batch of steel is photographed at tremendous magnification—and "X-Rayed" by a device that "sees" through metal, detecting any possible hidden flaws. Finally a diamond-pointed scientific instrument tests the steel for hardness. A variation as slight as 1½% in hardness from the desired standard causes instant rejection.

Yes, these blades—in department after department—seem to be examined as closely as a bacteriologist searches for microbes on a slide. And after the final inspection the blades are sprayed with an antiseptic solution and placed in sanitary waxed paper wrappers.

Now I know why I can shave every day, in the jungle or out, and actually enjoy it! And that goes whether I buy my Gillette blades in New York, London or Paris—Calcutta, Singapore or Shanghai. They're the same, the world over, equally sharp and smooth-shaving. No wonder wild animals can't keep me from shaving with Gillette blades.

*Here are the facts about razor blades. Why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute. Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.*

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

## The Unteachables

*Continued from page 61*

conteur and philosopher of golf, relates an experience of this kind.

Begins Mr. Armour, while jabbing a chisel through the lid of a beer can:

"This was back in the days when out of the great goodness of my heart, I would stop playing for $500-$500-$500 long enough to give lessons to plutocrats who would lay it on the line, and the line was wider than the Champs Élysées to accommodate the dough we got for golf lessons in those boom days.

"I sweated with this guy. He was so earnest—so unspeakably punk and (mused Armour sadly) so rich and loose with his dough.

"After getting him nowhere with his golf in a week, I had a heaven-sent inspiration. 'What I have to teach you first before I teach you golf, is to teach you to live,' I said to the fellow and waved in the practice caddie.

"'Come on, we're going to do Miami Beach tonight,' I told him. He didn't get that idea any quicker than he had been able to get an idea about golf, but by the time morning came he had begun to learn.

"It was about 8 A.M. when we hauled up at a golf course and my pupil was beginning to coast back down from the merry alcoholic clouds of the night before.

"'What are you stopping here for?' he asked me.

"'I'm going to give you a golf lesson now. You're relaxed.'

"'Oh, good God, no!' he murmured weakly.

"I dragged him out, got some caddies and had our clubs lugged out from the back of the car.

"It was close to murder but at last I got him so he was swinging loose," reflected Armour, grinning pleasantly at the memory of what he obviously considered a historic achievement.

"And how did the bird score?" queried one of the younger professionals absorbing the fine points of tutoring policy from the maestro.

"Very well, as I remember," Armour answered. "I do recall that on the fifth hole he had a birdie and an attack of extreme nausea."

It might as well be admitted that such heroic measures as those taken by Armour in the case cited, work only once or twice in a lifetime. Otherwise there would be indoor golf schools for the unteachables at most of the popular saloons, taverns or cocktail-rooms as saloons seem to prefer to call themselves in the post-prohibition period.

The Armour yarn is especially applicable to the unteachables because golf and liquor act in much the same way on male humans. Some fellows can handle liquor and some can handle golf. Golf and liquor act on some other human males by making them merely stiff and stupid. The golf-liquor parallel does not apply to women because all women drunk are limp and stupid.

One who plays at golf may be an unteachable but that does not classify him as a despondent pariah. By virtue of the handicap system which so vastly extends golf's competitive attraction, the unteachable can play on a fairly even basis with other par-outcasts whose psychological or physical status gives them only frail basis for hope.

As a matter of fact, the unteachable often has the happy temperament stirring him to sing Gershwin's *I Got Plenty of Nuthin'* with intense glee and sincerity.

Willie Macfarlane, the scholarly looking professional who beat Bob Jones for the 1925 national open title, tells of a member of his club, Oak Ridge, who is an unteachable, but one of Allah's cheeriest and noblest works. Macfarlane is a great instructor but despite his most diligent, expert efforts the unteachable pupil flunked out on golf's A B Cs as administered by the Oak Ridge pro.

Not at all downcast, the pupil still hacks around Oak Ridge with such frequent misapplication of effort that his ambition is to break 200 instead of the usual dub's promised land figure of 100. He plays a couple of times a week and loses balls at the average of a dozen a round. This unteachable has had a curious effect on Mr. Macfarlane, who, after several years of hard work on the pupil, has given up and glories with the unteachable, in the unteachable's complete immunity to the technical rudiments of golf. There is commercial balm applied to the injury to Macfarlane's pride as an instructor. The unteachable buys all his golf balls from Macfarlane.

Utter inability of unteachables to learn golf does not mean that golf is complex to the extent that only Professor Einstein and a dozen other people can learn it. The competent professionals will enlighten you on this point by telling you something like this: "Now if golf were a hard game to learn do you think it would have been learned by (and then they'll name prominent golfers, pro and amateurs, who never have been classed as candidates for Rhodes scholarships) . . . and by me?" They always add that "and by me" to avoid any sting of slander, and sometimes make the case more convincing by that "and by me" phrase.

The truth is that golf owes its American popularity to being the simple, healthy game recommended by leading physicians to Newport socialites of the Gay Nineties. The game was endorsed to the Newporters as an antidote to excessive playing house with lusty and adept demi-mondes. From that point, naturally, it was promptly shanghaied by the proletariat.

It stands to reason that since golf primarily was given its first big

*Continued on page 150*

# King William gave England the "Yard of Clay"

## Even royalty hunted "low-temperature smoke"

Why should a royal king of England bother his head about a pipe stem? Why should a learned Persian shah urge his subjects to smoke the water-pipe?

Because for 400 years—ever since man first fell under the spell of fragrant tobacco—he has known this fact: the supreme pleasure of smoking is reserved for those who can keep smoke-temperature low.

Modern Americans know it, too. But who wants to cart around a "yard of clay"?

## Now found in a cigarette

After 400 years, America has the answer. Captured in the short length of a cigarette—SUPER-MILD SPUD.

It's not merely another cigarette brand—it's another brand of smoking! "Low-temperature smoking"—and it gives you enjoyment you've never had before:

First—real freedom from tongue-bite. You can thank SPUD'S kindly menthol.

Next—a fresh, clean mouth—after all-day smoking.

SUPER-MILD SPUDS have three things never before combined in a cigarette. Vintage tobaccos—up to 10 years old. Moisture "sealed in the leaf." And *menthol!* Used as only the originator of the menthol process knows how to use it.

Try SUPER-MILD SPUDS today—and learn the pleasure of "low-temperature smoke."

**"YE KING DID EXHIBIT A CURIOUS PYPE."** And curious it seems to us! But the "yard of clay," brought over from Holland by William III, influenced English smoking habits for a century. The reason? It was another step toward "low-temperature smoke."

© 1936, *The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.*

SUPER-MILD SPUDS
20 FOR
15c
25 FOR 25c IN CANADA
CORK TIP or PLAIN
Spud
TOBACCO
Menthol Cooled
CIGARETTES

PHIL REGAN, *star of "Laughing Irish Eyes," a Republic picture.*

**AFTER CENTURIES OF GROPING—SPUD.**

No gadgets, no ponderous contraptions- but marvelous "low-temperature" enjoyment, self-contained in a cigarette. No wonder Americans are crazy about it. No wonder it is changing *our* smoking habits!

MILLIONS OF SPUD SMOKERS CAN'T BE WRONG!

MISTER
OTIS
REGRETS
HE DIDN'T USE
KREML!

DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU

Is your comb full of hair every time you use it?

Are your shoulders covered with dandruff?

Does your hair refuse to behave unless it is "plastered down"?

Then you should try Kreml.

This wonderful new tonic checks falling hair and removes dandruff; keeps the scalp clean and healthy.

And it makes the most stubborn hair behave without giving it that "patent-leather" gigolo look.

The whole country is turning to Kreml.

Ask for it at your barber's. Use it regularly at home.

Try Kreml Shampoo, Too!

The cleansing, purifying lather of this olive oil shampoo keeps hair soft, lustrous, and pliantly young.

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF AND CHECKS FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

## The Unteachables

*Continued from pages 61-148*

shove toward popularity because of its psychiatric merit, there is no use of a guy going nutty now because he can not learn the game. He may be one of the unteachable minority, but still has the right in a free country to play boldly and with head unbowed; the latter probably being one of the reasons for his unteachability.

Probably half of the middle-class families in the country during the cultural pre-radio era anchored their juveniles before a piano keyboard for instruction and practice and stood guard with a ball bat while little Willie was in the bull pen learning to pitch music. But, if little Willie didn't have music in him, the parental ball bat and palm in most severe and persistent application couldn't force the pupil to learn *Chopsticks* or *Peter, Peter, Pumpkin-Eater*, in a thousand arduous lessons.

Those same kids grow up deficient in rhythm and while voicing no vicious criticism of the music teacher who muffed turning out crops of Paderewskis, may hold their golf professionals to severe accounting because they can not turn out Hagens in six painless lessons.

Apparently innate rhythm has a lot to do with the mastery of golf. Most golf experts are fine dancers. Paul Runyan and his wife, Joan, have won several dance contests against teams of fairly well known dancers and in their amateur dancing performances plainly outshine at least half of the paid teams making funny faces and classic motions on night club floors. Horton Smith, Olin Dutra, Billy Burke, Gene Sarazen, Walter Hagen, Tommy Armour, Lawson Little, Johnny Revolta—almost any of the golf masters you can name—are the sort of dancers you can watch in operation with some graceful lissome female and always see that the girl has on her dreamy features that look of "I'm in heaven, dancing cheek to cheek."

You will observe much of the same type of grace in the star golfers' dancing and in their workmanship on the greensward. They seem to have such a nicety of muscular control that you are certain they could put score pencils in the holes for their shirt studs and write Mississippi in the fronts of their partners' dresses, even dotting the I's, during a glide from one end to the other of a crowded dance floor.

Tap-dancing teachers for the past few years have had a fair session of good business with male adults who want to regain streamline torsos and impress on Fred Astaire that he is not such a hell of a guy after all. These professors of the modern buck and wing know what the golf pro is up against with unteachables. However the tap-teachers' customers do get loosened up enough with a few unlaxing jolts of rye in them to make the neighbors on the floor below hammer the radiator pipes. Then after they hoof a bit like Jumbo in deep-sea divers' boots they figure they have demonstrated that the only thing keeping them from a Hollywood contract is their true amateur spirit. There is nothing definite and final that lets them know how lousy they are.

That brings out what golf's unteachables are up against—the scorecard. There is no arguing with a scorecard that adds down 128 for 18 holes after a golf lesson. The scorecard is profoundly depressing to all but those of the most valiant spirit or those reconciled to hopelessness.

So pathetically stiff and jittery do the unteachables become that a Chicago professional, Tom Walsh, has proposed placing high canvas walls around the first tees of golf courses so the lowly can get started undisturbed by the scornful gaze of the first tee crowd. You wouldn't think that would have to be done in a game that is supposed to be fun but for some unknown reason the punk never realizes that he probably is as good as the average observer of his own stage-frightened efforts.

Experienced professionals know that one of the surest signs of the unteachable is the unteachable's approach to the pro as though the pro were Captain Bligh of His Majesty's ship *Bounty*, and the pupil were an erring midshipman. That masochistic attitude on the part of the pupil is the most unfathomable mystery of golf so far as the professionals are concerned. It absolutely paralyzes the student.

Maurice McCarthy, one of the kindliest and most proficent of veteran golf instructors, has perspired and pleaded on lesson tees outside and indoors for about 35 years only to confess that a seemingly simple thing keeps bobbing up to frustrate his instruction efforts. In a soft Gaelic brogue the elder McCarthy relates that as boy and man he has been unable to get some of his thousands of pupils to hit at a golf ball with an iron club instead of trying to scoop it up.

"For twenty-five years it worried me," said McCarthy at lunch during the amateur championship in Cleveland last year, "and at last it struck me that there are people who can't do it, even though it's as easy as feeding yourself with a fork instead of a knife."

McCarthy didn't specifically identify his few but conspicuous failures as unteachables, but unteachables they were. What he has been doing since he decided that a few flops were inevitable has been to try to get some uniformity into the curious and faulty methods of the unteachables. That, also, is what other wise professionals have been doing. They have arrived at the conclusion there are various stages among the unteachables. One fellow may get

*Continued on page 153*

**Brief notes on a sport shoe wardrobe**

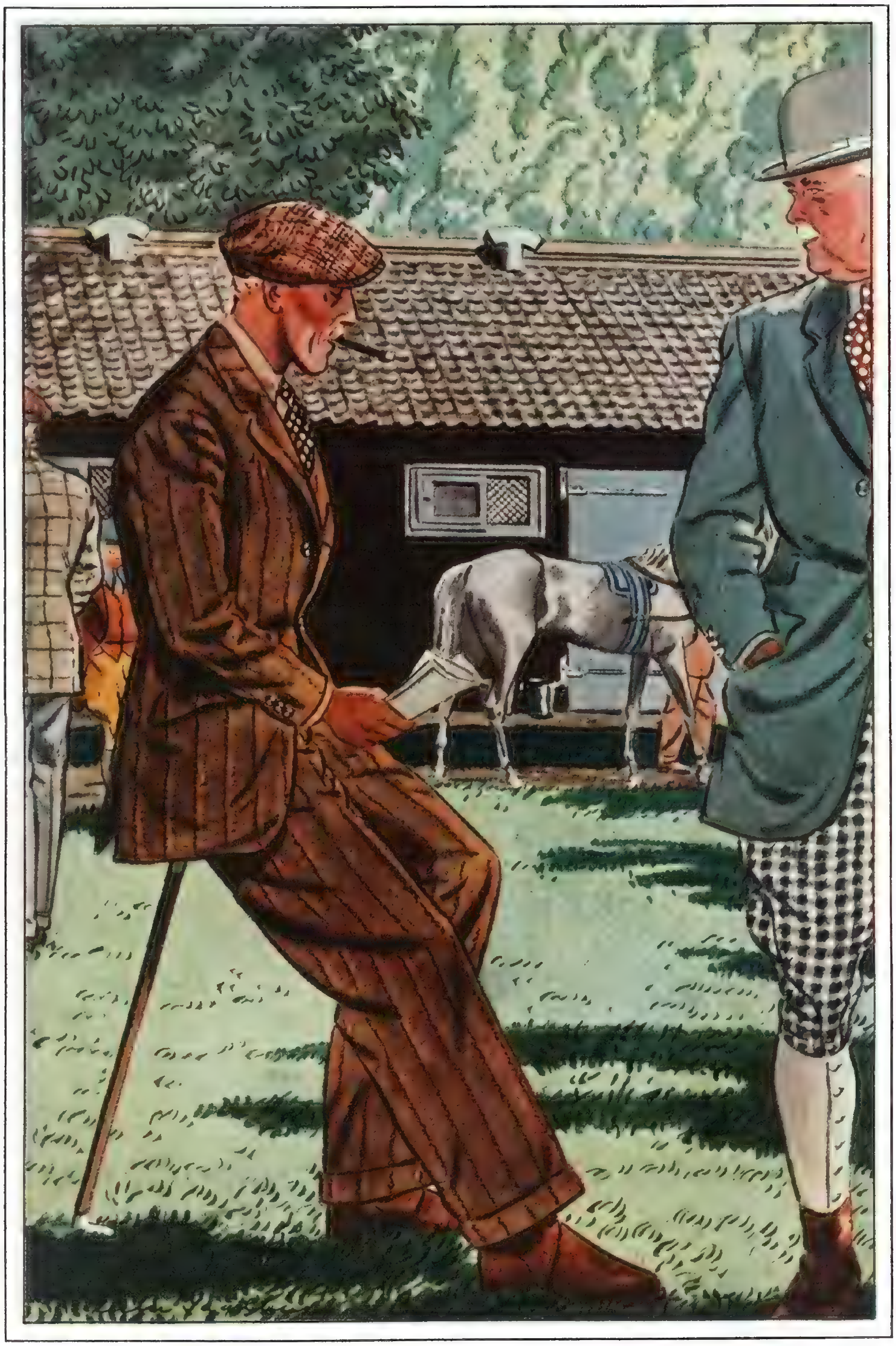
● Jarman presents herewith . . . . a select sport shoe wardrobe . . . . a premier showing of several smart styles from the attractive patterns now available at your Jarman dealer's. In leathers, White Jack Buck predominates, shown here in four styles: the two in the chair; the kiltie tongue and strap model (the one with the tall shoe trees); and the conventional wingtip brogue at extreme lower left. In patterns, you'll find plain toes favorites this year . . . . the two Raglan models with springy crepe soles being outstanding examples. If you have never worn a Jarman-made shoe, visit your Jarman dealer tomorrow. There's a surprise in store for you there—a revelation that has led men who once paid high prices for smart footwear to turn enmasse to Friendly and Frank Jarman Custom Shoes . . . . The Jarman Shoe Company, Nashville, Tennessee. *Division General Shoe Corp.*

Portraits in Leather

*Jarman Shoes*

**FRIENDLY SHOES $5**

FRANK JARMAN CUSTOM SHOES $6.50



# OUTSIDE TATTERSALL'S RING AT NEWMARKET

Newmarket, where several times a year some of the finest race horses in the world are sold at auction, is the classic vantage point for the observation of new fashions in country clothes. The outfit which Mr. Saalburg has sketched here is something of an advance guard fashion and while it is as good as it's new, it may be expected to strike the conservative as being somewhat extreme. But this longer jacket, with side vents and flapped slanting pockets, made up in wide spaced stripes, is very definitely destined to ultimate popularity. In both the fabric and the model, this particular suit has recently been accorded acceptance of the highest fashion significance at Newmarket, and our Long Island squires are notably sedulous in speeding up the American acceptance of new models and fabrics that get off to an auspicious start in England. Also note the smart brown buckskin Molière boots.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*

## The Unteachables

*Continued from pages 61-148-150*

as good as 110, and be unteachable after that. Another may be as good as 80, and unteachable from that score down, even though the 80-shooter during one inspired and celestially lucky round may knock in a 73 and from that time on believe firmly that 73 is his normal game.

One of the fairly numerous professionals who is unknown to national fame, but, nevertheless, highly regarded as an instructor by the professional fraternity, is R. W. (Doc) Treacy of the Woodmont Country club at Milwaukee.

On the roster of the club Treacy serves are quite a few business men past middle age whose muscular development is mainly fitted to the work of signing checks and bending over puffing to tie their own shoelaces. They took up golf late—well after their physical organizations had passed the stage of plasticity. Among these men are none who like Walter Travis could take up golf in the forties and win championships. Still, Treacy is out on the Woodmont lesson tee for long hours with these men, most of whom plainly are unteachables.

He teaches on the basis that the best thing any professional can do for this class of pupil is to get their unique methods so set that there won't be a five stroke variation in the game of any one of these pupils. He is teaching scoring rather than teaching golf. That may not be the idea of the game's gospel according to St. Andrews, but it is a happily satisfactory form of service for those who get considerable of their golf entertainment out of gambling. There would be very little golf gambling if the majority of the golfers were not quite certain they are betting on a sure thing. But even the canniest gamblers among the duffers are cursed with a blind optimism that tempts them into pitfalls. Treacy maintains that the only thing the worst of golfers can never be taught is to have a proper pessimistic idea of their scoring limitations. He agrees that there is the unteachable caste of golfers—those who can not be taught to swing any better. But even those, according to his observation, can be taught to leave lousy enough alone and by doing that the pro confers a great favor on his backward pupil.

That policy is being widely adopted by progressive professionals. Pros of the younger school generally echo an opinion on instruction made not long ago by Horton Smith. Smith said that the beginning and most difficult part of golf instruction, from the pro viewpoint, is in deciding how much the pupil can learn—if anything.

What will make golf instruction a continuing and increasing source of professionals' income is the philosophic nature of good golf instructors. There are bound to exist various theories of teaching as long as humans are human. What is the simple, universal, correct method is something that will be decided when the professionals have passed beyond and have a chance to talk things over without their handicaps of mortal error. Of that much even George Jacobus, earnest young man who is president of the Professional Golfers association, is beginning to be fairly certain now.

Jacobus is the fellow who stirred the pros to action in an effort to simplify and attain something of uniformity in their teaching of golf fundamentals. Questionnaires were sent to leading golf instructors all over the country. The vast and bewildering variety of answers received showed but one thing plainly; that the pros are uniformly of the opinion that there is no uniform method of teaching golf's fundamentals.

The result the indefatigable Jacobus hopes for now is for his associated experts to determine what are the golf stroke's fundamentals.

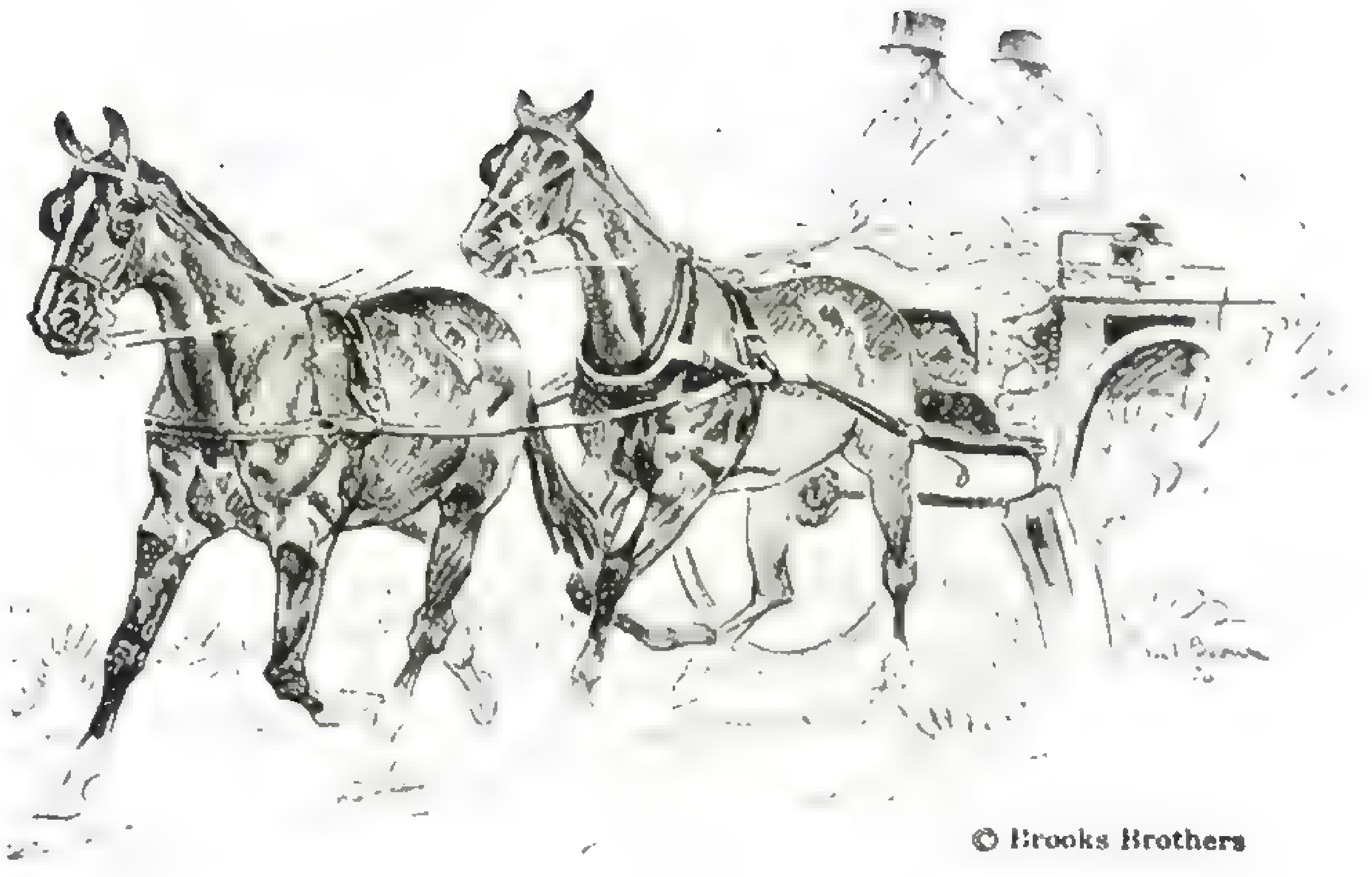
On the pro association's questionnaire, which required 32 foolscap pages, there were 270 instruction questions asked of the association's members.

There were 105 questions asked the pros about the grip of the club, 41 questions about the stance, 59 questions about the address and upswing and 65 questions about the through swing. And on the questionnaires space was left for additional comments, indicating that 270 questions about what happens in the fraction of a second required for a golf stroke, still didn't cover the subject.

It may be fortunate for golf instruction research that young Mr. Jacobus has abundant energy and the blazing faith that made Christian missionaries entrees in cannibal feasts. Maybe out of the 270 questions will come a half dozen vital instruction points around which all effective golf instruction must be built. But even if the essentials are reduced to this scant half dozen there still will be the unteachables who, after being tutored in any one of the simple basic points, will cheerfully nod "uh huh" to the pro and immediately proceed to a new and 271st mystery.

Lately, due to the sport section activities of the ace of pro interviewees, Gene Sarazen, there is a debate among golf instructors that shows what the unteachables are up against, even if they were to show slight indications of being teachable. Sarazen says that golf is a game in which the right hand is the controlling factor. Others who might be appraised even more experienced instructors than Sarazen, hold firm to the older opinion of many pros that what makes golf difficult is that it is a left-handed game played by right-handers. And still a third group of professionals of high standing maintain firmly that golf is a two-

*Continued at top of page 154*



© Brooks Brothers

CHARACTER IN MATERIALS

To define the "character" of the material used in a ready-made suit or overcoat is difficult without resorting to the technical terms of wool growing, spinning and weaving. Yet as every customer knows, some materials have greater character than others . . . the individuality of the cloth is perceptible at a glance. It is generally recognized that Brooks Brothers' materials have definitely distinguishing characteristics to an unusual degree. Many of them actually label a garment "Brooks" as clearly as does the pattern on which it is cut or the name sewn inside it. To achieve this distinction demands in the selection and purchase of British woollens a skill and care which has been practiced . . . and perfected . . . by Brooks Brothers for more than a century.

*Ready-made Spring Suits* . $55 *to* $90
*Ready-made Spring Overcoats*, $50 *to* $85

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH ST. • NEW YORK
NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET • BOSTON
NUMBER ONE WALL STREET • NEW YORK

Keep this
UNDER YOUR HOMBURG

• VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout" for Healthy, Handsome HAIR!

Maybe your topcoat boasts an Oxford accent—maybe your shoes are custom-made—you're still not well-groomed unless your hair is healthy and handsome. Only *healthy* hair can be good-looking. So step up your hair's health, and its good looks, too—with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

Vitalis, massaged briskly into the scalp, arouses scalp circulation and gives your hair a fair chance to grow. It takes the place of dried-up or soaked-away natural oils—quickly ends that social tearer-downer—loose dandruff.

As a dressing, Vitalis is in a class by itself. Vitalis supplies a subdued but rich lustre to the hair, without the slightest suggestion of that unwanted "patent-leather" look.

Today's the day to get a bottle of Vitalis. Make a date to start the Vitalis "60-Second Workouts" tonight.

VITALIS
KEEPS YOUR HAIR
HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

① 50 SECONDS to rub—natural oils are restored, circulation quickens, your hair takes on new life.

② 10 SECONDS to comb and brush—your hair looks rich, lustrous, but with no "patent-leather" look.

## The Unteachables

*Continued from pages 61-148-150-153*

handed game, with both hands in equal use.

And right there you have the reason why golf instruction persists as one of the pleasant aspects of the game. Even the unteachable can come up with some idea contrary to that of his instructor who has been teaching golf resultfully for a quarter of a century, and no matter how screwy the punk's idea seems to his own teacher, the chances are there will be some pros somewhere who will maintain that the punk has, in a general way, the right idea. The pro who has grown grey in the game accepts this development as a part of the business. He chuckles inwardly and exhibits his most polite bedside manner. He knows the punk will have another and diametrically opposed hunch for the next lesson.

And why shouldn't the pro who has been matured take this attitude? He wanders around his course and overhears something like this come from the open red face of a volunteer critic:

"Listen Jack. Take it from me, you never will get a good shot until you learn to hold that right hand of yours over (or under)."

The pro will pause to see who is giving advice that lucidly and positively presents the secret of golf. And who does he identify as the authority doing the preaching? Nine times out of ten the self-appointed counselor is some duffer who took only a couple of lessons and then quit because he declared he didn't learn anything. ⌗

## My First Gazelle

*Continued from page 83*

is with a woman he loves, I experienced waiting for these gazelle.

I became anxious. They had not appeared yet and I raised my head to see if I had mistaken their direction; but I could not see them. They had vanished, and it was getting late. The sun had cleared the horizon and was mounting swiftly. The doctor and Achmed would be impatient; the camels would be loaded and ready. I rose to one knee and, still seeing no gazelle, I stood half erect.

The gazelle were almost upon me! Seven of them, with black, shiny noses and wide, inquisitive eyes were gazing at me from the hillside above, and to my left.

Every man who has hunted knows this situation. His mouth has been watering with anticipation, his hand grips the rifle stock and suddenly—he is taken off his balance by the incontrovertible fact of the game he had been straining every nerve to capture staring at him, a stone's throw away, like so many innocent children.

I could not move. I knew that they had seen me rise and peer at the opposite hillside but I feared to face them directly lest this display of my intentions send them bounding into the air and away. I remained half-standing, staring past them, clutching my rifle like a life-line and allowing my saliva, by only the slowest movements of my throat, to trickle icily into my stomach. I heard the far-away report of Achmed's rifle and I knew instantly that the gazelle's attention was diverted; but before I could take advantage of their curiosity their eyes were again upon me.

I wondered if it could be the throbs of my heart that fascinated them.

Then sounded a sharp, echoing bark, not unlike the challenge of a Pomeranian. A buck, advancing a few steps, stamped the earth with his sharp hooves and tossed his head. The tails of all the gazelle flicked; side-glancing, I saw them turn in the sunlight like minnows, their tails still flicking. They wandered on, and I became the hunter again—angered to the point of loneliness, burning to regain by force the prize which my ineptitude had lost; to revenge by death my profound, inexplicable humiliation; and in my mind's eye I watched them descending the slope behind me, shadowed on each detail of rocks and bushes, until I knew that they had reached the plain and were feeding. And I turned, then, and the big buck was magnificent with his head raised in the morning sun, and I let the breath out of me and pressed the trigger.

And I was happy. I felt that I could have carried two of him, warm over my shoulders, his horns sharply rapping the small of my back. I was happy with anticipation, for the Sahara was full of gazelle, and they were beautiful, shy and satisfying, and I knew that I loved them and everything about them—even the blood puckering in the sun behind my knees, the hard, thin legs across my chest and the smell of undigested herbs.

The doctor watched me with his fine, puzzled grey eyes. He sat in the saddle, his red lower lip thrust slightly forward, trying to smile as I looked up at him and flung my burden onto the sand between us.

"You've been successful," he said.

I grinned, and brushed some sand from the gazelle's tongue.

"Isn't he a beauty?"

The doctor looked at me for a moment, biting his lip; then his throat filled and he turned stiffly in the saddle.

I could scarcely believe it at the time, but at In Salah, when he bowed and could not see my hand, I realized that my gazelle was as another woman he had loved, and now he had lost her. ⌗

# "NO WONDER 8,000,000 MEN ARE WEARING TROUSERS TAILORED WITH TALON...

***All men will soon discover the values of trousers closed with Talon"***

*—FREDERICK A. GRAY, Gray & Lampel Custom Tailors (Suits from $145)*

Frederick A. Gray

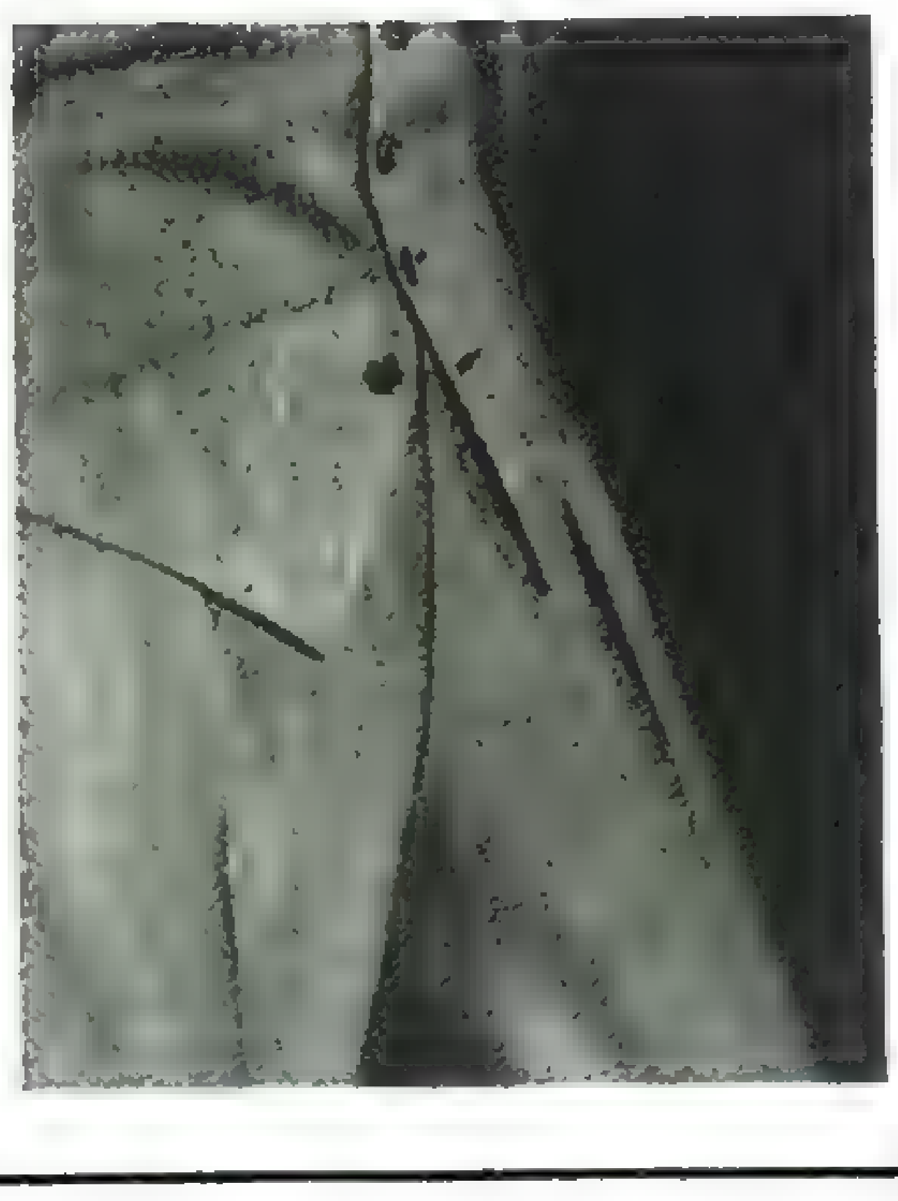
"I am sincerely glad to learn that so many millions of men are enjoying the benefits of trousers closed with the Talon fastener. I suppose we ought to be a little jealous that this tailoring refinement—so prized by our patrons—is available to all America. But when a detail in tailoring does so much for the appearance of men's clothes, we can't expect to keep it to ourselves."

Right, Mr. Gray—the Talon trouser fastener is recognized throughout the custom tailoring profession as a valuable clothing refinement, and is being rapidly adopted everywhere.

474 manufacturers of men's clothing—including makers of all nationally known brands—are already furnishing trousers with the Talon fastener. More and more, the retailers of the country are switching from ugly button closings to trousers trimly closed with Talon. Millions of men have discovered the real meaning of convenience and security!

Are you one of them? Investigate the merit of trousers tailored with Talon now. Sooner or later every man will wear them. Ask your clothier!

**WITH BUTTONS**
Here's how trousers look with the button closing. Presentable, perhaps, the hour they're new and freshly pressed—then gaps . wrinkles . . . creases ... signs of shabbiness . . . growing steadily worse. Others see it . . . even though you're unconscious of it.



**WITH TALON**
What a difference Talon makes—thin, smooth, continuous—like a seam. Trim in any position. No wonder the foremost custom tailors sponsor it . . . the greatest manufacturers of men's clothes have used it in increasing quantities for three and one-half years.

TALON
locks at the top
FASTENER INVISIBLE

The Talon trouser fastener is made especially for trousers. The slider locks so that it cannot slip down. Talon is precision-made . . . always dependable . . . always works easily. Can't catch in underclothing because of protective underflap.

*Today . . . well-tailored trousers are closed with the TALON slide fastener*
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND."..

..get a boost with Briggs!

SOMETIMES, we think we ought to warn smokers that Briggs Pipe Mixture is like the Northwest Mounted Police. It always gets its man!

Actually, something like nine out of every ten men who try this delightful blend, are captured without a struggle.

The reason is simple. Briggs combines a deeply rich and mellow flavor . . . with complete mildness and freedom from bite. It is the happy result of blending choice, sun-ripened tobaccos which have been aged-in-wood an extra long time. Smokers tell us that Briggs has a genial, friendly quality they find in no other pipe tobacco . . . and Briggs' modest price is friendly, too!

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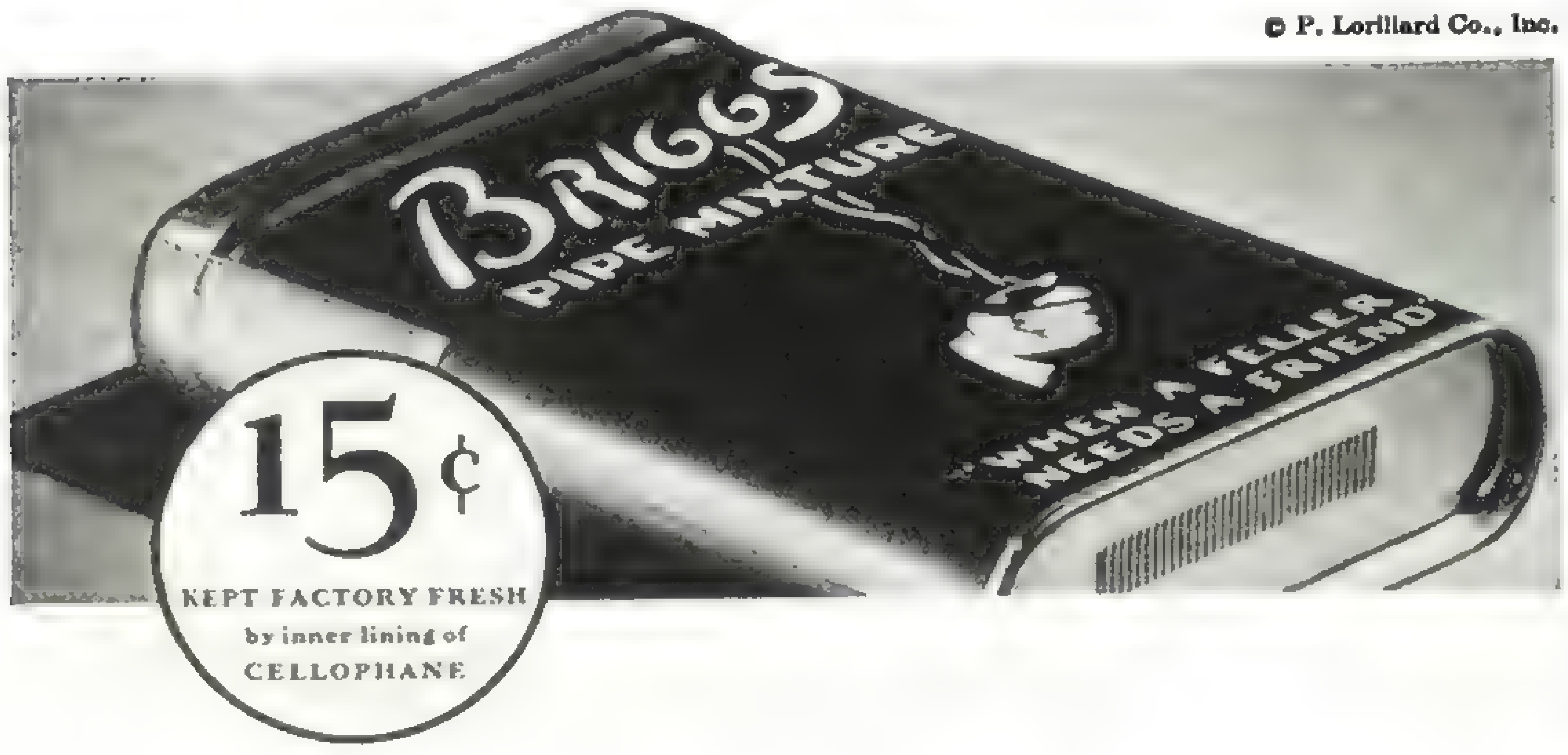


## The Diagnosis

*Continued from page 68*

And now he had a scheme to get the truth from him.

Suddenly the heavy-footed minutes changed their tempo. Whereas, all night it had seemed as if he had to travel a series of interminable linear measures one by one, now suddenly he had the illusion of being an inert mass moving at terrific speed.

He woke with a start. The clock struck seven, then eight, nine, ten. He jumped to his feet and dressed hurriedly.

The sun was bright now and life seemed good. The next moment and the next and the next still appeared to hold an imminent presence, but now at least he was warm and comfortable. His wife knocked at the door and quietly entered.

"Darling, you slept so long!"

He smiled intently at her and concealed his thoughts, as he did when he looked into patients' troubled eyes and said, "Yes, you will soon be well," when he knew death was inevitable. Her face seemed rather beautiful . . . the strange, seldom noticed beauty of familiar things.

At his office, on the main floor of his home, Luke kept old Mrs. Jenkins tapping her cane in the waiting room, and his zealous secretary tense with professional jealousy, as he sat behind his closed door and fingered out a letter on the typewriter.

Dear Doctor Haverhill:

This letter is a verification of an appointment made over the telephone with your secretary. One of my esteemed patients, Mr. J. F. Marion, will come to see you at your hospital laboratory on Friday at eleven. I have been unable to arrive at an explanation of his disorder, and so we have decided to consult with you. Mr. Marion himself will give you the history of the case. On completing your study will you kindly send me your opinion by the earliest mail?

I thank you again for many past courtesies.

Yours truly,
Luke Sladen, M.D.

And then a succession of kaleidoscopic days.

Come in Mrs. Jenkins, do come in . . . please answer the phone, Doctor . . . alophen not elephant pills . . . I'm sorry I can't abort you . . . I said salvarsan . . . no, Mother, the child is dead already . . . but you're not sick, you're just a selfish pampered parasite . . . no, don't drink the soap suds . . . phone please doctor . . . don't take everything off . . . answer that bell . . . but I'm sick myself . . . doctor, for God's sake hurry . . . you see I got a girl . . . please, please don't hurt . . . hello Doc, nice day . . . others take morphine.

Friday at ten saw Luke too early for his appointment. Now how to spend that hour! He entered the hospital and passed aimlessly down corridor after corridor, peering into this ward and that.

Those heaped up beds held little interest for him now. He was a patient himself. He opened still another door and found himself in the public clinic. The room was full of benches and the benches were laden with humanity. Those who could not squeeze into seats stood up in varied, tired attitudes. There was a buzz of conversation, each one telling the other the platitudes of woe. Babies shrieked and struggled in their mothers' arms. A smell of sweat and toil, sickness and cheap perfume pervaded all.

A hunger for air made Luke raise his head. There on the wall he stared at the portrait of a beautiful woman.

Seated, she was dressed in a beautiful blue gown, reminiscent of the early part of the century, at a time, Luke reflected, when charity was still considered a discretionary act rather than an obligation. Her forearms and hands, molded in form and fine in texture, rested on the arms of the chair. Her face looked over the crowd, beatified and self-righteous, as if she contemplated in advance the reward and praise she would receive for founding this clinic. The irritated voice of the doctor trailed after a scarecrow patient—"And eat three good meals a day."

Eleven-thirty found Luke, stripped almost naked and feeling disembodied of his personality as well, in the presence of Dr. Haverhill.

What poor shakes we are without our clothes! The doctor's kindly expression never varied though he puffed a bit from the slight exertion of the examination. At the conclusion of the examination of each organ he grunted in a noncommittal way.

Luke watched his eyes but read nothing. He perspired a little and felt lightheaded. He thought of the succession of patients he had subjected to a similar torture of suspense, and in a confused way, vowed to be kinder to his fellowmen thereafter. There were X-rays and tests, taps and strokes, and then the end.

"Doctor, what is it, tell me."

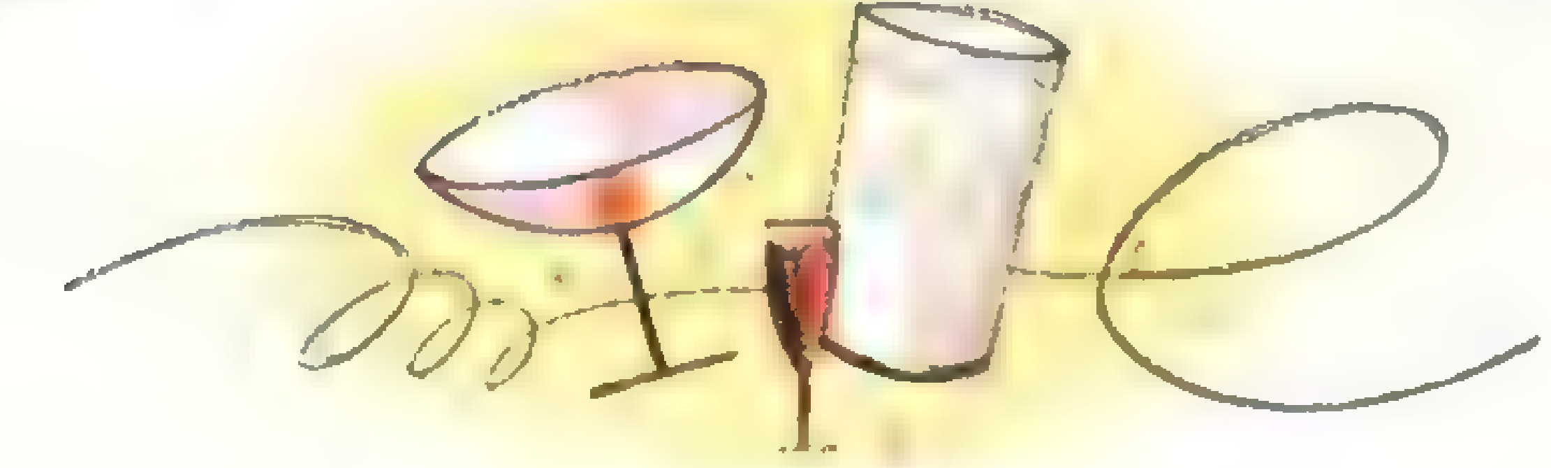
Haverhill sat at his desk and wrote. His pen scratched across the paper, the silence was awful. The electric clock on the desk made a whirring sound. He looked intently into Luke's face, then smiled, rose, and took his hand.

"Nothing serious, Mr. Marion, what you need is a boat trip, and a little light wine with your meals. I will send a complete report back to Dr. Sladen. Get in touch with him tomorrow and he will advise you further."

There was distinct evidence that the doctor considered the consultation concluded. Luke groped for his hat, walked out and closed the office door behind

*Continued at top of page 159*

# AROUND THE CLOCK WITH NATIONAL DISTILLERS



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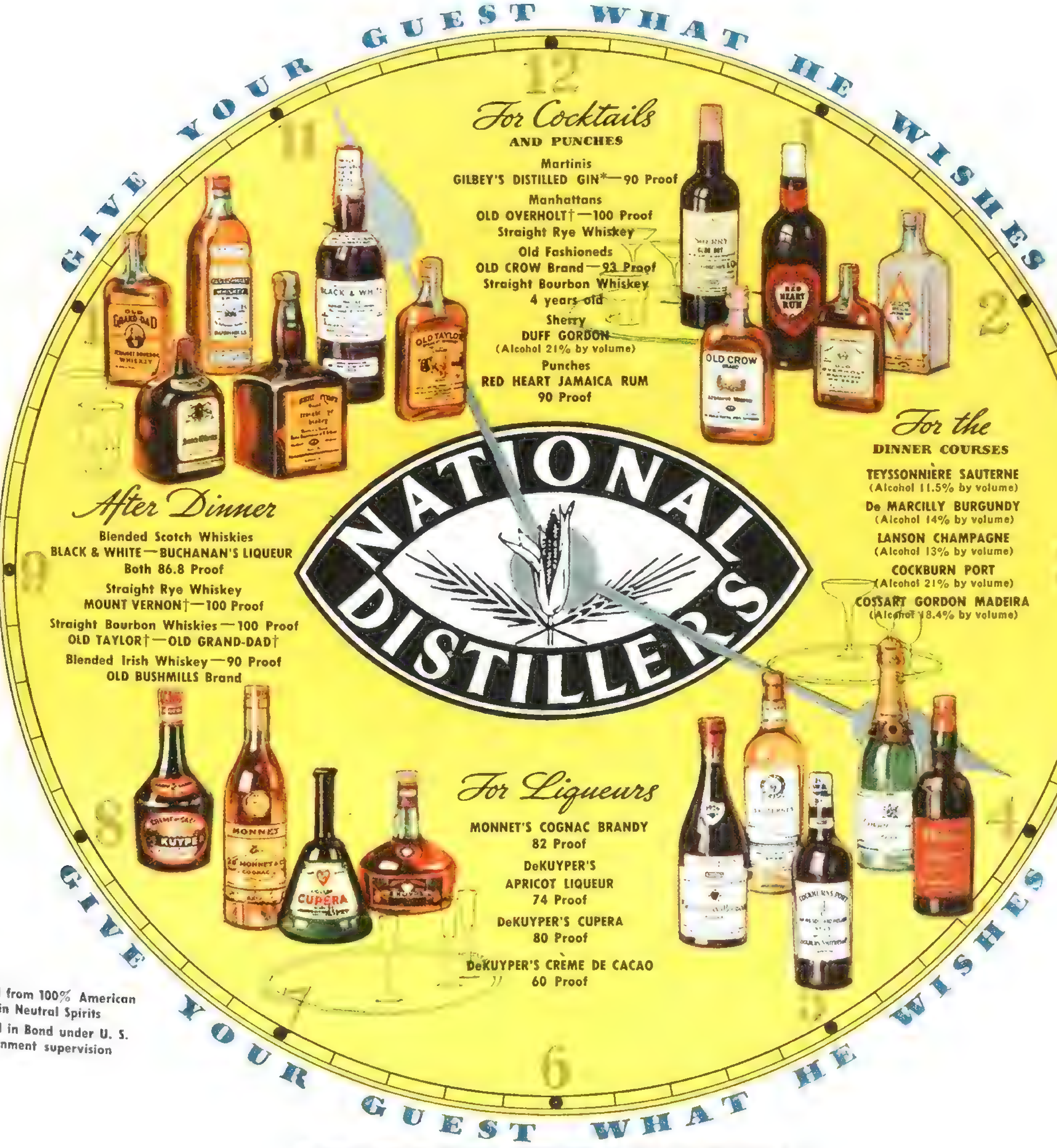
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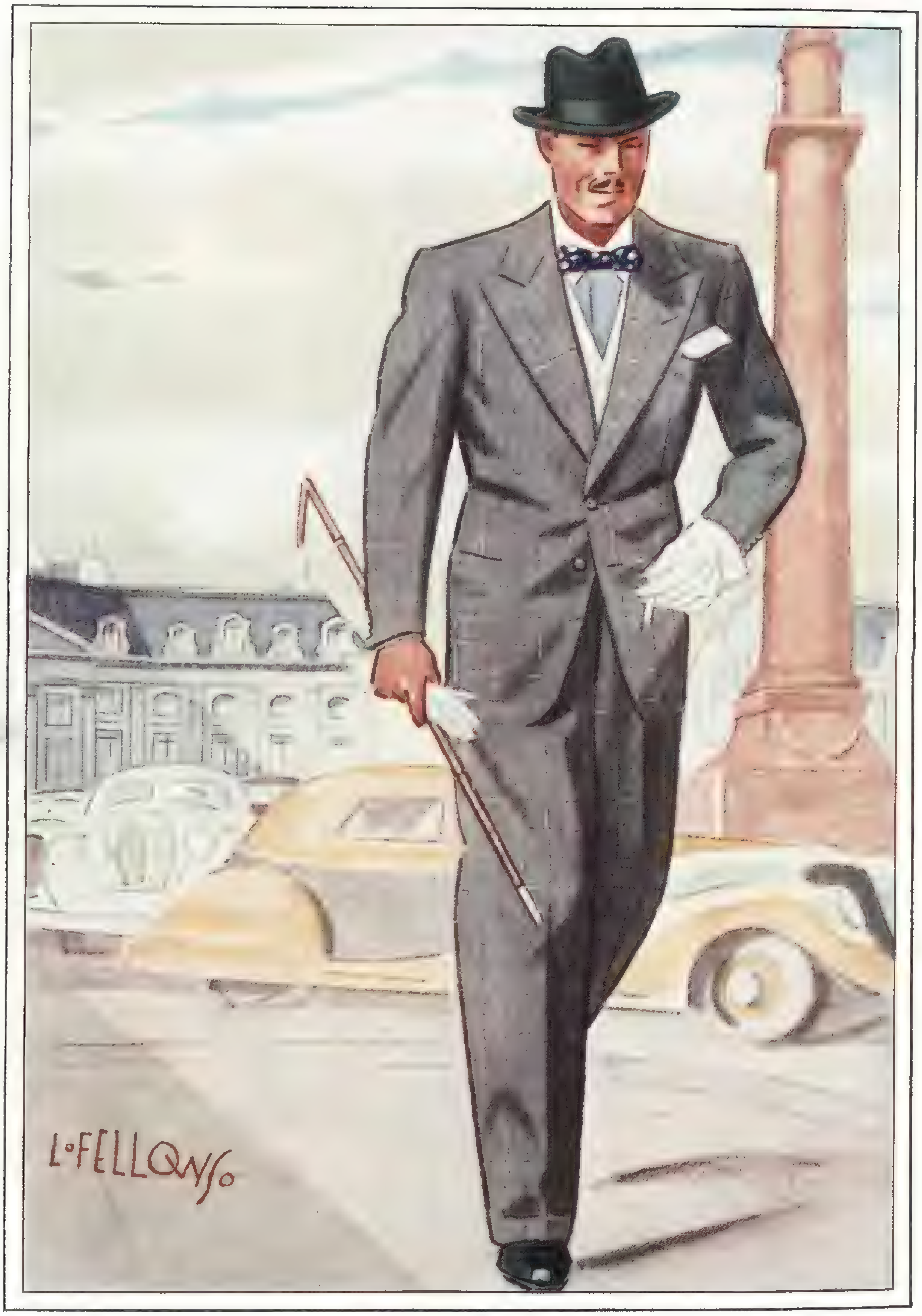


# LONDON MANNER FOR SPRINGTIME IN PARIS

Anthony Eden has exerted an enormous influence on continental fashions this year, as witness this turnout featuring such characteristic Eden touches as the black Homburg worn with a white linen waistcoat and white gloves. To American eyes the effect is somewhat dandified, but the Continent is always fertile ground for the dandy manner. The suit is of flannel with a faint blue overplaid. The shirt is of fine batiste with a white laundered collar, the specialty of a famous Paris shirt maker. The large knot foulard bow tie is a typical French shape which has gained London acceptance. The sack wrist gloves are lightweight white pigskin. Americanization of this outfit may involve dispensing with the white gloves and the rattan stick and substituting a soft felt or a straw hat for the Homburg. But the combination above is not too extreme for Metropolitan acceptance.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*

## The Diagnosis

*Continued from pages 68-156*

him with care and precision. A sense of finality surged over him.

The next day Luke was in his office early and unshaven. He stared blankly at his list of appointments, his ear intent for foot falls on the front doorstep. Would the mailman never come? He pawed at his collar, for it felt tight.

He pulled a book from the case, and found after two pages that he knew nothing of what he had read.

Suddenly he realized it consciously—he was afraid. He had watched patients tremble with fear in the presence of the unseen enemy threatening them. Personal courage in his experience, was a rare human attribute. The inevitability of things is overpowering to most people. It makes them scurry about in fear and trembling, like animals in a cage. And now had come his own hour of trial, and he realized that he was making a poor show of it. He shook in every limb, and felt himself slipping to the floor.

Suddenly he heard the postman climb the front steps. Raising his head he listened intently. And then, as the steps receded he made a lunge toward the door. Ripping open the letter he read:

Dear Dr. Sladen:

I saw your patient, Mr. J. F. Marion, on Friday. I need not burden you with the details of the examination. Suffice it to say that he has an extensive generalized cancer, originating, probably, from the stomach. Unfortunately I can offer you no advice which would be of any value to this man. I do not believe he will live out the month.

Thank you for referring Mr. Marion to me. I appreciate your confidence.

Yours truly,
Lynn Haverhill, M.D.

The letters blurred before Luke's eyes, but he still held the paper there. A thin stream of viscid saliva dropped onto the page. Without looking up he felt his wife, Marion, at the door, staring down at him. ⵌ

## The Golden Hill

*Continued from page 73*

ground fer you. Jest trust to ole Nevady an' ye'll be the richest doggone animal in California. I wouldn't tell ye wrong, you know that."

Harold snorted, pulled up with rigid forelegs. His head swung up in the air and his eyes rolled wildly. "What's eatin' ye, you bag o' durn foolishness? I ain't—" The cat swung across the semicircle at a sharp angle, a furry flash of lightning. It thudded into the brush. Nevady flipped his gun up. The mountain lion's noise died into windward. Harold was disturbed. His gait was broken, that smooth effortless precision of movement that carried two hundred pounds of pack over the most heartbreaking terrain. Harold knew the cat would be back.

"Dog me! You goin' to get tempermendal jest when we are gittin' some place? Look that ole Golden Hill, silly mule. Shinin' green now, but full o' gold inside. Git on along, dogie, lay back them ears and no more nonsense."

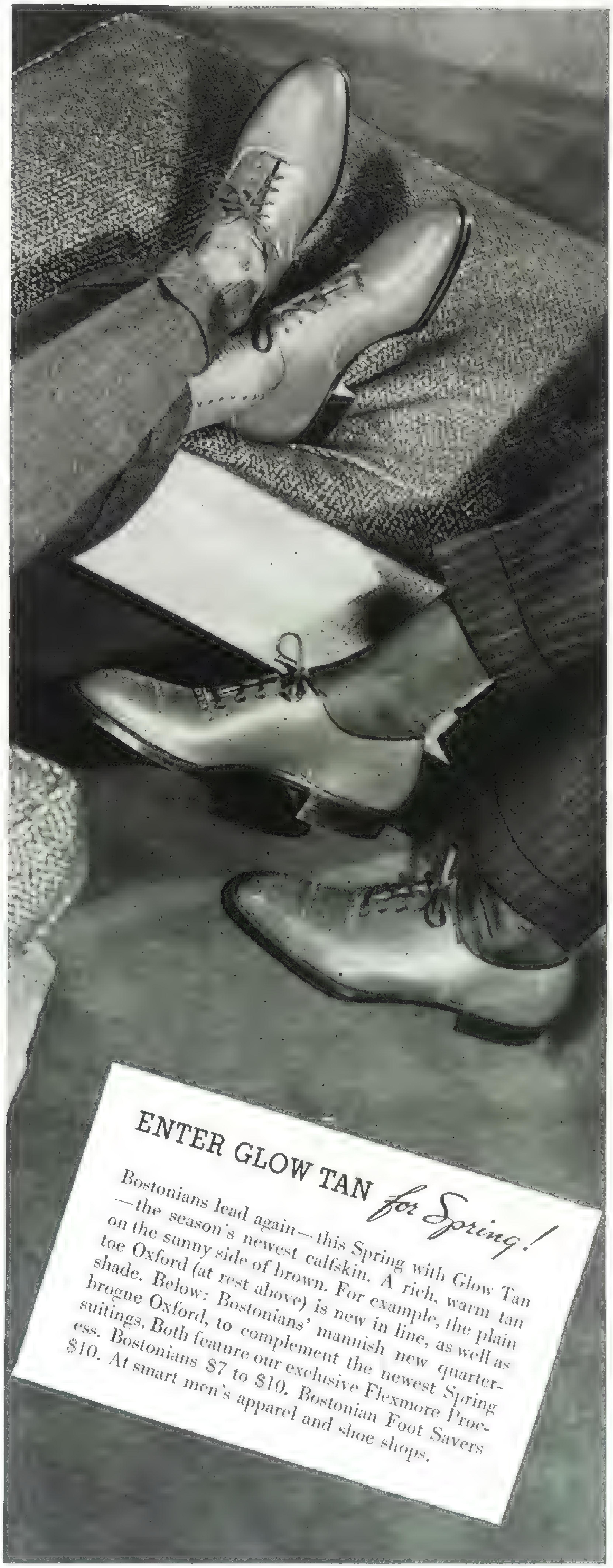
The cat came back the next morning just before dawn. The fire was burned to grey dust. Nevady was dead, curled up in anaesthetic sleep. It leapt from a hillock and clawed the mule's flank, smelled the human and twisted in an amazing gymnastic leap and shot off diagonally. Nevady fired twice. One bullet went through the beast's ear and he skidded in the dust. Nevady grinned. Not so old, neither, he thought. He pushed out the shells and looked at Harold. Raw meat ran thick red. The mule stood motionless, quivering. Nevady admired him. He dressed it gently. It was three days before the animal limped off with his load, the gash healing under bacon-fat.

It was a Sunday according to Nevady's reckoning. He never really got up The Golden Hill. On the long sloping plateau that followed the jagged climb they loped along for four days. In the chin of the Hill Nevady found gold. It was loose in a pile of red dust, then cut into the soft loam straight through the mountain. Some of it was flaked hard in the bed of an ancient stream. He followed the lead through two faults in the dirt and then caught the colored vein. The place was mad with ore, pure yellow metal gleaming like sapphires in a diadem. The wealth of the world lay at his feet. Nevady drooled at the mouth. He threw the stuff in the air and cried on Harold's neck. He ran crazily along the sides of The Golden Hill until he fell exhausted from his senseless exertions. Nightfall caught him wandering far from his camp and he turned and hurried back through the gloom. Harold was dead. A mountain lion had gnawed his interior away. Nevady drew his guns and began to shoot furiously at the shadows.

Sanity returned the next day. He calmly surveyed his situation. He could get back to Frozen Creek, no doubt. There was small game, and the season was early. Or he could stay here and mine gold. There were countless treasures of it. He knew there would be. He had told them. Everybody had laughed at him. It made him mad, even now. But what could he do with the gold when it was mined. He couldn't carry it back to Frozen Creek. And if he went back and told

*Continued at top of page 160*

Bostonians
SHOES FOR MEN



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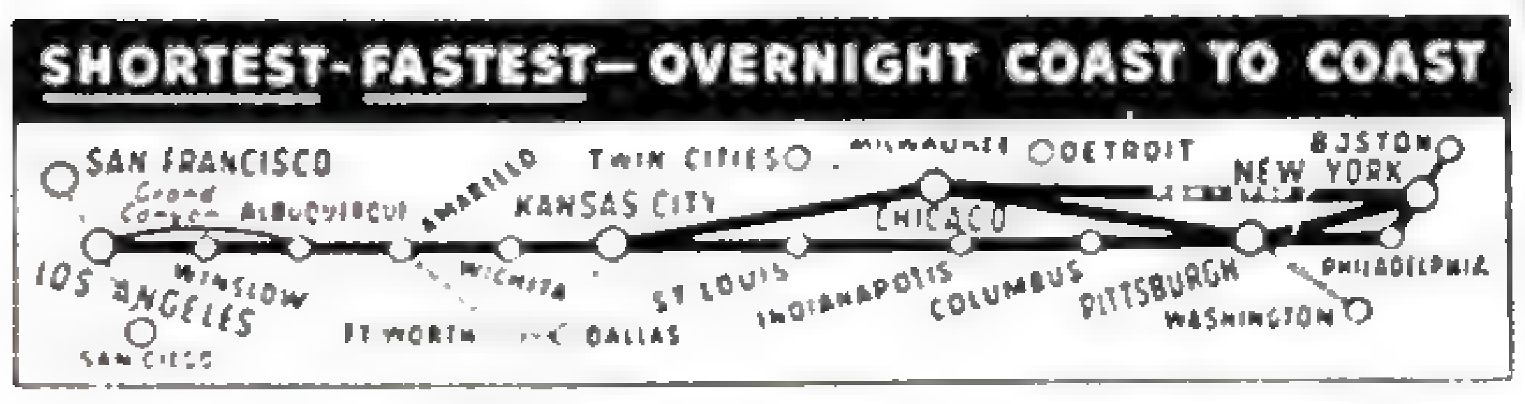

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## The Golden Hill

*Continued from pages 73-159*

them about it they would all stampede up and take it away from him. Those mockers. Fools. Callin' his dream crazy. No. They'd never have it. Never. Never. He would die before he left it to them.

And he knew he would die. Summer would be over soon. No man could live the winter through here. Nevertheless he prepared to stay. He cut himself a rude shelter and put himself on short diet. Game was becoming scarce, ammunition scarcer. In the meantime he dug gold, refined it, laid it up in gleaming piles of precious dust. Grim determination had set his mouth in a thin straight expressionless line. They'd never get it. Never.

The cold came up out of the windswept valley. He winged a wild turkey with his last bullet. Not so old, he thought. Not so old. He might die, but The Golden Hill was his, Nevady's. All his. Even when he was dead it would be his. No one would ever come up here. They didn't believe there was gold in the Hill. Geologist said so. A flurry of snow sifted down. Fire at night was keeping the mountain lions away, but when he became too weak to rustle kindling they'd come in and tear his insides, like Harold's. They were always outside there, watching. People laughed at old Nevady. But he wouldn't quit. He knew where there was gold. Finding it was almost as much pleasure as spending it. He had been right, that's what counted.

He couldn't sleep. Bright green eyes watched him from the edge of the wood. Waiting for Nevady to let the fire go out. Well. Why not let the fire go out now? What use to wait longer? It was but a question of days. There was nothing more to eat. He couldn't cut wood any longer. The dawn came up cold and bright. The Golden Hill shone in the morning sun. He crept past the dead embers to the cache where his dust was laid away. He trickled it through his fingers. A screaming snarl pierced his ears. They were coming for him now. Brush cracked and heavy treads approached. He imagined the teeth would cut into his stomach in a moment.

"Dog me," said Shelton. His lined and bearded face was almost unrecognizable, but his voice was the same.

"Youngun," murmured Nevady weakly. He was trying very hard not to faint. "What you follerin' me up here fer?" he demanded in self-defense.

Shelton unloaded the pack from his mule. "Tole you," he said, "you shouldn't never have come."

"Who says I shouldn't never have come?" Nevady bristled as well as his condition would permit. "I got gold. A whole mountain of it. A whole doggone mountain, youngun. Lookee here. Pure, solid. Nothin' but gold!"

"I know, but—"

"Git that fire started," said Nevady. "What you got to eat?"

"Tea and beans."

"Never fergive ye fer follerin' me up here," Nevady swallowed. "But—Well, I guess we was pardners all along."

Shelton smiled. "Guess we was, Nevady." ##

## A Curtsey to Cain

*Continued from page 86*

more bungled and inept jobs. But for a truly meritorious execution you will search largely in vain.

There are in my files, however, a few recent cases that are worthy of the attention of the most critical murder-fanciers; cases which prove that there are still evil souls who take an artist's pride in their dread handiwork. With one exception these cases received but little publicity and they are all unsolved cases—the victims lie unavenged in their graves, mute testimony to the diabolic artistry of their respective nemeses.

This is rather to be expected, since the greatest sons of Cain are those who escape detection. And their work is the most interesting to study, as even Gertrude Stein has discovered. In her unique style she says, ". . . crime if you know the reason if you know the motive if you can understand the character if it is not a normal one is not interesting a crime in itself is not interesting, it is only there. . . ."

On the night of September 14, 1934, the Reverend Doctor Elliott Speer stood before his bookshelves in the study of his home at Northfield, Mass., where he filled the role of headmaster at the Mount Hermon School for Boys, founded by the famous Dwight L. Moody. A shadow moved up to the window of the study. A shotgun crashed, and the good Doctor fell to the floor. He died twenty minutes later.

As the sound of the shot reverberated through the house a maid, upstairs, rushed to the window. She saw a figure run across the lawn and disappear in the shadows.

All she could say, later, was that it was the figure of a man, briefly glimpsed.

Out on the lawn itself Amy, Dr. Speer's unfriendly collie watchdog, was chained less than fifteen feet from the window through which the fatal shot was fired.

Always quick to give tongue at the approach of a stranger, Amy had barked no warning that night as the killer crept up to the window.

Dr. Speer had no known enemies. He was highly thought of and very popular. No motive for

*Continued on page 162*

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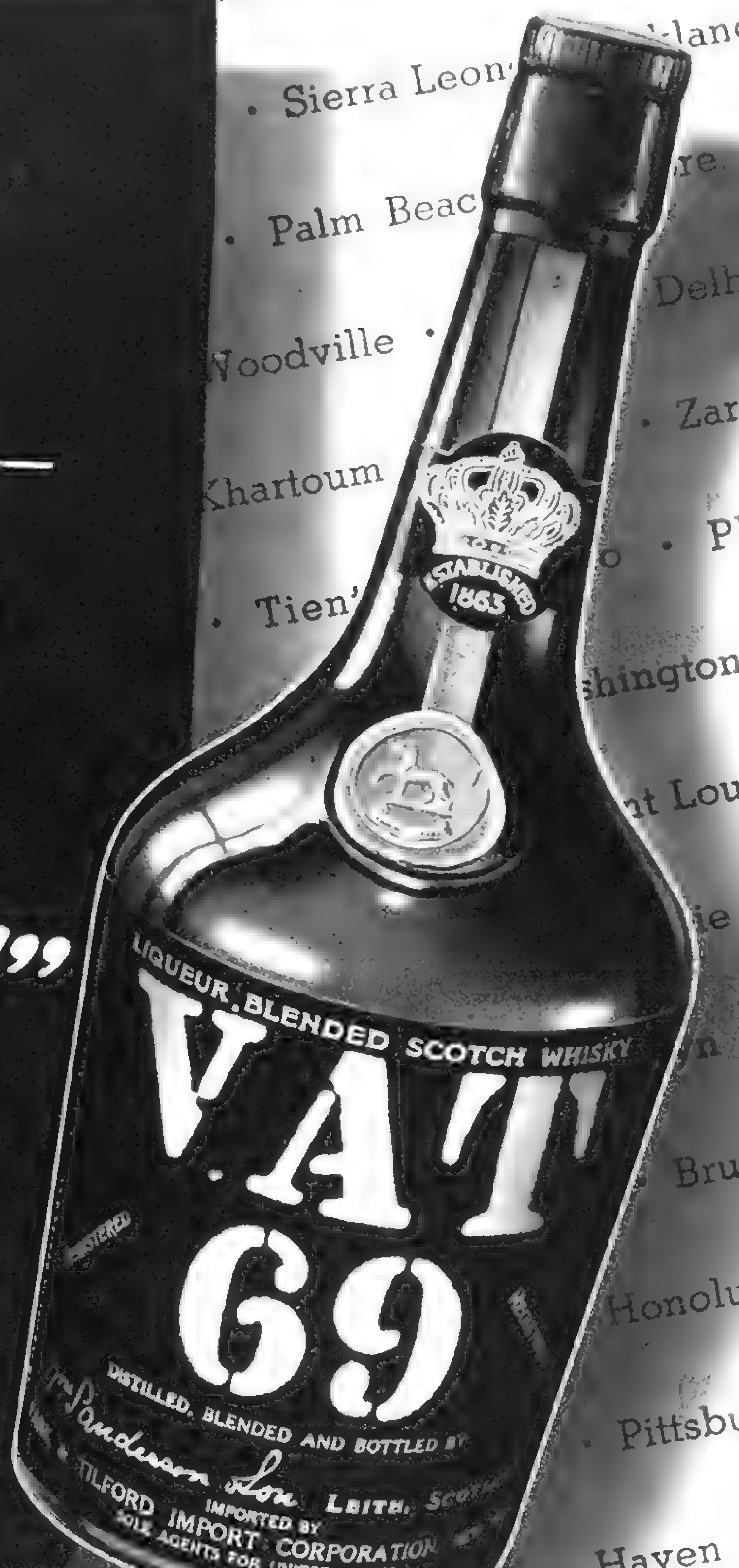
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## A Curtsey to Cain

*Continued from pages 86-160*

his murder was ever uncovered.

No theft had been committed. The insurance went to Mrs. Speer, to whom no possible suspicion could attach. Financial gain had nothing to do with the crime. The motive, then, must have been a deep and sinister one.

Here is the most unique feature of the case. In the murdered man's study was a book which had recently been in circulation among his friends and acquaintances.

The title of the book (an English mystery story not published in this country) was *The Public School Murders* and the novel described the murder of the headmaster of a boys' school in England under exactly the same circumstances as those which surrounded the murder of Dr. Speer! I have since read the book and the parallel, even in detail, is amazing.

The headmaster had kept a list of the people to whom he lent his books. The District Attorney announced that the chief suspect was on the list of people who had borrowed *The Public School Murders.*

He promised startling revelations at the inquest. Evidently he was talking for newspaper publication. After sixty-three witnesses had testified during an inquest of record-breaking length Judge Timothy M. Hayes brought back a verdict of "murder by person or persons unknown." A five thousand dollar reward is still available.

Some homicidal artist had gone to fiction for inspiration and evolved what is at the writing a perfect crime. I know of no other case which so closely parallels fiction, nor have I ever encountered another case which drew directly from fiction for its inspiration.

Back in 1907 one Earl Eldredge was murdered. His brother, Charles Eldredge, forty, a rich Chicago lawyer, gave up his practice after his brother's murder. He said, "Some day I'll find the man who killed Earl. And when I do I'll kill him with the same gun."

For twenty-four years Charles Eldredge sought the killer of his brother. And for twenty-four years he carried with him the gun used in his brother's murder.

On July 5, 1931, Charles went for a walk through the wooded island, Nippersing Creek, Richmond, Illinois, which was the family retreat. He never returned from that walk.

A minister also went strolling through the woods of the island during the early evening of that fateful day. And there, in his own forest, shot down just as his brother had been murdered, Charles Eldredge's body was found by the minister. He had been shot once below the heart. He had not been robbed. And one hundred feet from him lay the revolver which twenty-four years earlier had killed Earl Eldredge. One shot had been fired—the shot that killed Charles.

The gun of vengeance had turned on its owner. Was this coincidence? Or is this the story of some grim and ancient feud, tenaciously carried to its conclusion over a twenty-four year period?

But there must be two parties to a feud. And Charles Eldredge's search for the murderer of his brother had been unsuccessful for over two decades. He evidently could not have known of any feud. What grim design, what determined, deadly hatred lies behind these two murders? Certainly nothing common or obvious. We shall probably never know the answer but certainly the Eldredge Case is classic in its pattern and deserving of commemoration.

When a detective of fifty years' experience distinguishes a murder by calling it the most brutal in his years on the force we look for a crime, gory perhaps, but completely lacking in finesse.

Detective Captain John P. MacDonald so characterized the perplexing murder of Erich Baumann, in Rochester, New York, in the early 1930's.

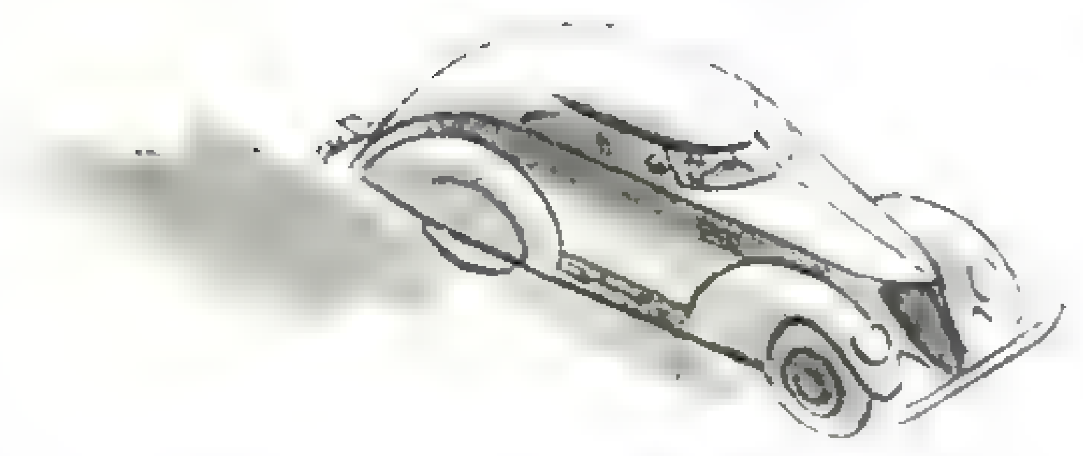
Baumann had come to this country in 1927. On the night following his murder his friends had planned a party to celebrate the recent issuance of his final citizenship papers. He was, seemingly, a man without an enemy.

The body was found in a dormitory room of the Rochester Y.M.C.A. Baumann was discovered by a chambermaid, clad in shorts and socks, lying face downward on his bed, dead of slow strangulation. A strange strait-jacket had effected this strangulation. This strait-jacket had been improvised from a camper's sleeping bag, identified as the property of the dead man. Straps and ropes had been fastened tightly around his ankles, knees, thighs, chest and neck. Another rope, *with a slipknot,* was tied around the neck and attached to his tightly drawn-up ankles in such a way that any attempt to relax from his strained position drew the noose tighter. And there the living man had been left. Eventually and inevitably Erich Baumann relaxed.

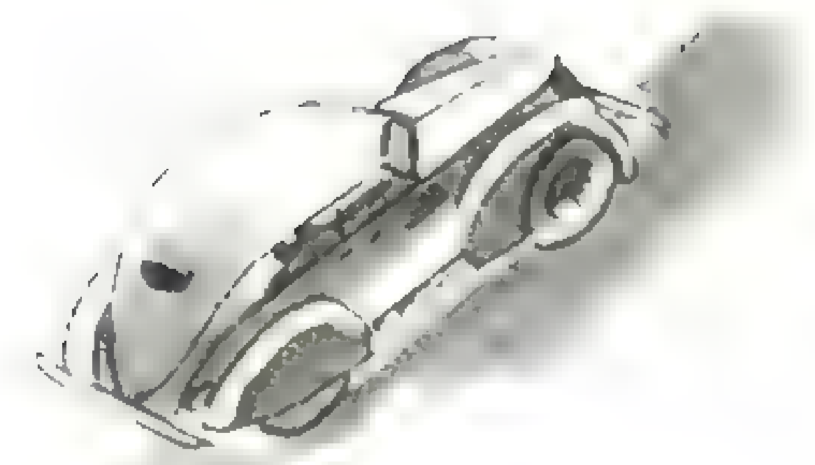
Strange and cruel indeed the device of murder in this instance. But stranger still other circumstances.

Erich Baumann was twenty-seven years old and a trained athlete specializing in gymnastics, in perfect condition and weighing 185 pounds. He was capable of putting up a terrific fight against three or even four men. He was killed in one of those cell-like rooms so characteristic of Y.M.C.A. dormitories. The room fronted on a corridor containing twenty-two other rooms, all occupied. And his narrow room gave

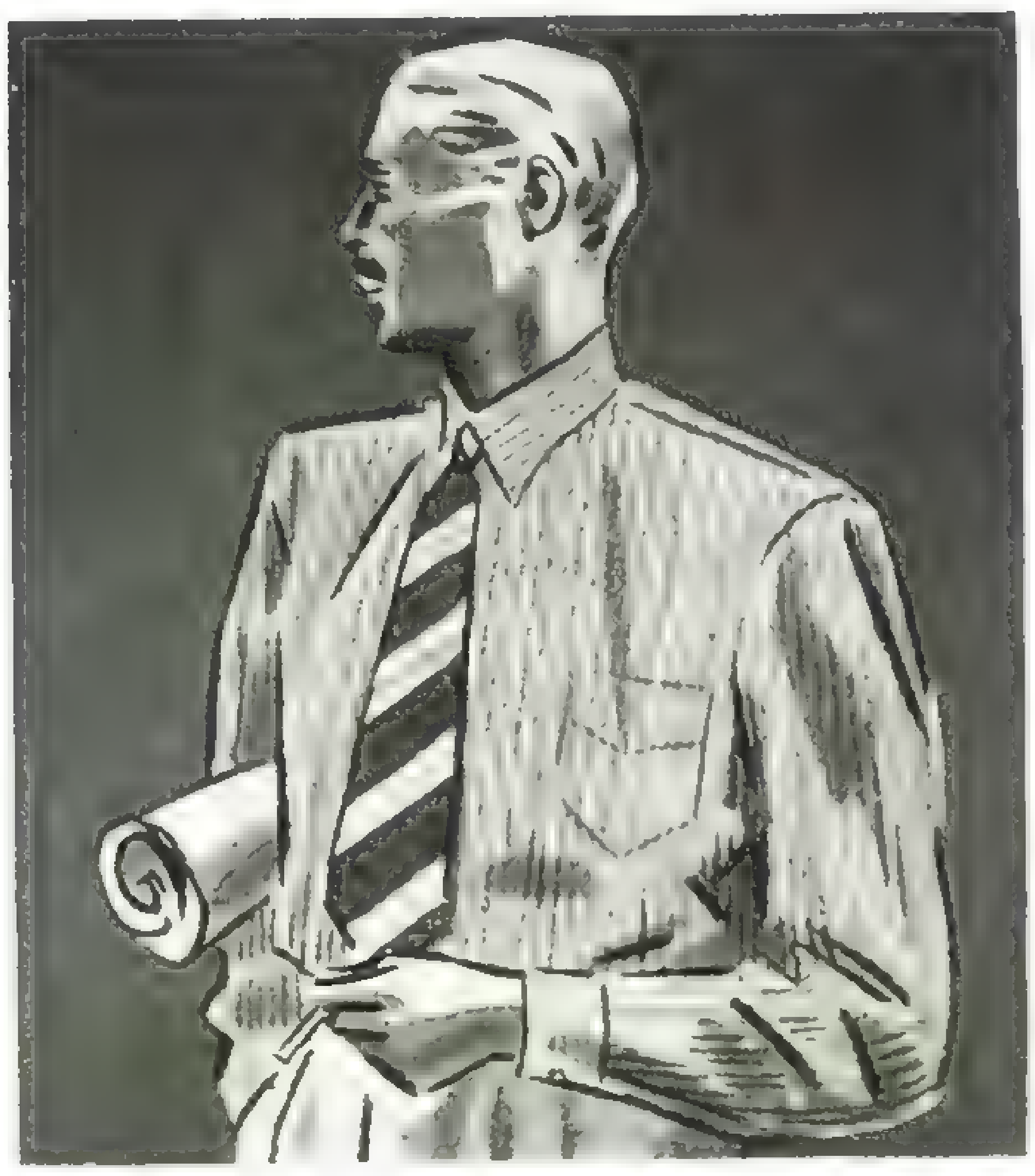
*Continued on page 164*



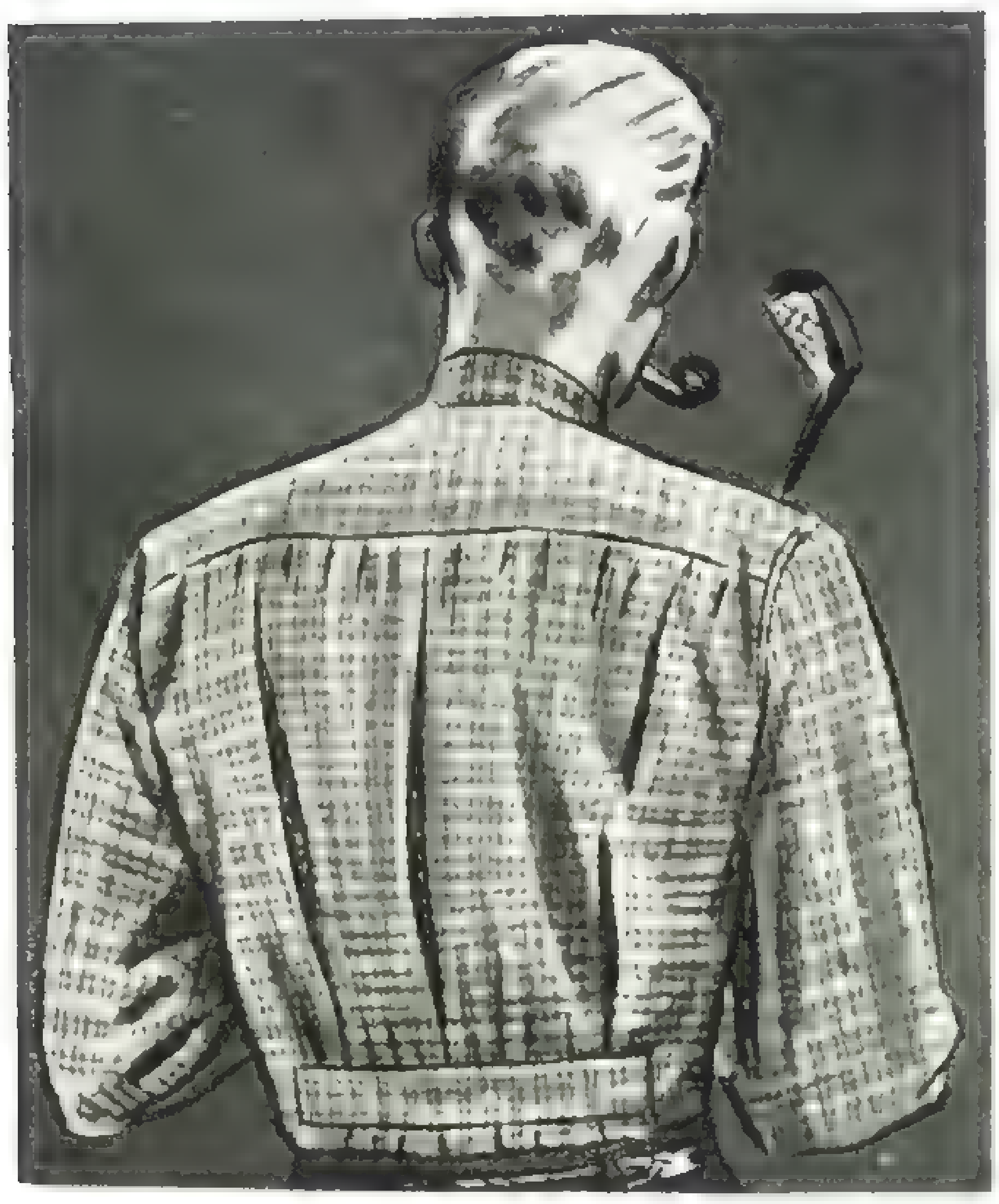
# To men driving 1936 MODEL CARS



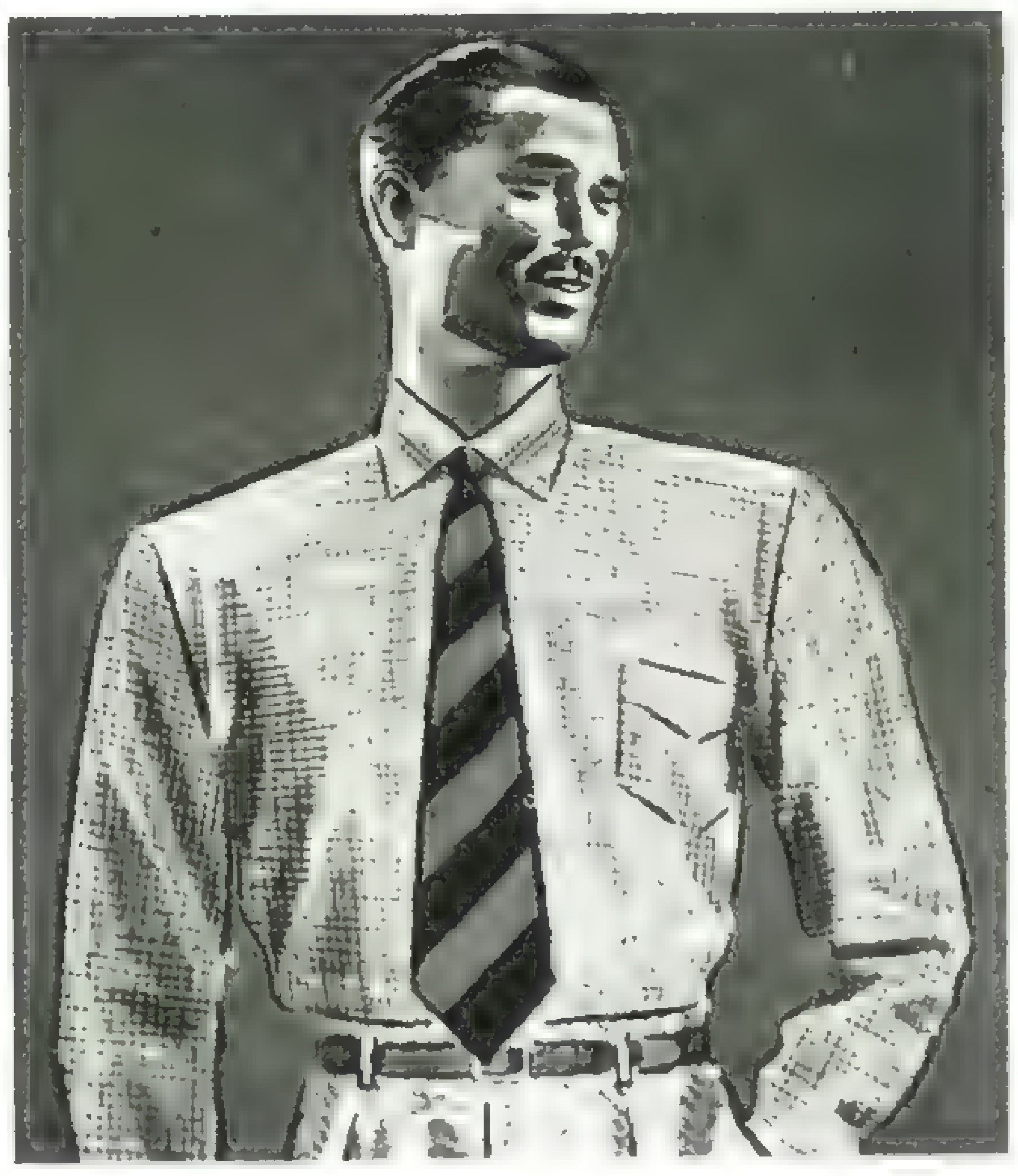
**Insistent as you are on the last syllable in design, comfort, performance and value, you will appreciate this attention-caller to Essley Shirts. ● So far as styling is concerned, Essley is notable for what it *doesn't make:* namely, tricky or pseudo-smart styles. We stick closely to fashions that have won acceptance at authentic✢ sources...and our stylist has a major genius for interpreting them with true individuality. ● Now passing on to the utility division, consider the four points below ...Essley's monumental contributions to your pursuit of happiness, even in a shirt.**



*Awning stripes, a smart, new note in stripings. Original Trubenized Collar, long point model.*



*✢Introduced at Palm Beach by Gene Sarazen, and an Essley exclusive . . . the Gene Sarazen* MATCH-PLAY. *Ideal for sports, country or town, with or without jacket. The shirred, half-belted back allows full freedom, yet remains neat and won't crawl out of your slacks. White or blue oxford and checked flannel with the Original Trubenized Collar in the button-down model.*



*Checks are important, and here's one you won't find on every corner. A new two-tone cable check, in the Duke of Kent button-down model with Original Trubenized Collar.*

**● THE ORIGINAL TRUBENIZED* COLLAR**
Mark the word Original. It identifies the perfect starchless collar . . . everlastingly neat and comfortable. It can't wilt, sag, wrinkle, or muss and always launders like new *without starch.*

**● PRECISION FIT**
Knowing your anatomy, you'll appreciate this exclusive design that smooths out ill-fitting areas. Essleys are tailored on two planes; one for the neck and one for the body. Results: proper collar set, perfect shoulder fit, no bunching at chest, and no binding under the arms.

**● CONTROLLED SHRINKAGE**
. . . or elimination of wash-tub strangulation. This specially developed process guarantees that your size will remain constant for the life of the shirt. All Essley fabrics are fadeproof, too.

**● BETTER FABRIC VALUES**
Essley shirt materials are of a quality which usually commands higher prices. That's a claim we welcome you to prove by comparison.

**Essley Shirts are sold at $1.65, $2.00 and up to $3.50 at selected men's wear and department stores. If, by some rare chance . . . you can't locate them in your city, drop us a line.**

ESSLEY SHIRT COMPANY, INC. • EMPIRE STATE BUILDING • NEW YORK

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

# Essley Shirts

WITH THE *ORIGINAL* TRUBENIZED COLLAR

BENEDICTINE

before dinner ...and after!

**Bénédictine Cocktail**
¼ Bénédictine D.O.M
¼ lemon juice
½ Cognac brandy

**Bénédictine Liqueur** . . . one ounce to each liqueur glass . . . the traditional climax to good dinners everywhere.

**B and B**
justly popular after dinner:
½ Bénédictine D.O.M
½ Cognac brandy.
(Jules Robin recommended)

D.O.M
86 proof
D.O.M
BLE BENEDICTINE LIQUEUR
Julius WILE Importers SINCE 1877

FOR four hundred years nobody dreamed of serving Bénédictine *before* a meal. Bénédictine is an *after*-dinner liqueur — THE after-dinner liqueur — all over the world. Today, however, our irreverent youngsters use Bénédictine as a cocktail ingredient . . . and *what* cocktails it makes! Send for Recipe Book "A" and find out.

Times and customs change, but *Bénédictine* itself, never. It is still the same golden elixir perfected by the monks of Fécamp, France, in 1510. It is still made there, according to their original secret formula; still dedicated D.O.M — "to God most good, most great."

**Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc.**
2 Park Avenue, New York City
SOLE U. S. AGENTS EST. 1877
*Also importers of:* Bollinger Champagne
Dry Sack Sherry • Peter Dawson Scotch

## A Curtesy to Cain

*Continued from pages 86-160-162*

no indication of a struggle having taken place. Furthermore, an examination of the body revealed no bruises to indicate that he had been stunned and an analysis of his blood showed no trace of an anesthetic.

Can we picture this 185 pound athlete lying quiet and supine while the straps and ropes of his intricate death garment are being adjusted? But even the slightest attempt at a struggle would have left its mark on the room, bruises on Baumann's body, and have been heard in the corridor. How then was this murder effected? Was it black magic? Murder may be black but it is not magic, even though the impossible seems to have been accomplished in this case.

The Baumann Case possesses the earmarks of a malign genius. I leave the puzzle to you.

The English have always displayed high artistry in homicide and the following case lives up to the best British traditions. In fact, I personally know of no case in what I choose to call the Baroque School of Murder which surpasses this one.

On the evening of June 20, 1931, at Aldershot, forty miles from London, a young army officer sat at dinner with his wife. They had been married only a short time. It was her second marriage. A pair of Manchurian partridge, birds sent in cold storage from Manchuria to England, were served at dinner. The husband was served the larger bird, his wife the smaller.

He cut a piece from his bird and took a few bites, then complained of its taste to his wife. She took a small piece and found it terribly bitter. They decided something was wrong with the partridge, and calling their servant, ordered the bird to be burnt at once.

In three hours the young officer was dead.

The doctor's verdict was, "Death by poisoning administered in food." The poison was strychnine. The police were called in immediately.

They quickly established the innocence of the wife, the servant and the cook. The wife's first husband had an alibi that exonerated him. Careful investigation of the young couple's friends was fruitless.

Next the officials turned their attention to the birds. Orientalists brought out the fact that the Chinese in Manchuria often attach berries of nux vomica, the strychnine bush, on the wild garlic which is the favorite food of these game birds, thus saving the Chinese the trouble of shooting them. The Chinese contend that these birds, if properly cleaned, are edible. Also, partridge poisoned with strychnine are frequently used in Manchuria as bait for fur-bearing animals. Could one of these have been removed, mistakenly or not, from a trap and sold to a game dealer?

Investigation showed that nothing was wrong with the other birds in the same shipment. The police learned also that the pair sold to the cook had been lying in the refrigerator on the back porch of the house all that day, easily accessible to any one. However, no strangers had been noticed around the premises.

But why, since the birds were roasted together, had the little bird not been poisoned, thus killing the wife as well? It was proved by actual cooking, that through basting and the mingling of their juices, one poisoned bird would heavily poison the other.

And how did it happen that, having eaten so little of the bird, the officer received such a huge dose of strychnine?

Do I see the finger of suspicion directed at the wife, the cook, the servant? Without going into detail, they were effectively cleared of any connection with the case. Do I then hear cries of "Accident! Poisoned birds in the shipment!"?

Then I must mention that, approximately thirty-six hours after the murder, the victim's father received from Dublin a telegram sent to his personal address, known only to a few close friends, which contained three grim words: "*Hooray, hooray, hooray.*"

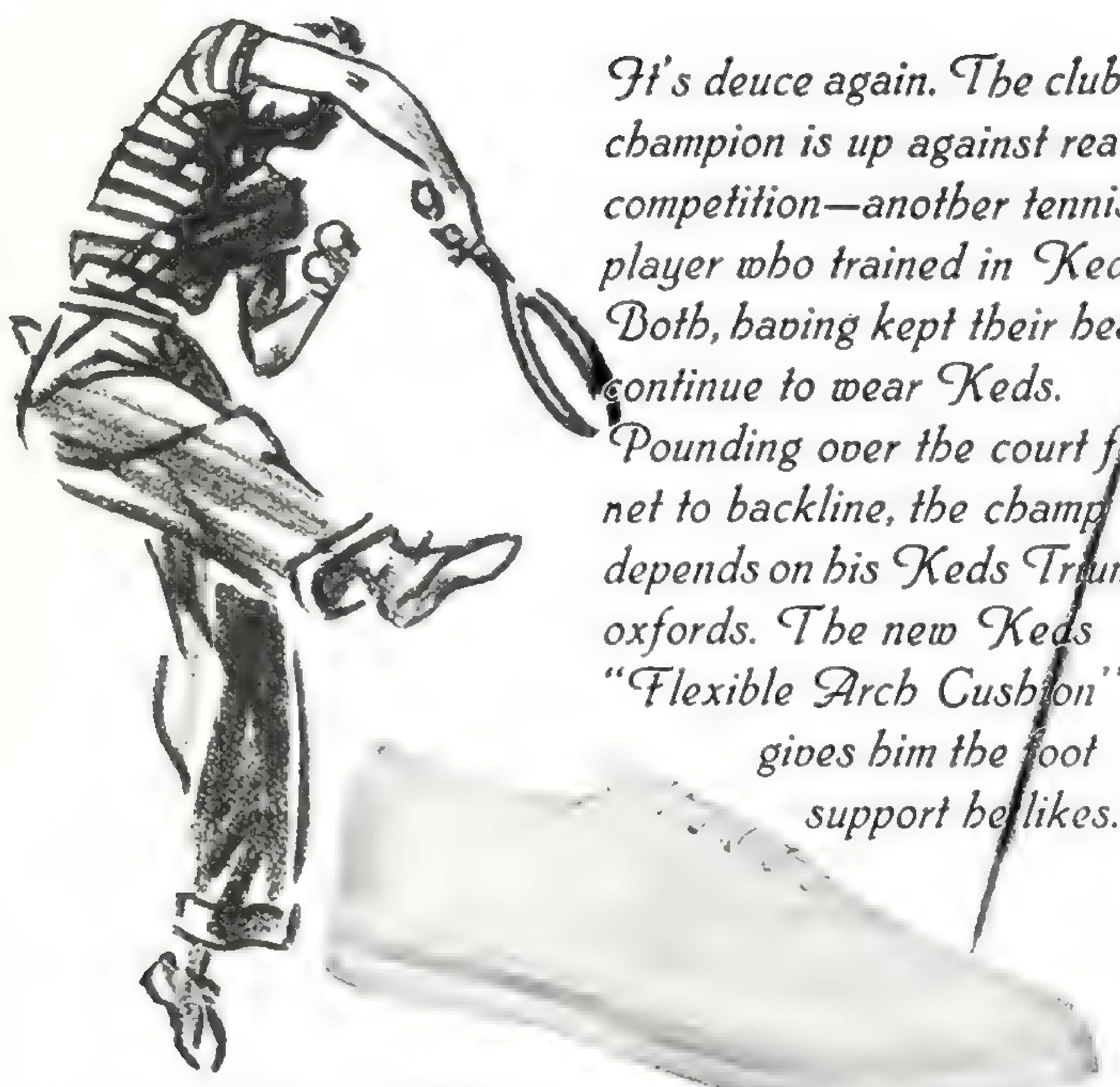
Detectives were sent to Dublin. They found that the telegram had been sent by one "J. Hartigan" —a name unknown to the principals in the case—who had given a false address in Dublin. The same name was found on the passenger list of a boat running from England to Ireland.

In both instances the signature revealed strong German characteristics. The victims had no known connections with Germany or Germans.

The police obtained a description of "J. Hartigan" and began a search. But the author of the three words "Hooray, hooray, hooray," and presumably, the Manchurian Partridge Murderer, has never been apprehended.

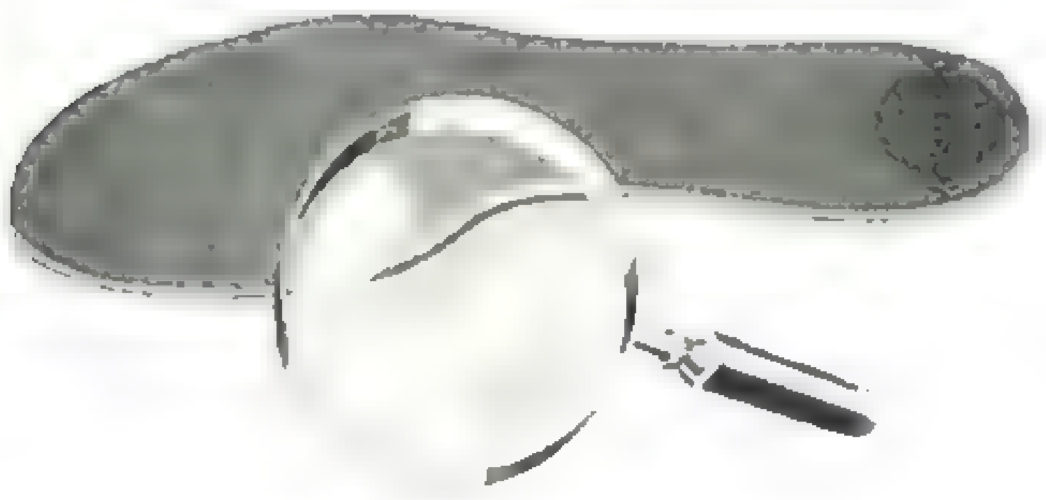
Study the details of this case. Reason totters and speculation runs berserk. Who killed the young officer? Why was he killed? And *how* was he killed? "J. Hartigan," if he be the guilty one, should tell us, in the interests of science and art, how it was done. I hope his conscience overwhelms him on his deathbed.

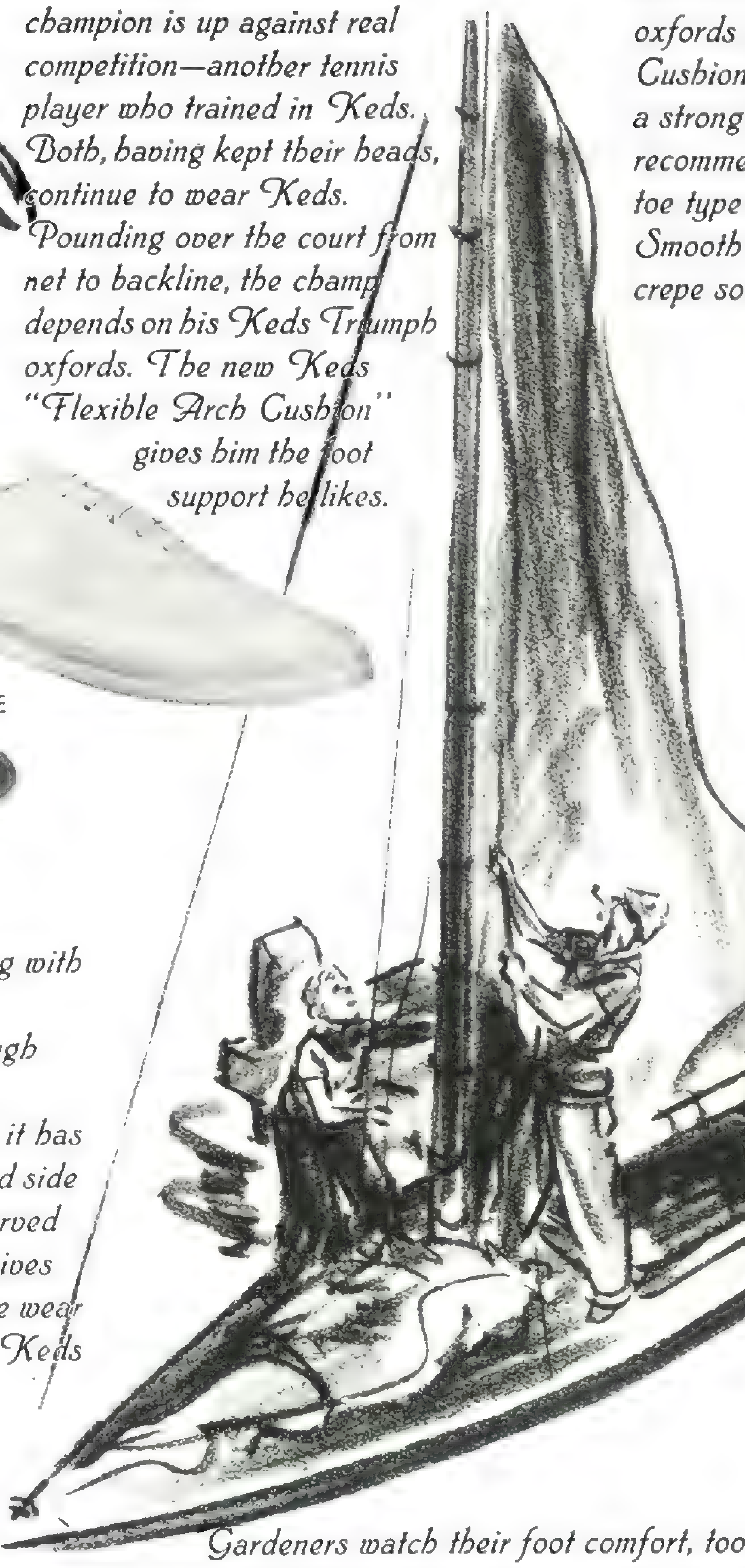
*Who? Why? How?* These three questions make the study of murder as engrossing and captivating a hobby as one can find. And, since no matter how much we may disapprove of it *per se*, murder will continue to be done, why, then, if only for the sake of the murder enthusiasts, can't these practitioners of an art of noble lineage commit their base deeds with grace and art and dignity? For these are barren times. #



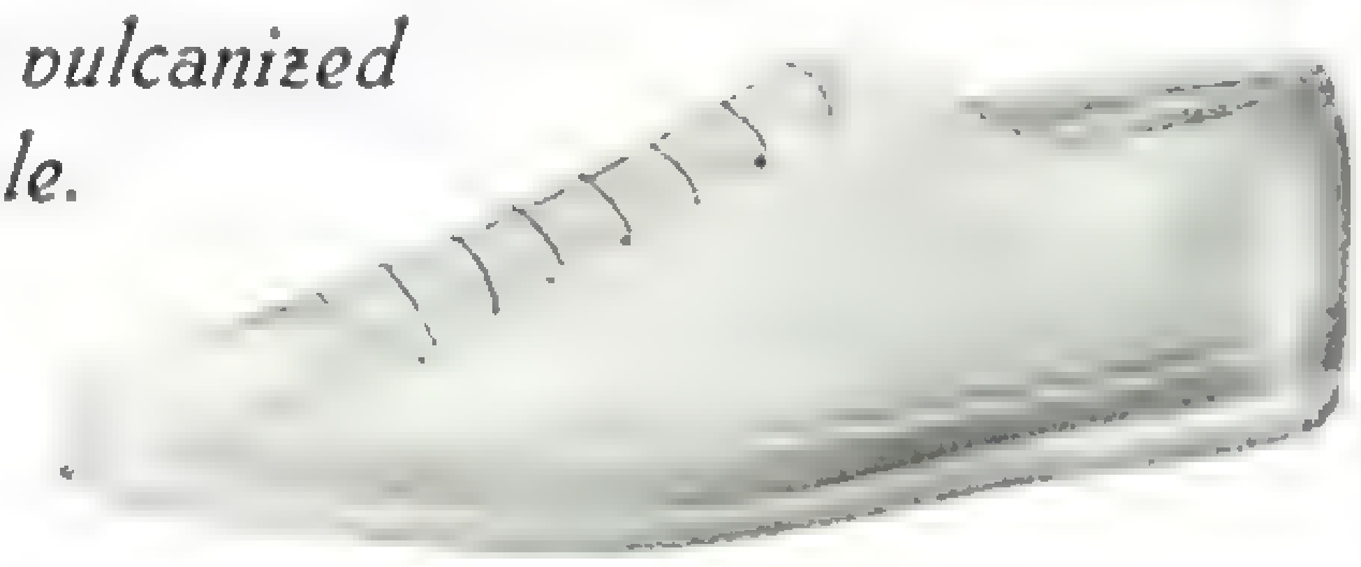
It's deuce again. The club champion is up against real competition—another tennis player who trained in Keds. Both, having kept their heads, continue to wear Keds. Pounding over the court from net to backline, the champ depends on his Keds Triumph oxfords. The new Keds "Flexible Arch Cushion" gives him the foot support he likes.

KEDS SHOCK-PROOF INSOLE

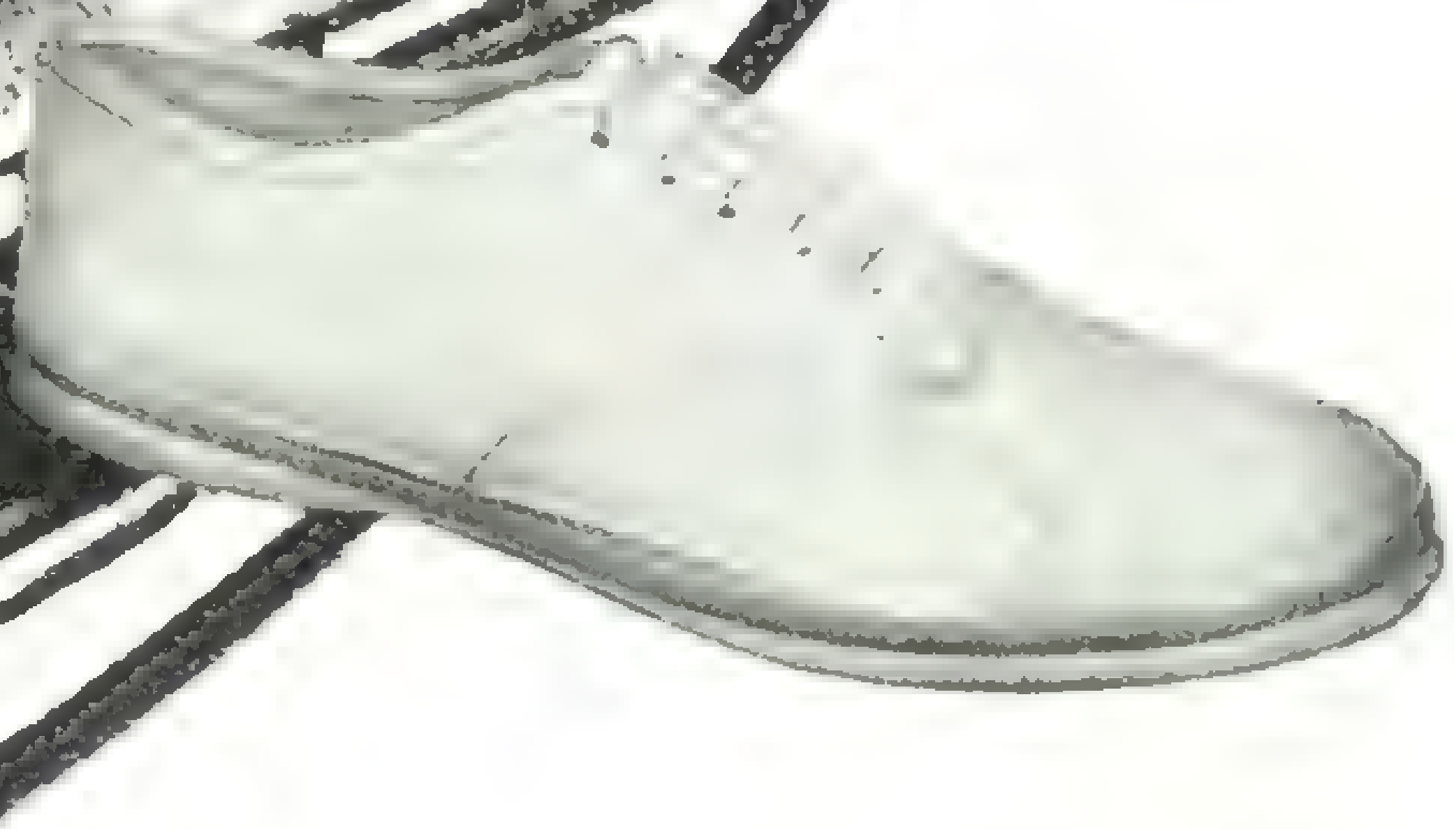




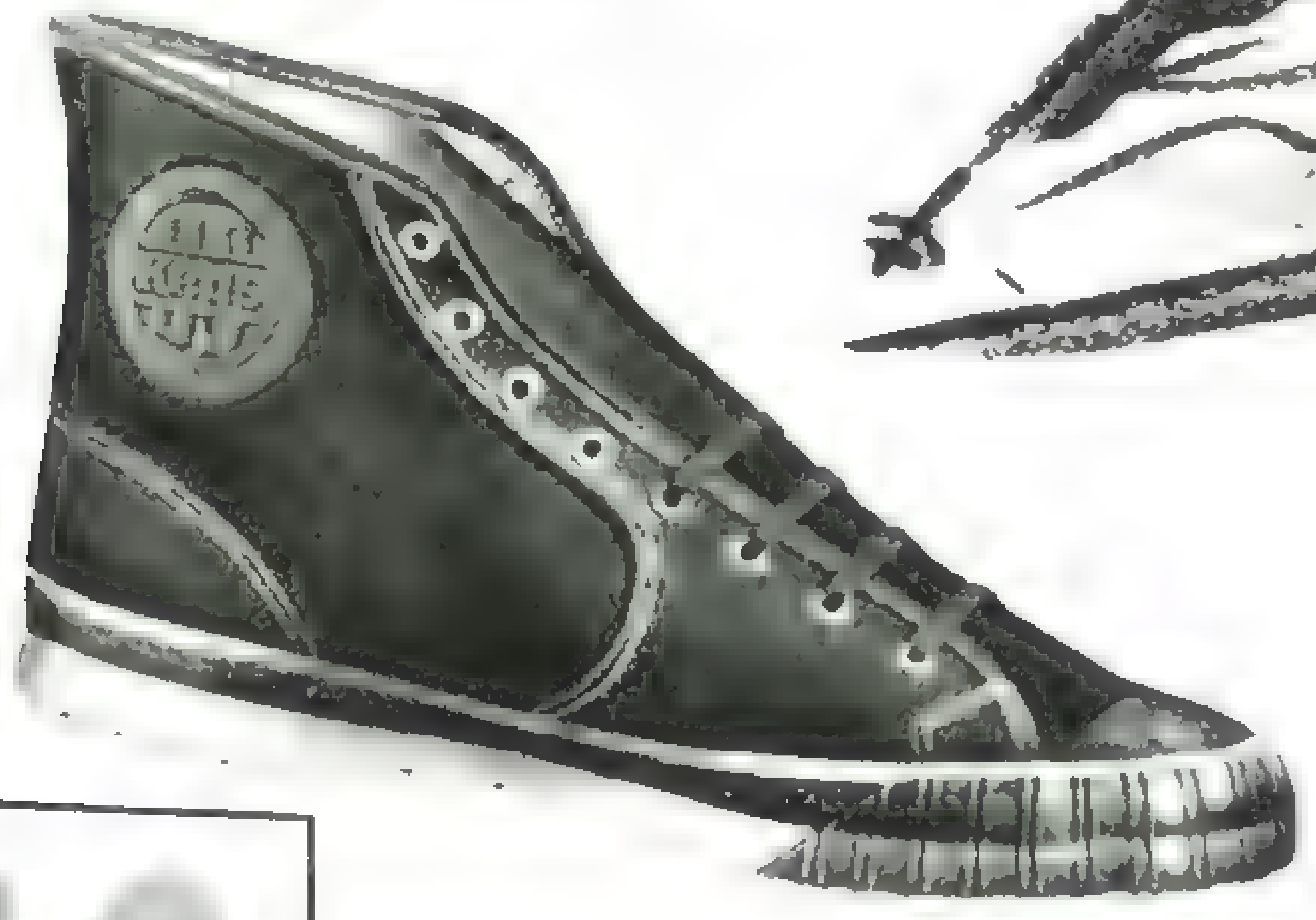
Across the net is another pair of agile feet. Fleet and sure, they are shod in Keds Majestic oxfords with the new Keds "Flexible Arch Cushion." The uppers of bleached duck make a strong though light-weight shoe especially recommended for those who prefer the lace-to-toe type of oxford. Smooth vulcanized crepe sole.

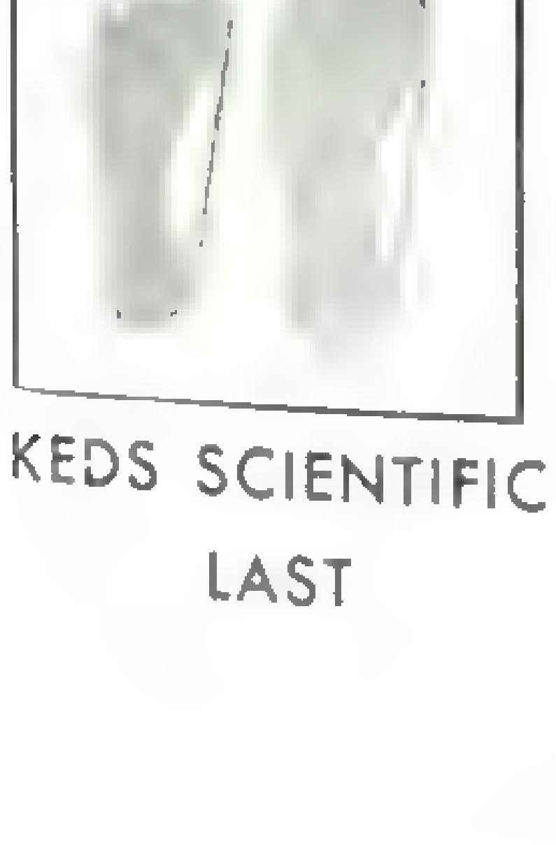


Clamboring about on the decks of small boats demands a sure step and a shoe that won't scratch paint or canvas. What better choice for the avid sailor than the Keds Windsor oxford. All white, even to its crepe knurled sole, this well built oxford has the famous Keds "Shock-Proof" insole.



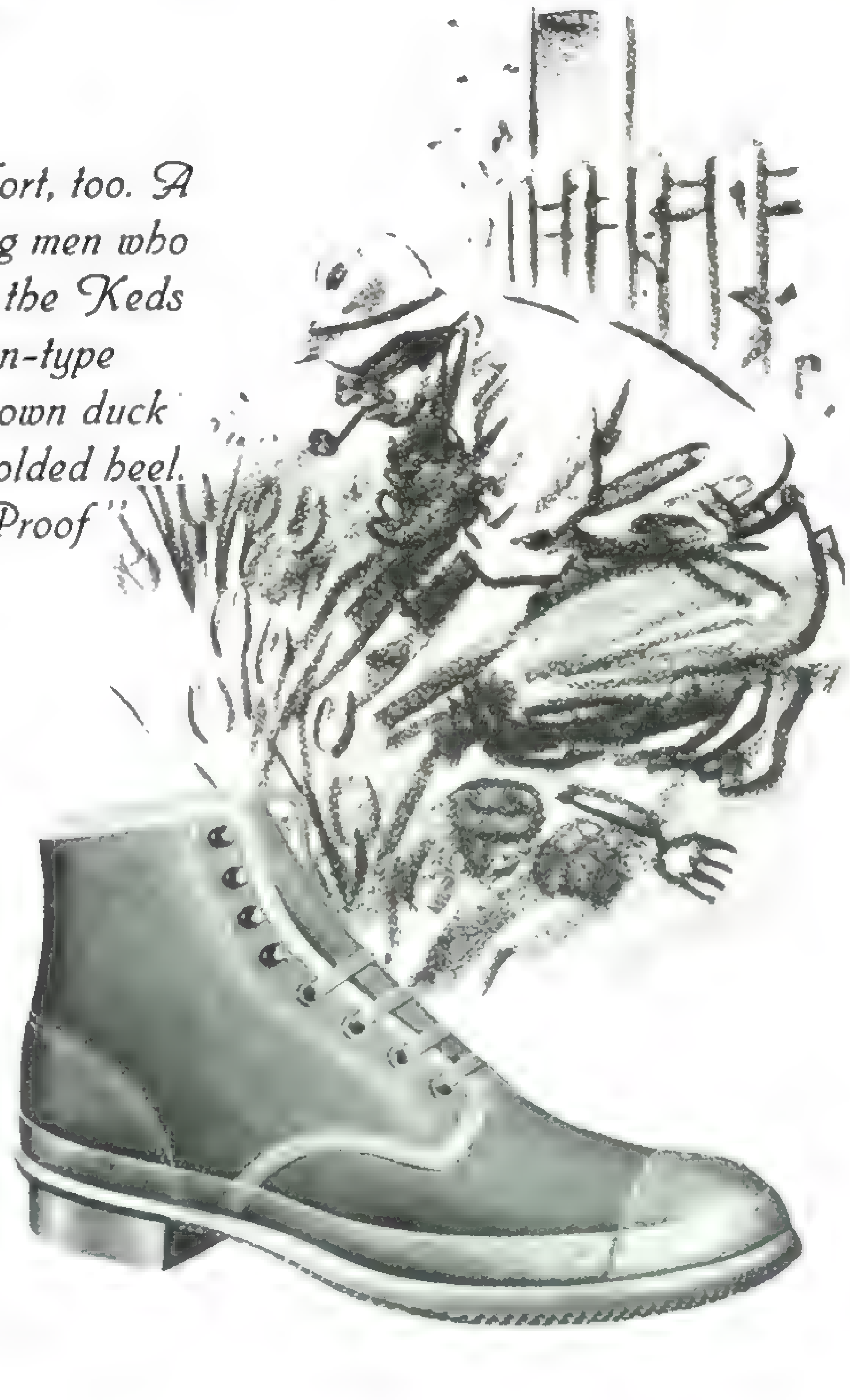
For those who like their sailing with ankle protection, the Keds Speedarch, suitable for all rough outdoor wear, is recommended. Completely distinctive in style, it has no conventional eyelet stay, and side stay. Its fabric eyelet stay, curved down to form a double vamp, gives four thicknesses of fabric where wear is hardest on the upper. New Keds "Flexible Arch Cushion."



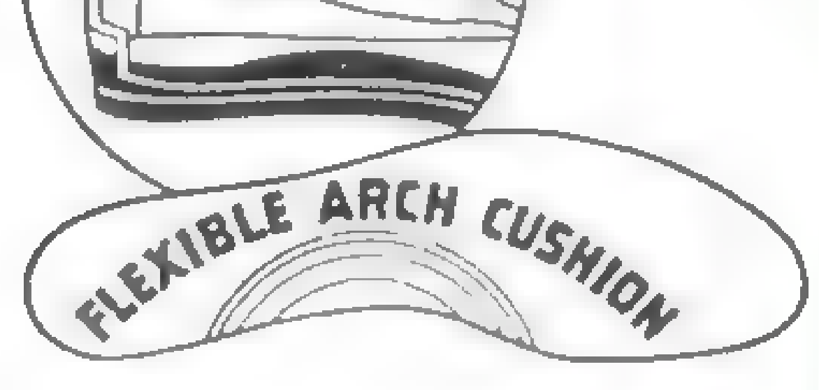


KEDS SCIENTIFIC LAST

Gardeners watch their foot comfort, too. A general favorite, especially among men who prefer high blucher cut shoes, is the Keds Workman, made over a Munson-type last. The uppers are of heavy brown duck with brown outsole and brown molded heel. Half-bellows tongue. "Shock-Proof" insole. For all-purpose comfort.



KEDS FLEXIBLE ARCH CUSHION



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY · US · TRADE MARK

**Keds**

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

**United States Rubber Company**

The Natural Shoe for Growing Feet

71 styles for 71 individual preferences • They are not Keds unless the name Keds appears on the shoes.

UNITED STATES RUBBER PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED,
FOOTWEAR DIVISION • 1790 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

THE PICK OF THE PROS

When, last Fall, the American Ryder Cup Team wanted something new and ultra smart in a golf shoe they naturally came to Florsheim. We designed and made the Ryder Cup Special for them—and every member of the victorious group of American Professionals wore these shoes in every match. If you, too, would like the finest golf shoe obtainable you can get it at your Florsheim dealer—if he does not have it in your size ask him to order it for you.

*Style illustrated*, Ryder Cup Special, The Saxon, S-653. *Made of genuine white buck with tan calf trim; removable calks; Ped-Flex construction.*

Ryder Cup Special $\$12^{50}$

*Regular Styles* $\$8^{75}$ *and* $\$10$

*THE*
FLORSHEIM
*SHOE*

*The Florsheim Shoe Company · Manufacturers · Chicago*

## The Alhambra Mirador

*Continued from page 90*

"Three old fashioneds," said Miss X, "without the trimmings. That OK, folks? They're the nearest thing to whiskey. They don't rot you."

I can't possibly imagine what a man in his station can see in those two native girls, said Mrs. Chatton. He is so polite to everyone, said Mrs. Pardee, noblemen have such exquisite manners. Poor fellow, he has to work for his living now, for Mr. Ford I understand. He rides like a god. He dances divinely. Who, him? Hell, he's just another Armenian or something. Those countries will never pay their debts.

"Our ranch," said Miss X, "is over two hundred thousand acres."

"How much is that?" said Prince Merck-Hofstein. The bellboy deferentially handed him a note. He did not look at it. "Forgive me, dear ladies, if I leave you. I must dress. Breeches for polo—such a game, such a splendid game!—and formal linen for the ladies. *Aufwiedersehen, genädige frauen.* Later I must see more of the bracelet and hear more of astronomy. I must tell you of my castle. *Aufwiedersehen,* charming hostesses."

"Humpf," said Miss X, "he didn't offer to buy a drink. Better put my bracelet in the vault."

His Highness sauntered to the desk. "Yes?" he said in a level voice.

"Ah, Prince. So good of you to stop. About your bill—a formality, to be sure. . . ."

"My account? That will keep."

"The manager says no."

Merck-Hofstein bristled. "Well I'm damned!"

Unobtrusively the house detective draped himself on the end of the desk. Quietly the low voices purred, arguing a point of honor.

"Please, Your Highness, you misunderstand. The bill—it is nothing. Only nine hundred. There is the matter of the engagement."

"Ah, the engagement—ah yes."

"That's it, Prince. Merely to remind you of it. Your Highness, it is a week now since any member of the Cottage Colony has given a dinner in the hotel. What is nine hundred if cottages give expensive dinners? Your talents, Highness, it is to them that the manager appeals."

"Yes, yes, quite. My talents. Of course—my talents. . . ."

"Say, dick," whispered Mr. Dexter to the house detective when the Prince had stalked toward the elevator, "give that busted lord a break if you get a chance and he'll square his bill. He's got brains."

Some few minutes later Prince Merck-Hofstein leaped triumphantly from his bed and strode to the telephone.

He knew the operator would be impressed, he knew that in one moment he would be speaking to the reigning queen of all Califlorida winter society. So much his ancient name could accomplish and on the instant.

". . . yes, darling, no one but Rudolph. I am desolated but I have been so busy. Polo, you know and this constant round. I am so tired, I wish I could relax in your charming presence. No, I can't tonight, I am so, so sorry. Even Dillunder I had to tell I could not play towie with him tonight. Certainly I shall give to you his tips. Now I will pass to you an idea. It is new, no one has heard. It is the depression. How you hate it, how you would cure it! But you can. There are hotel servants out of work, cooks and valets and managers and maids. But if you will give a dinner party you will employ them and thus help. At the Alhambra-Mirador. No, not for these people—just for your friends, say fifty or a hundred. . ."

He rang another number: "I have a secret for you, gracious Mrs. Rigg-Leigh. A little bird told me and I know you want your friend Rudy to pass it. Mrs. Popesberry is planning to give a new type of party, an End of the Depression dinner at the Alhambra-Mirador. For at lerst a hundred of the winter residents, one hears. Why, of course, darling, that's the issue! Your answer is clear. . . ." A third number: Of course you will want to do what they are doing. Call it a New Deal dinner, ask your guests to come in political costumes and bring empty dinner pails for individual champagne coolers. . . . After a thought-inspiring highball he chuckled and went a last time to the telephone: ". . . Mimi sweet, it will be a scream. Manicures and hairdressers and shop assistants giving a dinner in honor of their clients. Don't be stupid, my girl, you make at least that much a day in tips. At ten dollars a plate with a pint thrown in it will be the hit of the season. And I'll be your partner, darling. Tonight? No I can't—oh well, I will. Damn you, my beautiful. . ."

In another, grander room, a huge bedroom with arched windows and a spreading terrace beyond, Mrs. Chatton was giving her maid what for. Not that the menial (one of those who a fortnight later would be invited to play hostess at The Assistants' Fiesta) was a bad maid or that she had sinned as to the choice of gown or stockings for her mistress. But the matter of Mr. C's miscalculation of the market rankled; and he was safe in the bathroom, shaving. So Nestorine had to pay (by listening) for the fact that the brassiere was too tight and there was a smudge of powder down there on my back, stupid, and the jewel case refused mysteriously to open.

"Idiot, that's the last straw. I wish I could swear. Richard, come out of the bathroom! Come

*Continued on page 169*

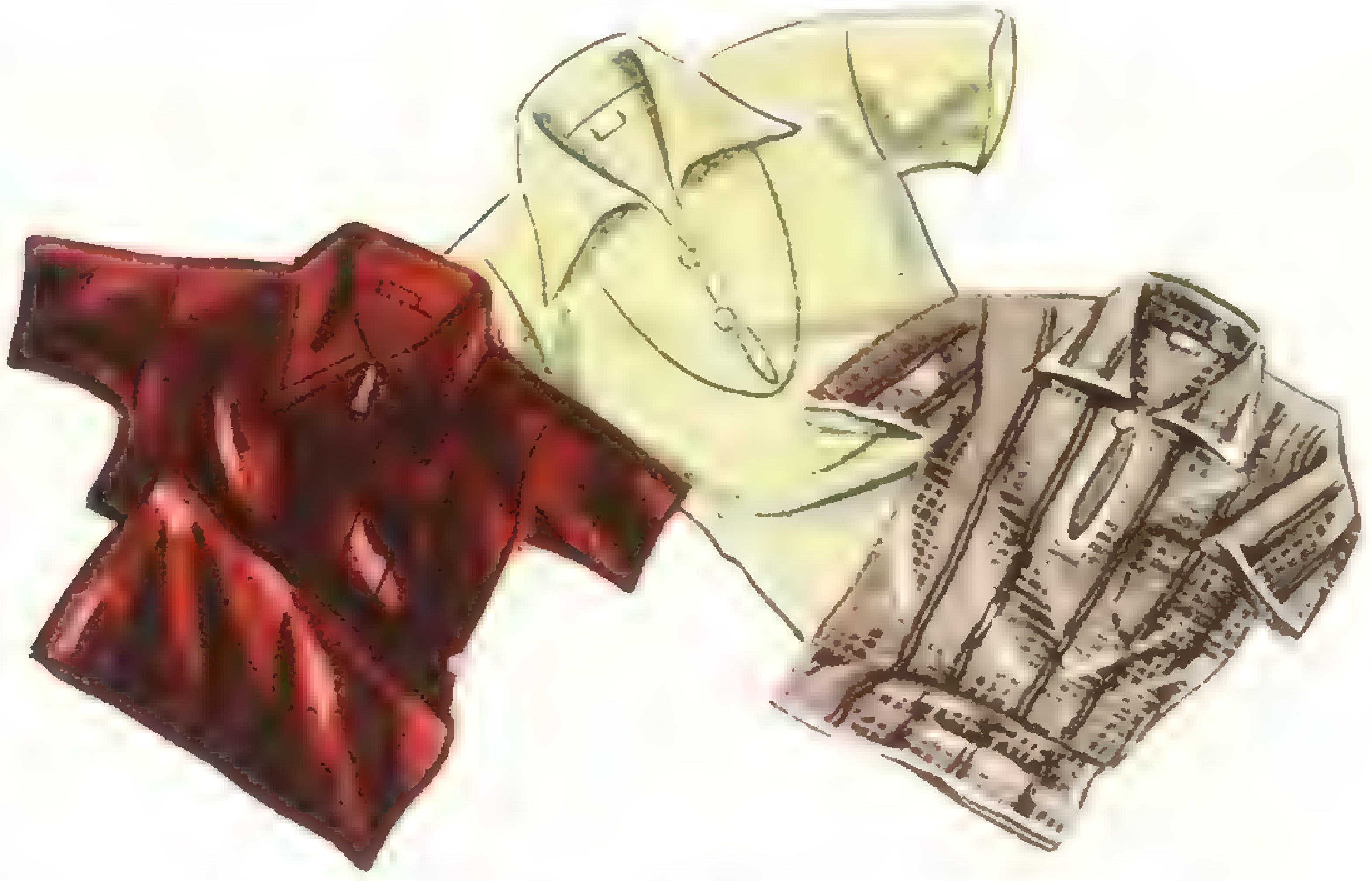
# FLASH!

**STYLE FLASH** *from the Riviera!*

**STYLE FLASH** *from Princeton!*

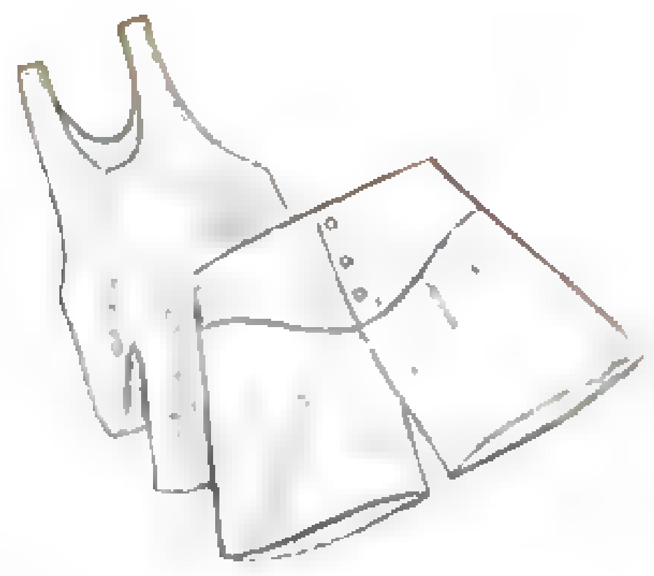
**STYLE FLASH** *from Palm Beach!*

WE STUDIED the style trends in every men's fashion center there is. The result — a brand-new line of men's sportswear, polo shirts, that is up-to-the-minute in cut, design and fit.



THREE MORE of the new OTIS line of smart men's sportswear.

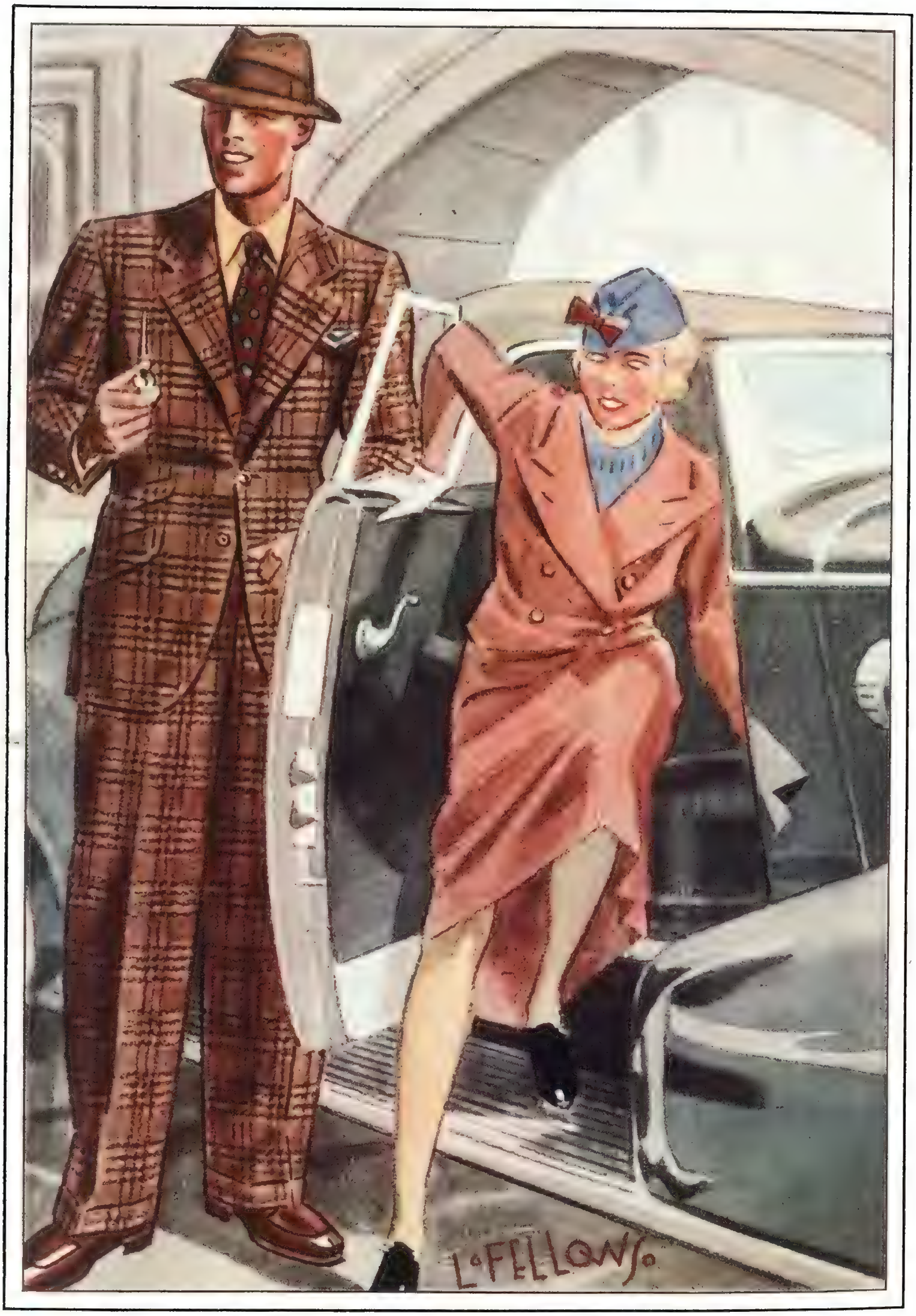
SINCE 1867 the name of OTIS has stood for highest quality in material and workmanship. Again OTIS takes the lead in the style field. Ask your haberdasher to let you see the new OTIS sportswear.



FOR YEARS OTIS has made the best in men's underwear. Look for the name OTIS when you next buy shirts and shorts or balbriggans.

OTIS

TRADE O MARK *sportswear*



## OH IT'S SPRI-I-NGTIME I-IN NEW JERSEY

MAYTIME means houseparties at Princeton, and it is then that the most carefully studied carelessness characterizes the dress of the always clothes-conscious undergraduates. This is a fairly tweedy season and this outfit is typical. The three-button overplaid Shetland suit, with the notched lapels rolled to the second button, is worn without a waistcoat. Note that the jacket has side vents and a slanting ticket pocket and note, too, the pronounced break of the trousers over the instep. The shoes are the new popular Norwegian model. The hat is the new snuff shade, somewhat lower in the crown and wider in the brim than in past seasons. The shirt is the new Champagne color. The spotted tie is foulard. Jackets like this, in oversized or hunting Glen plaids, of Shetland and other types of lightweight tweed, are in great favor at the moment. They go well with white or grey flannel slacks.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*

## The Alhambra Mirador

*Continued from pages 90-166*

at once! Oh never mind, it's only Nestorine, she knows your legs are bowed. What's the matter? You fool, what isn't the matter? My jewel case won't open. Just for that I won't wear any jewelry tonight. Nestorine, put my cocktail bracelet and my pearls away and take it to the vault. What's that? It is open now? Now? It opens when I want to put things in, does it? Very well. Richard, I can bear no more. I'll wear no jewelry tonight, not a piece. Take them all to the vault, Nestorine, I never want to see them again. They are insured and I must say that if that case continues to act badly I shall wish I had the insurance money instead of the stones."

At the very moment that the harried maid was leaving the room to convey the guilty bag, a small brown alligator affair modelled like a tiny suit case, to the vault, a motorist named Tommy was following his dusty wife and bags across the lobby. It must be admitted that their suit cases when piled in front of the desk were incongruous—and no one thought so less than Prince Merck-Hofstein who at that moment, fortified by the thought of a cocktail and the knowledge of a perfectly fitting dinner suit, was inquiring for the manager to relate his recent telephone activity. He stood back as Tommy approached; so Nestorine slid in front and deposited her precious bag upon the counter.

"Mr. Dexter," she said breathlessly, "this is the usual, for Mrs. Chatton's box in the vault."

"The name is Smith," said Tommy. Mr. Dexter's eyebrows bridled in intended refusal of shelter. "T. V. Smith. We have reservations."

"Ah," said the clerk, "we are expecting you. Certainly sir. One moment please, miss. A splendid room sir, one of our best, quiet, with morning sun."

"We're tired, we'll dine upstairs; and send up our bags." There was a certain authority in Tommy's voice. The bellboy thought, he's gotta car. Long. Low. Sixteen cylinders I guess.

Neither the Prince nor the clerk nor the eagle-eyed house detective could help but notice that on top of the mountain of Smith impedimenta there reposed a tiny brown alligator suit case. And, acting before thought, His Highness substituted it for Nestorine's duplicate while Tommy was registering and she was staring aghast that such clothes could be admitted to this place. Mr. Dexter's eyes flickered and his lips seemed to form the words "Give him a break," so the detective did nothing. Doubtless, in matters that were beyond understanding there would be a cut. His body helped conceal the bulge beneath the Prince's dinner jacket. And though she saw nothing, knew nothing, Nestorine must have sensed what was happening. She remembered what the irate Mrs. Chatton had said about insurance. She perked and took the liberty of smiling at Prince Merck-Hofstein.

The atmosphere of the hotel was unruffled when, some minutes later, Mr. Smith returned to report a missing bag: "There's nothing of value in it, only the post cards my wife collected on our trip."

Any mail for Mr. Chatton?—486. No? I'll look myself, Mr. Chatton.

Mr. Dexter's heart skipped a beat when he glanced into Mr. Chatton's goggle eyes. The nincompoop! Obviously he had overheard Tommy's description of the missing bag. Why, oh why?. . . . Yes sir, your wife's maid—In the vault, sir—we'll have a look if you will ask your wife for her key—There it is, madame, safe and sound and unlocked—Quick boy, brandy, Mrs. Chatton has fainted! Boy, keep the people back. Get the house detective. She's all right, now. Here's the manager, Mr. Chatton. I don't know, Mr. Eppleman, she says her jewelry has disappeared. Naturally we did not know what was inside. Mrs. Chatton's maid—Boy, get the maid—brought it to the desk—the house detective and I—no one else.—Yes sir, I was right here—I saw her put it on the counter and saw Mr. Dexter put it unopened into the vault—Madame, I never let it out of my hands—there were people in the hall upstairs and Mrs. van der Block was in the elevator and everybody was in the lobby and I saw Mr. Dexter put it in the vault—His name is Smith, in 357, but he had no chance to touch the bag—Say, boss, I saw the bag on the top of—Don't be a fool, Eddie, this is Mr. Smith's bag and here are his postcards—No one could have touched it and yet somehow the two bags got mixed and the jewels are gone. . . .

Whoo, whoo, whoooo! Scandal in the Alhambra-Mirador! Right in front of the desk while the clerk and the dick and the bell hops were all on the job. Come on, let's hear what everyone says! They hushed it up when they found the high diving champion in the valet's room but they can't now. Aw shucks, she says it's insured and she'll have to let the company know.

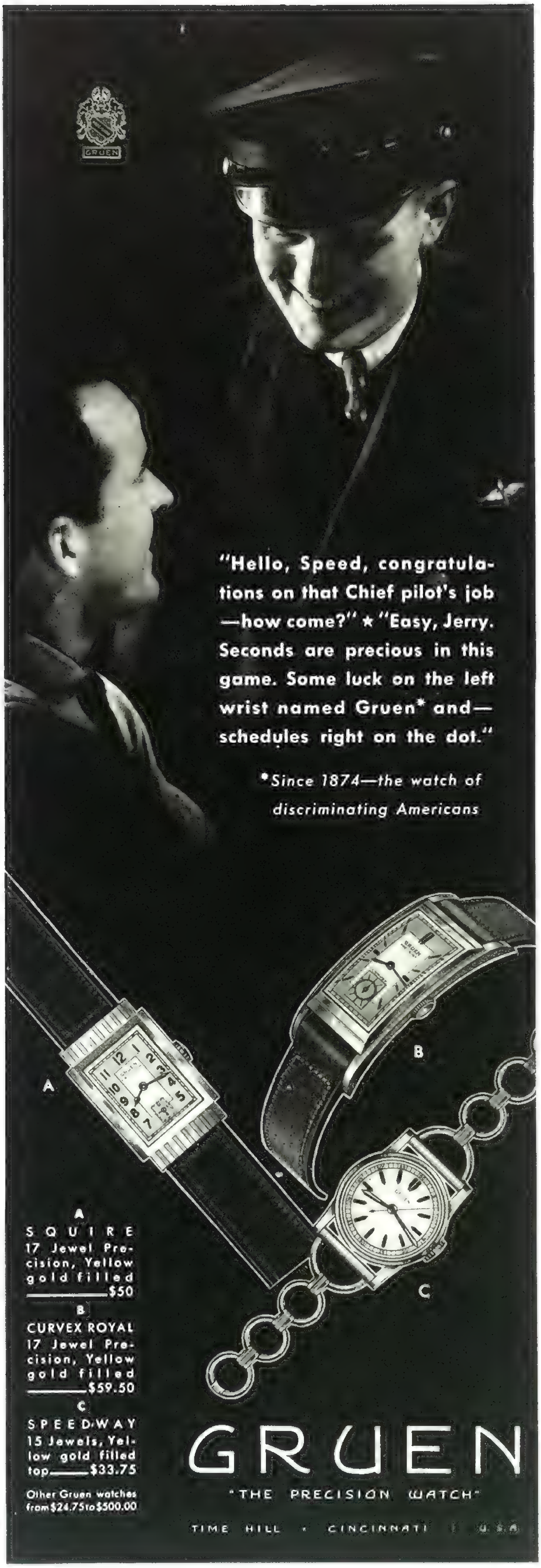
"I'm sorry, Mr. Eppleman, I'd give my soul to protect our reputation. How these women carry on! Thievery's so cheap."

"Richard, take me to my room and send for champagne. I can't imagine why I fainted. It was insured at the old values."

"If you ask me, Dexter, she took 'em herself. Threw 'em down the toilet or somewhere. For the insurance. She's behind in her bill, isn't she?"

"By Jove, Larry, what a lark!" It was a British voice that Mrs.

*Continued on page 170*



"Hello, Speed, congratulations on that Chief pilot's job—how come?" ★ "Easy, Jerry. Seconds are precious in this game. Some luck on the left wrist named Gruen* and—schedules right on the dot."

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## The Alhambra Mirador

*Continued from pages 90-166-169*

Ruthven Van Dusen Finch heard as, totally unaware of what had transpired, she left the dining room. "You couldn't show me any gangsters and you wouldn't take me to Chicago yet we find mystery in Califlorida. Beautiful woman's gems snagged — that's what the Hearstlings might say—or, who got the married lady's pearl; or, Lobby Lousy with Lost Loot. I say, the possibilities are infinite."

"Shut up, Bertie, you'll be heard"—this was an American voice translated by association into a near Oxford drawl.

The British voice rambled on. Mrs. Finch stopped to listen, enraptured that among *hoi polloi* there should be one from the other shore. Oh not such as Merck-Hofstein. The continent was surfeited, spent—America was too young to have learned to feel. But England—the home of constitutional government, of custom, of command or near-command week end house parties — England could feel. And Englishmen.

Mrs. Finch who, during her ten Califlorida days had spent veiled hours lying in the sun and high hatting a bourgeois earth, did an unprecedented thing. She spoke to the English boy. She always spoke to Englishmen.

"Madame? You were in the restaurant? Then perhaps you will agree that common sense should prevail. Everyone who was within a radius of, say, fifty feet, is potentially guilty of this crime. The johnnies are extremely remiss that they fail to examine all who found themselves upon the scene."

"Well, young feller, let's start with you. What's your name?" The house detective had joined the knot of listeners gathered around the English boy. Mr. Eppleman's orders were if possible—and discreetly—to prevent the commingling of commentators upon the recent unfortunate event.

"Oh, I say, Bertie, tell him your name. Oh priceless!"

But it appeared that Bertie had been in the bar with his friend and was a romancer. So the detective's duty was soon done. He prided himself that his strategy had slipped Mrs. Finch's fingers into the crook of the discomfited Bertie's elbow and guided him and his subversive opinions into a nook where a very reserved lady would be the only audience.

The widow of Ruthven Van Dusen Finch sat straight in her chair and waved an ostrich fan. Her extremely modern dress fitted the planes and slow curves of an extremely modern figure; her revealed back was pliant; her restrained breasts were expressive; her long neck floated lightly in coils of roped pearls; her hair complemented the distinction of her narrow features. But for the fan and the Victorian luminence of her skin she might have been a girl—one of the several, in fact, who carried tennis bats and frequented the bar in shorts. The main difference was that Mrs. Finch did not pretend.

Bertie squirmed in an overstuffed chair and waved one hand and crossed his knees. He expatiated and fished for a nonexistent cigarette until the lady, to get him off the subject of the jewelry, proffered a shell case initialled with tiny diamonds. Thereupon, with none but the slightest prompting, he provided a sketch of Oxford days, of the Union as a training school for politicians and of British policy in Afghanistan. One gathered that he was an orphan, rather well connected and that, though no personalities were exchanged (since the conversation was endowed with European restraint), he joined in regretting the inevitable loneliness of Mrs. Finch's widowhood.

An hour they talked and then, at a moment when the friend Larry appeared to be loitering with nothing to do, she let him lean forward to whisper the not unimportant news that he had come to America seeking experiences for a book and that his companion was trying to write poetry in the rich atmosphere of Alhambra-Mirador, and shocking bad poetry too if he did say so.

Somewhat later they went out into the moonlight to stroll (he was obviously embarrassed when he went with her to her room to get a wrap) and to resume the discussion into which they had drifted of the relative supremacy of British ways. Unquestionably Mrs. Finch was pleasantly sophisticated. She punctuated her observations with a slow waving of the perfumed fan—a wafting of a sentiment impersonal enough because of its mingling with the heavy scent of winter flowers. And the flowers, from their setting under lanes of white moonlight and an interlaced pattern of velvet shadows, were an impersonal undertone to a keyed impression. They were baroque, they were suave, they expressed a necessary extravagance. They were an intimate richness created for cognoscenti to enjoy; and it mattered little if one did not know their names.

When Bertie went to his suite he was tingling with the satisfaction of one who has triumphed but does not know just how. Larry sprawled at the sitting room desk in a pool of rose-shaded light laboring at his poetry. "Well I'll be damned!" he said morosely, "you certainly collapsed. You picked the one woman in the place nobody speaks to and your nose wasn't an inch from hers."

"Been doing verse, Larry?" Bertie's voice was jaunty.

"Oh go to, you Ishmaelite! And by the way, Your Grace, did you by any chance tell her your name and title?"

*Continued at top of page 172*

# *Fashion news for Men...*

# FORSTNER

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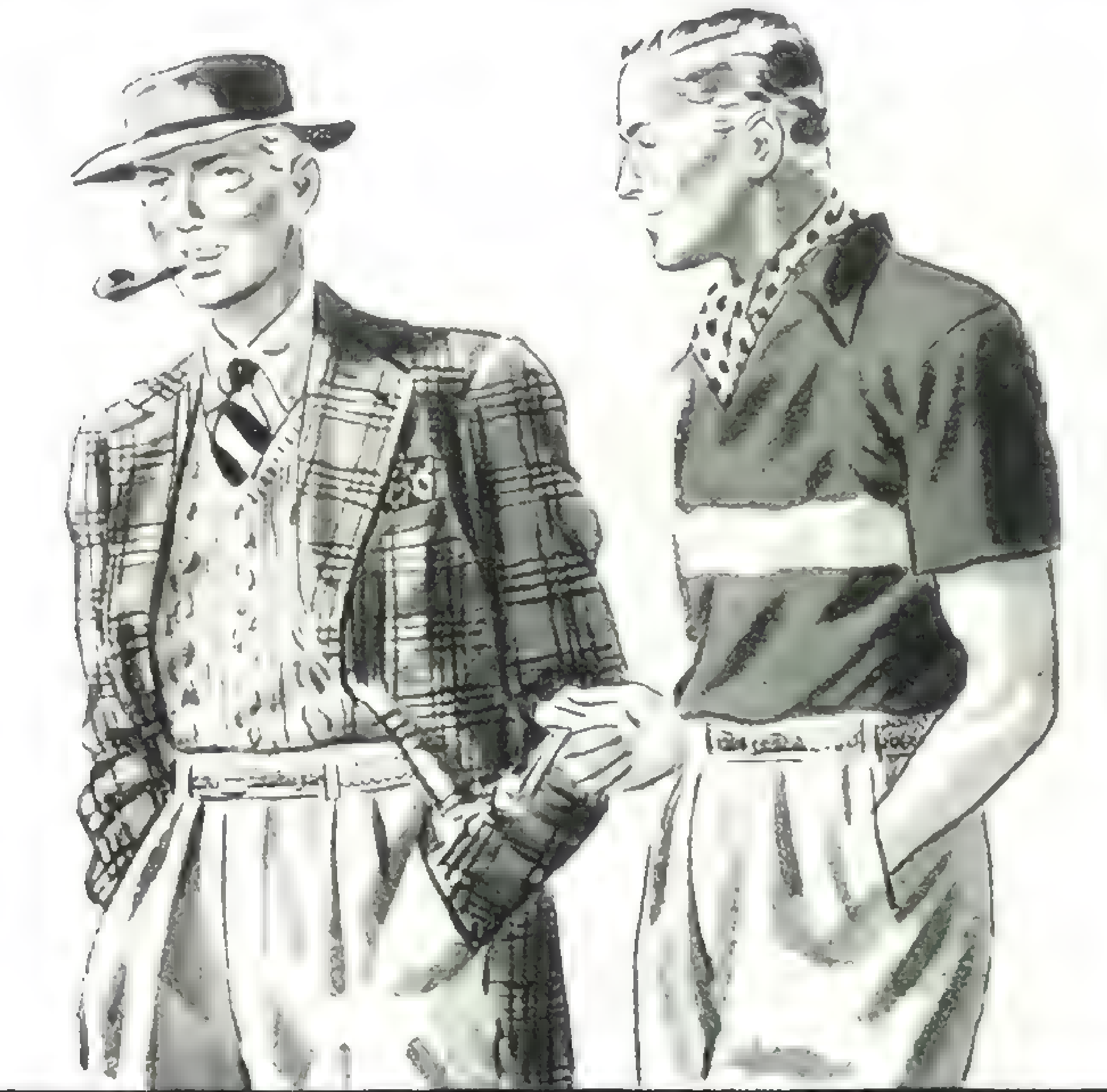
**FLEXIBLE . . . EXPANDING . . . COOL . . . DURABLE . . . LIGHTWEIGHT**

You'll see a lot of the new FORSTNER belts this summer. They've got everything a sport belt should have — style, coolness, strength, and s-t-r-e-t-c-h. These metal belts give pliantly with the twists and strains of vigorous summer activities, yet they always fit snugly and comfortably. They're smart too, and appropriately worn with your spring and summer outfit.



Available in gold* or silver* metal with colored cords at $1.50 and $2.00. In 14 Kt. gold plate and colored cord binding at $5.00.

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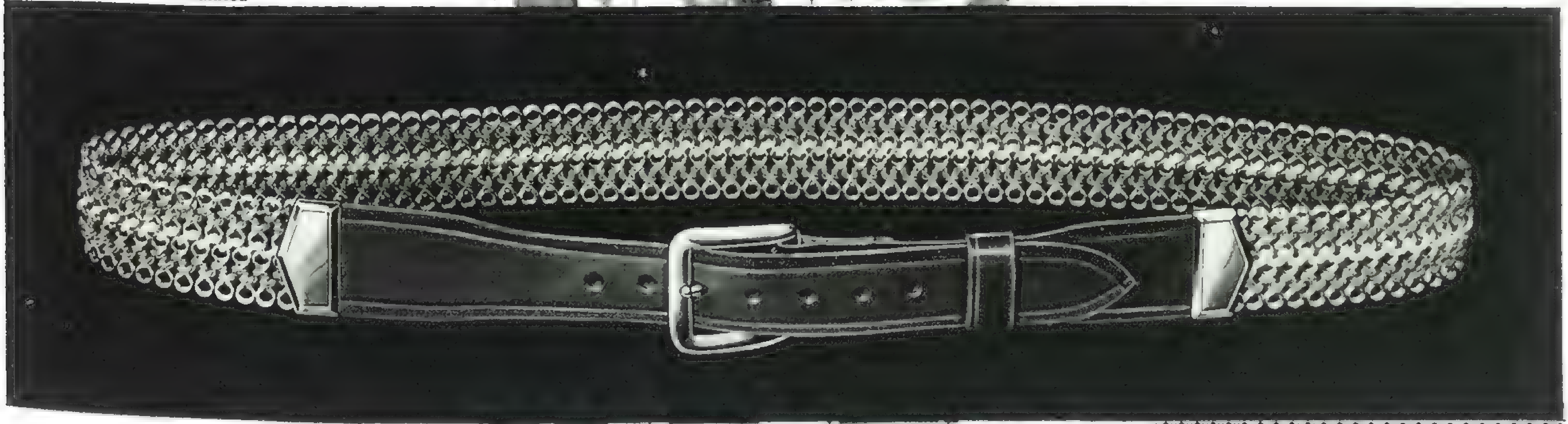

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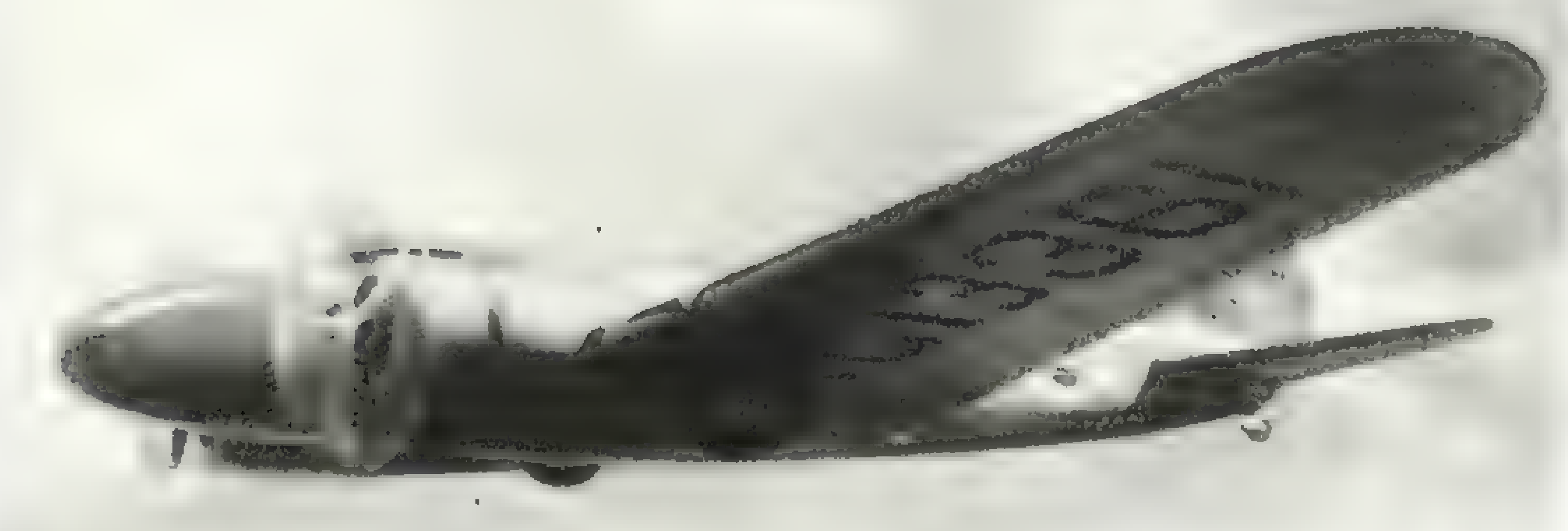
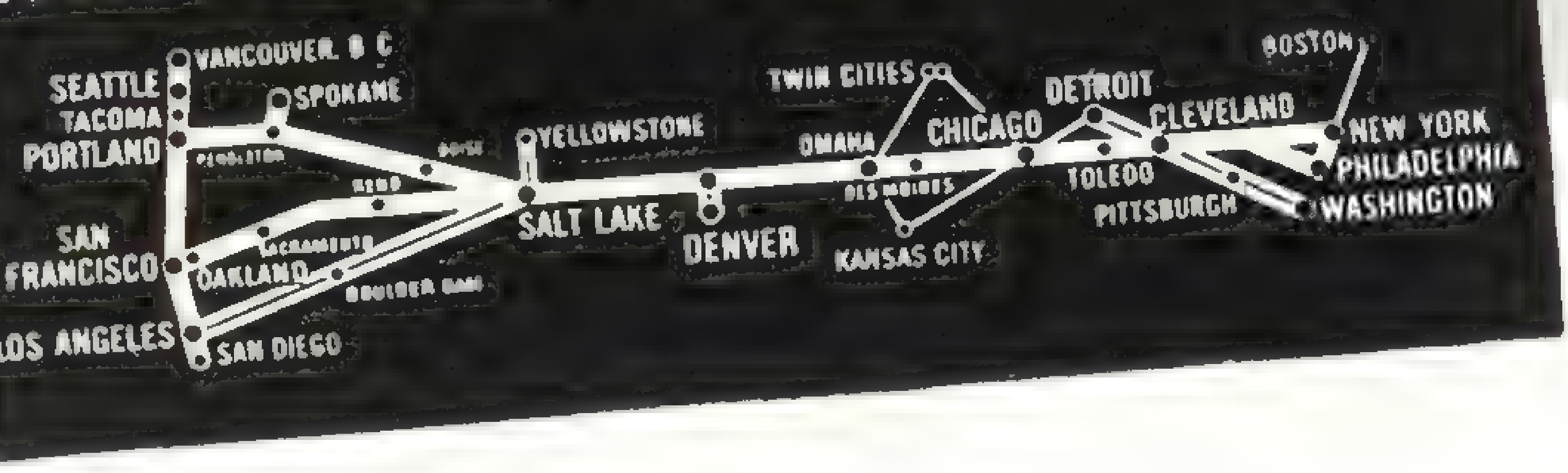
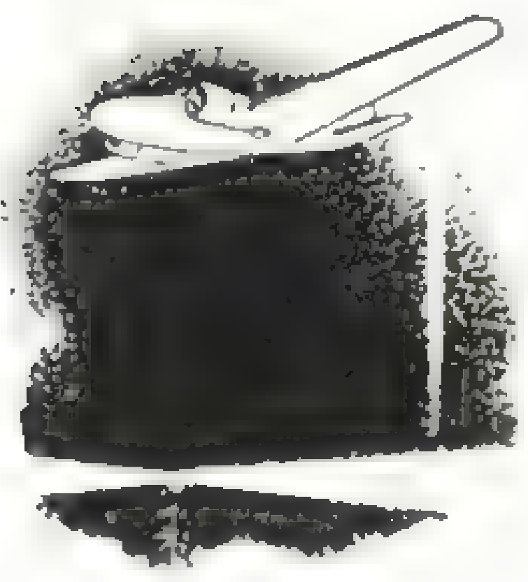


UNITED'S MID-CONTINENT AIRWAY





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*Stop-over allowed for beautiful Yellowstone Park flight*

★ UNITED AIR LINES ★

## The Alhambra Mirador

*Continued from pages 90-166-169-170*

"Shut up, you American aristocrat. Being British was enough."

So the incognito Duke of Cirencester shut himself within an Alhambra-Mirador bedroom and went to sleep. At midnight Mrs. Ruthven Van Dusen Finch strolled down the hall and hesitated for the wink of an eye before the parlor door. She opened it noiselessly, stifled a scream when she saw Larry's bent back under the lampshade, took off her shoes and stole silently to Bertie's room. Bertie was an Englishman. They never told names.

Also at midnight the house detective turned over his duties to the successor who would carry on until morning. Aw, this is a dull dump. A certain number of gents in the wrong rooms, I suppose, some insured jewelry disappears and the clerk's up late putting out notices that the bill is overdue. That happens. But nothing new. That's the trouble with toffs like these. Never anything out of the way to keep a self-respecting dick from yawning to death.

Mr. van der Block was standing at the bar sharing a night cap with Prince Merck-Hofstein. He gazed thoughtfully into his dwindled glass: "I'd give a lot to have those old rubber days back again, Prince, and your years with them. We older people, we get into a rut. Well, cheerio and goodnight."

"Say, Prince," said the bar man, "better have a brandy on the house. You look kinda seedy. This life getting you?" #

## The Blunderer

*Continued from page 79*

contents. Adraste's own mouth watered. The two hugged each other and rushed back to the table. Georges made cocktails. They pledged each other. Babet made a salad in Madame's best bowl, cut glass, a wedding present.

It was somebody's fête day, and they were celebrating it in style. They sat down. From under the table Babet drew the silver champagne bucket. In the broken ice nestled a bottle of Monsieur Émile's claret from the cask that he got from France every year.

They chatted. They clinked glasses. They leaned across the table and embraced.

The aroma of the café noir was like an incense. The Bénédictine of the pousse café was the apéritif of another feast.

They put out the light. Adraste couldn't see, but he heard. He listened until he dropped to the floor. He crept from the wash room and went to the steps of the garçonière. He let the night breeze fan his perspiring face. He wanted to think. He wanted to compose two accounts of the outrageous orgy that he had witnessed. His report to his brother would be an accurate description, but he would have to edit the one to Belle Soeur.

He heard the whistle of the packet boat on her up trip. Too bad she was coming so soon. He felt like going to the wash house and ordering those two, on his own responsibility, to clear out.

A shadow moved under the pecan trees. Georges was slipping to his room behind the store. Adraste hailed him. He didn't take his foot in his hand to give him a piece of his mind. Georges listened, turned, and went back to Babet's room.

"That's right. Tell her that a *mauvais quart d'heure* awaits her to-morrow."

Adraste went to bed. As soon as his indignation calmed a little he slept. When he opened his eyes it was big day. He went to the latticed end of the back gallery where morning coffee was served. He waited. He called impatiently. The stuff that a maid brought was not fit to drink and cold in the bargain.

"We are upset, M'sieu Adraste. Babet is gone. Madame had a *crise* and is very sick. They had to send for the doctor."

Adraste needed cigarettes. He went to the store to get them.

A crowd was milling at the door. He elbowed his way through. The little clerk was trying to wait on half a dozen women at once.

"Hurry, boy. Us got to cook breckus fer us men. Dey's gwine ter be ruction in de fiel'."

Monsieur Émile, hair dishevelled, perspiring, was scratching purchases in the day book.

"Come here, *paillasse.* Get behind the counter. Try to be useful one minute of your worthless life."

"Where is Georges?"

"Gone. He and Babet decamped on the boat. We are ruined."

"Did he steal?"

"*Foutre, non.* He is an honest man. He and Babet were too good for a small place like Kinta. They just got tired and left."

"That is not the proper explanation, *frère.* They were not fit. You are rid of two outrageous characters. I will tell you."

Monsieur Émile stared at Adraste. He glared at him. He beat his breast and tore his hair.

"You fool! You damned fool! I miss the words to tell you what you are. Don't you know that all good cooks have to be loved? I couldn't love her. I am too old. You wouldn't and couldn't if you wanted to. You are not man enough. Georges was serving to perfection. Everything was going on splendidly. You blundered into something that was not your affair. The consequence: We have lost the finest cook in the world, and the most efficient store keeper.

"Get out of my sight! Take a horse and leave the place. I hope it stumbles and breaks your worthless neck." #

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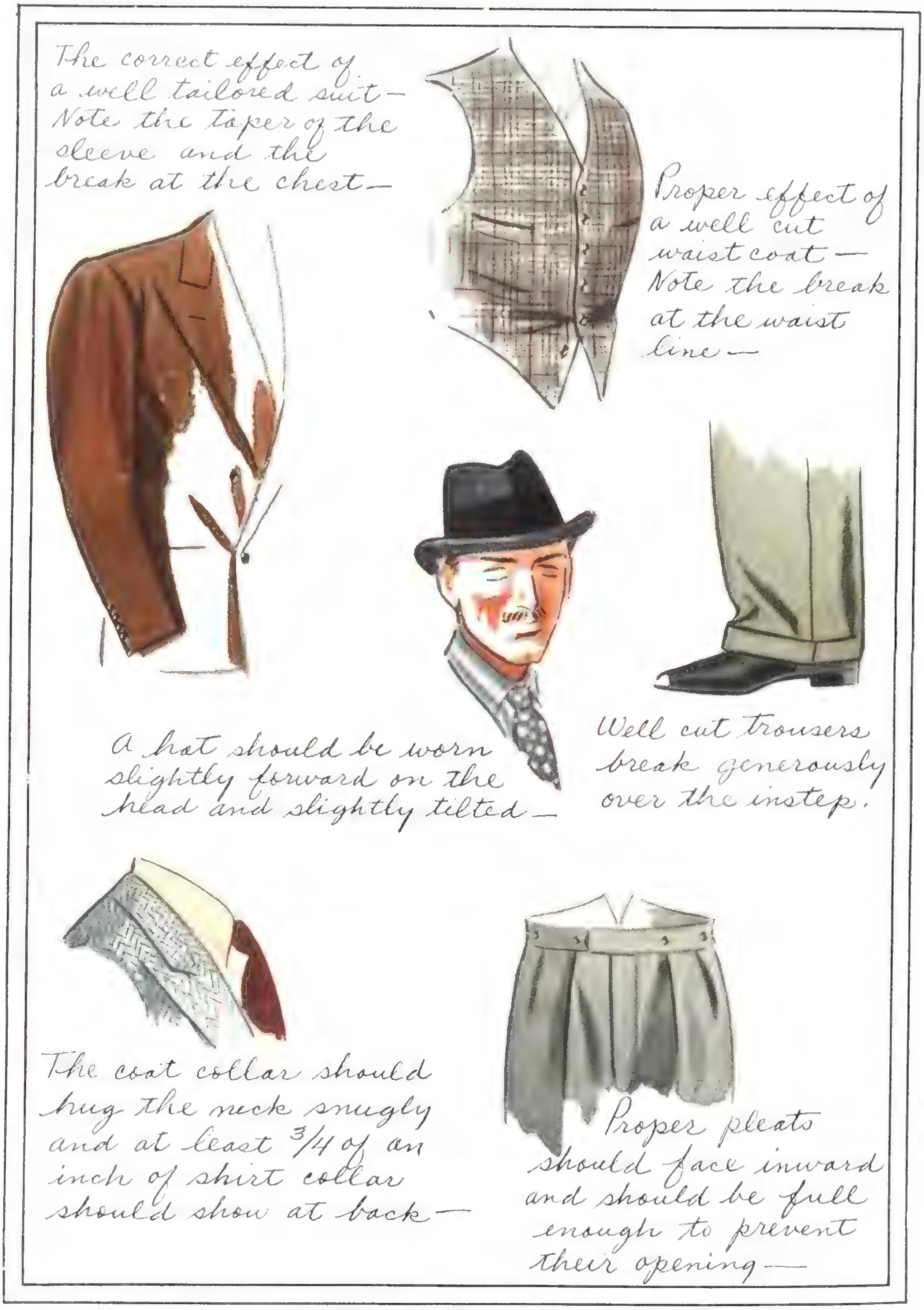


The correct effect of a well tailored suit—Note the taper of the sleeve and the break at the chest—

Proper effect of a well cut waist coat—Note the break at the waist line—

A hat should be worn slightly forward on the head and slightly tilted—

Well cut trousers break generously over the instep.

The coat collar should hug the neck snugly and at least 3/4 of an inch of shirt collar should show at back—

Proper pleats should face inward and should be full enough to prevent their opening—

# A LITTLE PRIMER OF PROPRIETY IN DRESS

Supplementing the six pointers given in the sketches above, here are a few of the other details that contribute to the distinction of the well dressed. A properly tailored suit should have a sleeve with a definite taper; the four buttons on the cuff should be set three quarters of an inch from the bottom and should touch each other; at least a half inch of shirt cuff should show; the waistcoat should have six buttons, the fifth directly on the waistline and should have relatively sharp points in front; the bottom button of the waistcoat is not meant to be fastened and, if the waistcoat is properly cut, can indeed only be closed with difficulty. The break of trousers over the instep is important but it is also essential to see that they do not fall too low at the back—they must show some of the upper of the shoe, over the heel. If your appearance passes inspection on all these points, then you are well dressed.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*

## The Last Court

*Continued from page 62*

did as the rest. Demetri waited a moment so as not to hurry the ceremony and then he called out; "Her grace the Baroness von Schwartz," and she was followed by, "her excellency the Countess Welinski," and last; "Her excellency the Grand Duchess O'Connor." All made their curtsey to the old man and each he made welcome to his royal court.

Now Demetri came forward very slowly and bowing low he said; "The court is now assembled, your excellency."

The old man nodded and said; "Very good. Let us proceed."

Demetri turned about and addressing the children, said; "His excellency, our Prince desires all to be seated."

The children obeyed. Then Demetri walked around to the other side of the bed and came back again and bowing before Mary Collins and her little cousin Fannie he announced; "The Prince will now receive in audience her excellency Princess Mary and her excellency Princess Fannie."

The children came forward and kneeled beside the bed. Their faces were very serious.

The old man spoke; "On this happy occasion, to celebrate the honor of your visit, I have a present for each of you which I implore you to accept. These two ropes of pearls have come down to us from Catherine herself and have been in our family ever since. And as your family is also one of the oldest in our land and because for hundreds of years we have been neighbors and lived in peace; because of all this and because of the respect I held for your late father I am anxious that these ropes of precious pearls may only tie another knot that will bind our families together."

When the old man finished this speech Demetri went into the kitchen and brought back a small velvet pillow upon which two strings of colored glass beads were laid out carefully. These had been in one of the little paper packages that Demetri had brought back from the 5 & 10 cent store.

Mary and Fannie took the strings from the velvet cushion and rising from the floor they bowed and said quite simply; "We thank you Prince," and went back to their places on the wooden boxes.

Demetri bowed before Milton and Bertha Levy and invited them to come forward and have an audience with the Prince.

"My dear Duke and Duchess," began the old man. "Our season in St. Petersburg would indeed be dull without your presence, your gaiety, the sparkle of your wit and the wonderful balls that you give so generously for our charities each winter. Each year I have enjoyed your kind hospitality and I have almost grown to accept it as a matter of course. But now my dear Duke and Duchess I hope you will allow me to make some slight return for the many kindnesses I have had. As you know, the forests along the lower Volga that I own adjoin your lands and since we have had the fire I have not built up the village of Kamin which is also my property. But all this I have now deeded over to you. My dear Duke and Duchess I here present you with the beautiful green forests, 20,000 acres, the fields 6,000 acres and the 8 miles of river frontage with the two villages."

As he spoke about the beautiful green forests tears came to the old man's eyes. Demetri entered carrying the velvet cushion on which were two games in cardboard boxes. These evidently represented the deeds to the vast holdings.

Milton and Bertha, children of the Jewish tailor, accepted their gift most graciously. They bowed and went back to their places.

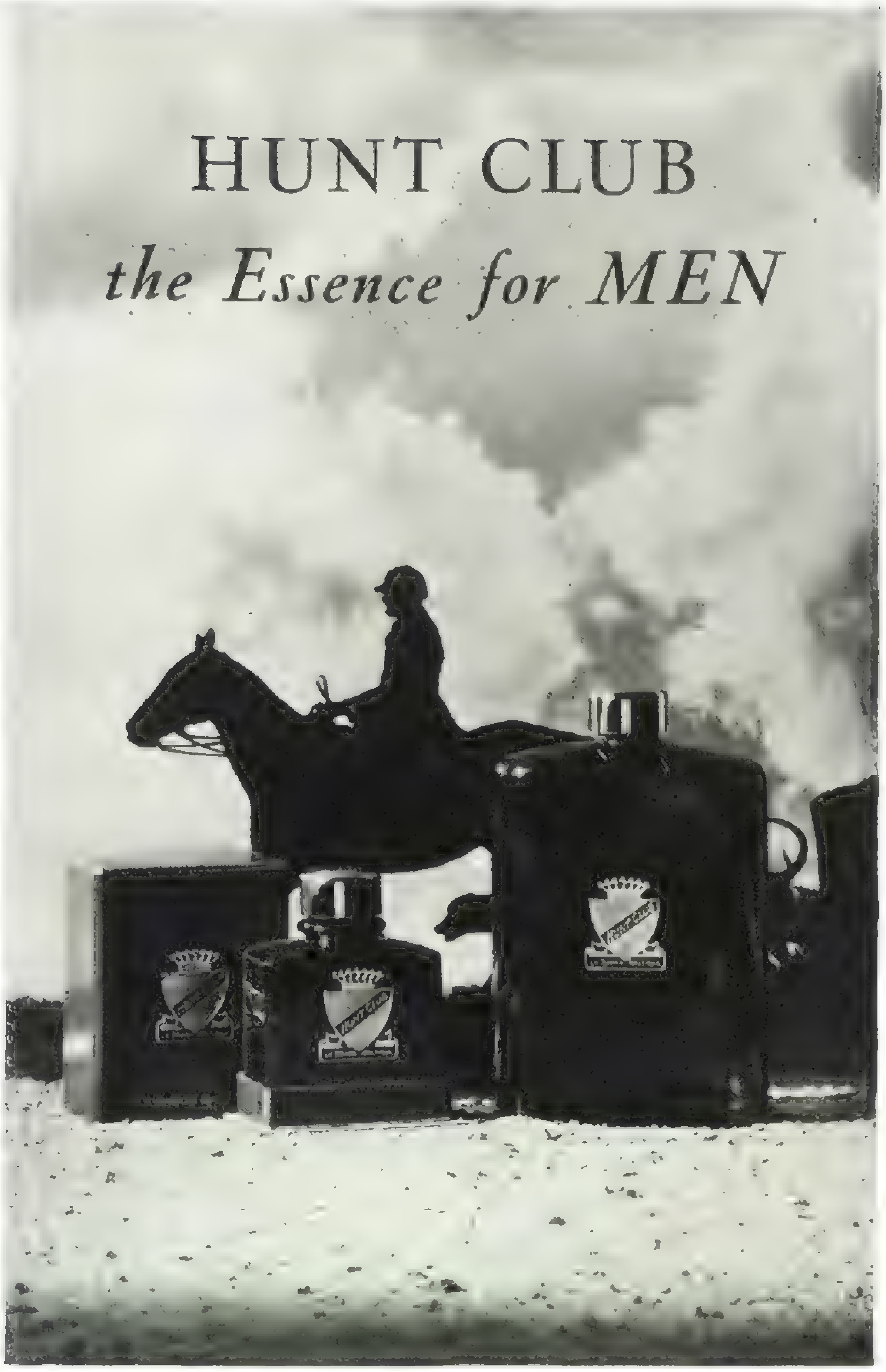
To Alice Tannenbaum who was announced before as the Marquise de la Tannenbaum, the old man gave jewels of great value, a diamond tiara and a brooch with a diamond more fiery than the Great Orloff. Demetri brought in a small box of hard candies. And in this way it went on with great style and circumstance.

His grace the Earl of Patilo, who in ordinary life was Jake, son of the Italian vegetable vendor, received a stable of hunters and two coal black Arabian steeds, together with their silver bridles, saddles and all the trappings. "The younger one Pasha," warned the old man, "is sometimes prankish and unmanageable. But give him a firm hand and let the bit cut his mouth once or twice and he will know who is master and he will obey. And when he does you will be riding on air and no beast in the world can match him. . . ." On the velvet pillow was a mouth organ.

Her grace the Baroness von Schwartz and the Countess Welinski received vast amounts of perfumes, furniture, laces, jewels, town houses, country estates, automobiles, boxes at the opera, table silver, porcelain and the last to kneel before the old man—Annie O'Connor, the little Grand Duchess child of a policeman—received his mother's ivory fan presented to her by a Chinese delegation who came to Russia in 1890 to sign the boundary treaty. The fan was contained in a tube of rock crystal about which was carved a Chinese dragon. This entire treasure was protected by a sandalwood box lined with tapestry brocade. . . . A little rubber doll was on the pillow that Demetri brought forward.

When all these great gifts were distributed in a most lavish way Demetri again went to the kitchen and returned with a heap of cookies and a whole hand full of lollypops. There were two cookies

*Continued on page 176*



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Please send________bottles of Hunt Club Essence at $5 each; and________bottles of Hunt Club Toilet Water at $2.50 each, Remittance enclosed.

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*Right*—The Twin Model—a shirt that can be worn for either street or sports wear

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*And Leading Department Stores from Coast to Coast*

DUPONT RAYON
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

ADVERTISEMENT BY DU PONT RAYON COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

## The Last Court

*Continued from pages 62-175*

and two lollypops for each young member of the nobility.

Then the old man spoke. His voice was soft and clear and deep. "You must know that in olden times, many hundreds of years ago, a young Prince was hunting in the very forests that I have now deeded over to our noble Duke and Duchess. In this forest he found a cave of robbers who were the remains of that famous band that came from Persia and are recorded in all books as the Forty Thieves. But now bad days were upon them and only eight or ten remained to take refuge in this dark cave. The prince drew his sword and killed one after the other. And when they were all dead and he was about to depart he heard a soft weeping.

"Behind a rock in the cave he found a beautiful girl who was the daughter of a baron. Only that morning had she been captured by the band who hoped to receive a heavy ransom for her return. He cut the cords and placing her on the saddle in front of him he brought her back to her father.

"I must also tell you that the prince as all our princes in olden times worshiped strange gods but this baron and his daughter were Christians and these were the first Christians that the good prince ever saw. And after he lived with these people for a time he fell madly in love with the girl and she loved him also and the father gave his daughter to the prince even though it grieved him that he was not a Christian. But the girl took the sword from her husband's belt and went out into the forest. Here she placed it into the hollow of a great tree. When they came back at night they saw in the setting sun that the sword seemed to glow in the dark hollow of the tree. Then later when the prince tried to take his sword back he could not do so, for even in so short a time the tree had grown and was slowly closing in upon the sword. As strong as he was he was unable to take it back and he marveled at the quiet strength of the tree. But his wife, the young princess, said that the strength of the tree was nothing compared to the strength of her father's faith, and this strength that came to him from the great Lord of all Lords could encompass and absorb all the weapons in the whole world. And not alone weapons of steel but also this faith could demolish evil things, envy and greed and all the other evils in the world.

"When the young prince heard all this, he saw that it was true and he believed. He believed with all his heart just as I believe now with all my heart. And everyone, no matter who he is, must have faith. You must have faith to live and faith to die."

These last words the old man spoke with great emotion and he paused for he was ill and weak and it used much of his strength to talk. He breathed with difficulty and after a moment's rest in a more normal voice he continued his tale of the romance long, long ago in the dark forest beside the great river.

The romance told of other adventures and how the prince and the princess loved each other and how at the death of her father the baron, the prince became the lord of a great tract of land. "Very great and very dark and lovely."

All this the old man related to the assembled young royalty who listened with undivided attention. Soon the romance came to an end. And after another slight pause the old man said; "That prince who killed the robbers in the forest and embraced the faith of his wife, he was the first, the very first Prince Peterov. And the faith that was born in his heart is in my heart also. The same. The very same. He was the first and I am the last of the Peterovs. The last, the very last."

The children listened to every word that the old man said and his story held them spellbound. With their presents in their hands they listened to the wonderful legend of the Prince in the forest and the cave of robbers and the beautiful princess and the sword that was placed in a cleft of a tree to prove the strength of faith. They heard all this and also they heard that the old man was himself descended from this good ancient prince.

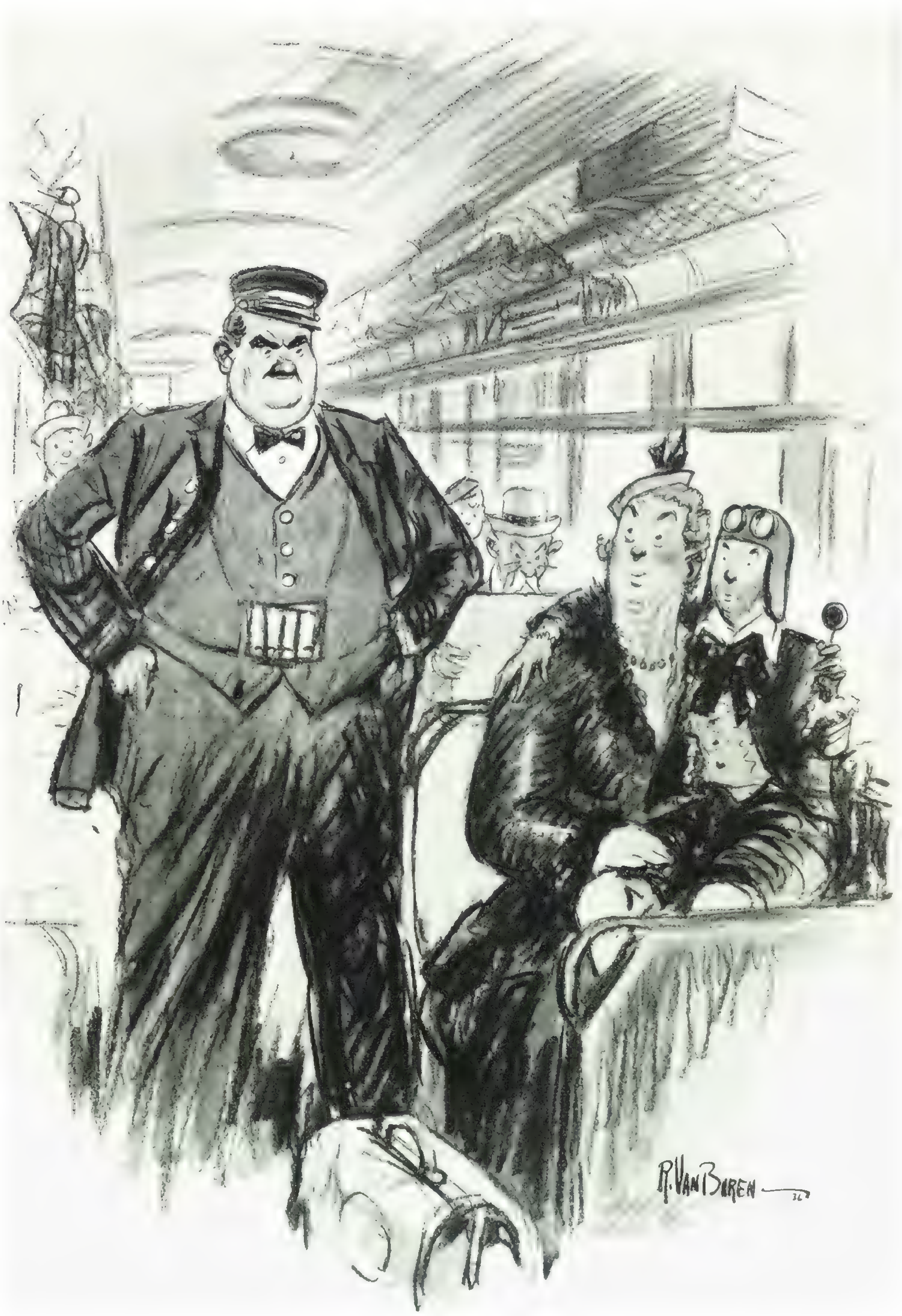
And when the old man said the words; "He was the first and I am the last of all the Peterovs, the last, the very last," he hung his head on his breast and said no more.

Demetri noticing that the old man was weary quickly entered the room and bowing low to the assemblage announced; "The Prince has been greatly honored by your presence. The court is now dismissed." Then he indicated that the children were requested to leave.

They rose in most orderly manner from the boxes and several of them approached the bed and bowed before leaving the room. Others went straight for the door for now the world of make-believe was over and they could eat the candy that they received.

The children made quite a bit of noise going down the four flights of stairs for now there was no reason why they should not return to their former boisterous state. As the last of the nine children descended the bottom flight of stairs an old Russian General, a most devoted friend and himself a member of the old nobility came into the hallway. He climbed the steps slowly until he reached the top; but here alas! Demetri opened the door. His face was pale and his lips quivered. He had no words in his mouth that fitted the occasion. Finally he managed to say;

*Continued at top of page 178*



*"Your half-fare should have shaved his beard this morning, ma'am!"*

Pay Off Duffer

I GOT W.P.*!

and I don't mean Winning Personality

*"Come on, duffer, contribute! Nassau, and a buck each for the five syndicates . . .*

*"Remember when I used to be a meal ticket for you every week-end? Well, I've reformed. You'll never catch me now . . . I played you even this morning and I'll give you two strokes next Saturday . . . I got *W. P.!"*

Permit us to let you in on the secret . . . Mr. Cocky's reformation as a golfer dated from the time his Professional put an H & B Power-Bilt club in his hands and whispered, "Brother, if you'll keep your head down, say 'Rock-a-bye-baby' while you swing and use this club, you'll be surprised."

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Herb Graffis—No. 1 Divot and Duffer commentator—has written for us a 19th hole guffaw entitled "Fun and Larceny" that we've made into a little book for you. Just mail the coupon to Hillerich & Bradsby Co., 459 Finzer Street, Louisville, Kentucky—and it's yours.

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Send Me "FUN & LARCENY" by herb graffis
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ADDRESS ____________
I PLAY AT ____________
(NAME OF CLUB)

## The Last Court

*Continued from pages 62-175-176*

"We are happy my dear General. Very happy. Our Prince has a smile on his face and because of this smile I am also happy, though my heart is . . . What am I saying to you? We are happy because it was not possible to go on any longer, not possible you understand. And the good Lord in all his mercy has released him. Our good Prince, may his proud soul rest in peace, has closed his eyes. And he who was everything to me, the gentlest master, the kindest, a fatherly and noble soul, he whom we all loved and reverenced . . . He is now dead. We have held our last court only a few minutes before and he gave away all, all. Now nothing remains except . . . There is a smile on his lips and I am thankful for God's mercy. To the very last he held on to the memory of the past. That was all there was left and now even that memory is gone. I am happy because it was not possible to keep it up any longer. I feared that people would take him for a mad man or even worse. I feared they would laugh at him. And haven't we been humiliated enough! Oh, I am grateful! God is kind after all. Really, upon my honor, it was not possible to go on any longer."

He reached for his rain coat and putting this on over the old threadbare red plush livery he took his hat and said; "I will go and telephone the doctor and the others. Please remain here with him until I return. I do not like to leave him alone."

The children were playing in the yard as Demetri came down the stairs. They were shouting and laughing and jumping about. Tears were streaming down his cheeks as he walked forward and standing amongst them he placed a finger to his lips and said in a pleading voice; "Nobody should laugh." ⩩

## Hell Bent for Earth

*Continued from page 71*

than dry ice. They have to fly planes that have never been flown before and put them through stresses they will never be called on to stand again. Instinct or some motherly guardian angel has to fly them while they are unconscious at the bottom of a sickening dive.

In all God's great blue heavens there is no more hazardous a job. The United States has only five men willing and able to do it. And beside their work, being shot out of a cannon is child's play, delayed parachute jumping a tame sport and racing motor cars an old woman's work.

Cemeteries hold far more test pilots than do the nation's airfields. According to scanty available data—scanty due to the fact that plane makers dislike advertising the jobs they ask their pilots to do—they survive about two and a half years.

They fly on toward this quick, inevitable end largely because of the money involved. Collins quite frankly called it a "sap's game." But a profitable one. For three or four afternoons' work a tester has been paid as much as $14,000. Standard pay however, is nowhere near this sum. Generally they get $1,300 cash and a $10,000 insurance policy for a series of ten dives and a spin test.

The spectacular final dive is, of course, the most hazardous and is easily worth two-thirds of the total test price. It takes, in a swift pursuit plane, somewhere in the neighborhood of 20 seconds. Thus a pilot gets $1,000 for 20 seconds' work. An eight hour day at this rate would net him $1,440,000. But let's see what the company gets for its $1,500, which by almost any normal standards one may consider a coolie wage.

Generally pilots take planes up and get them through the minor dives, 3,000-8,000 feet plunges, first. If they detect weaknesses they bring them down and tell the engineers about them. Then they take the "beefed up" plane up again to see if everything is alright. If the ship survives all minor swags, they have to make a two to three mile power dive.

On this final trip down the pilot may "undress" the plane. None of them likes to think of this possibility. Sometimes they are able to get out in parachutes. But since wings have an annoying habit of folding upward they are frequently trapped in the cockpit. In any case diving is necessary. For while dead pilots are having soft, flattering words spoken over them by a preacher, the engineers can find out where their slight miscalculation was.

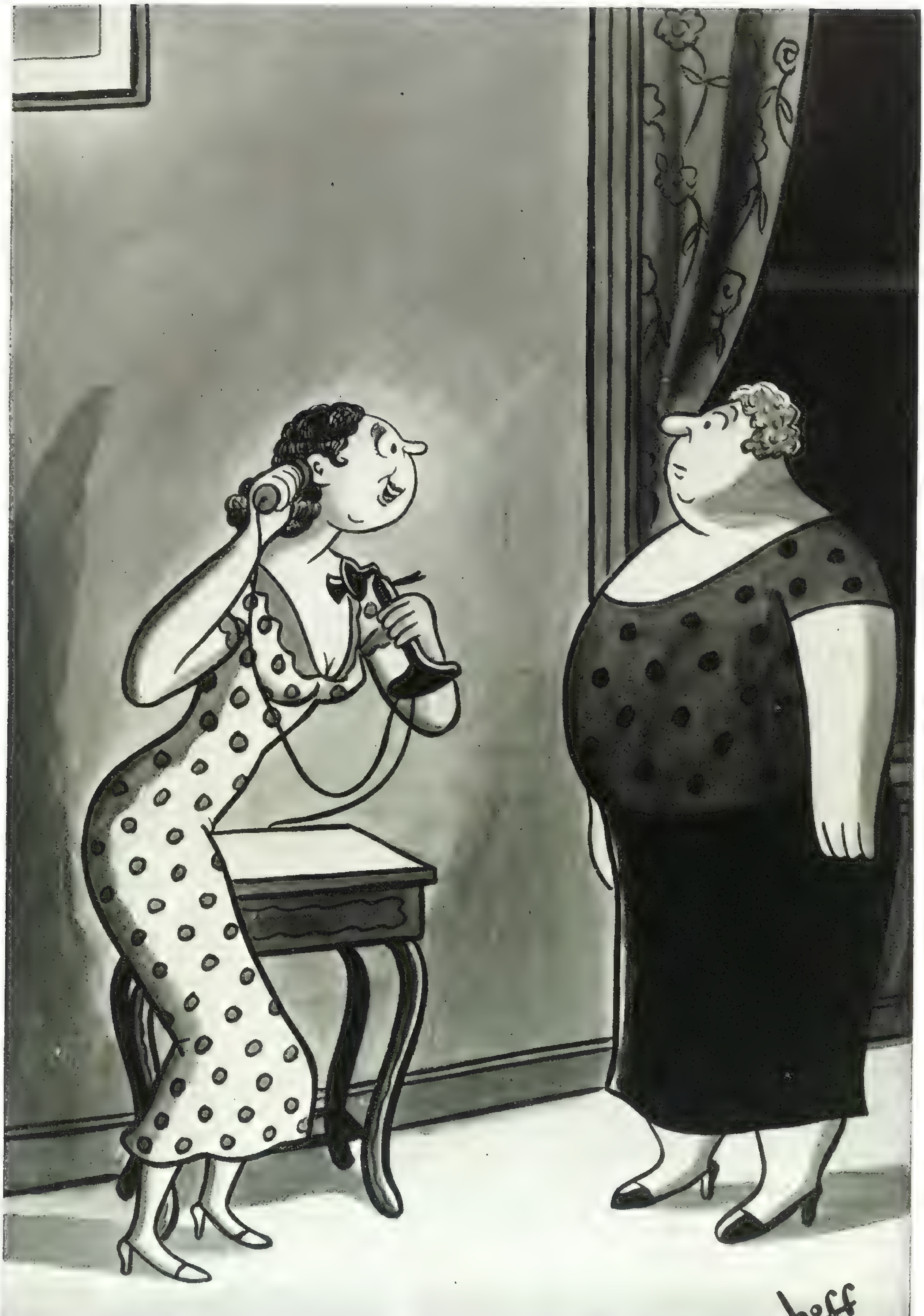
The actual job of diving the plane is the essence of simplicity. All a pilot does is take it up to 16,000-20,000 feet where he puts it into a graceful half roll and sticks its nose straight down. Then he opens the throttle 60 per cent—they fly faster for some reason with 60 per cent than with full throttle.

There is no very acute sensation. The motor makes a deafening sound. Struts whine. Ears ache. When these sounds reach a peak the pilot knows he has achieved terminal velocity—the speed given a plane by gravity plus the pull of the motor. Objects on the earth appear to enlarge rapidly—that is all.

Instrument panel indicators perform antics startling to the uninitiated. The altimeter unreels with fearful speed—18,000—16,000—13,000—9,000 . . . Meanwhile the air speed indicator shoots up—200—275—325—400 . . . and finally reaches a stationary point.

Though the noise of whining struts and roaring motors is ter-

*Continued on page 180*



*"It's a wrong number, Mama, but he sounds wonderful"*

## Hell Bent for Earth

*Continued from pages 71-178*

rific—can generally be heard ten miles off—there is very little sense of vast speed. Sometimes loose floorboards or tools, which are travelling earthward faster than gravity would normally pull them, float through the cockpit or bang against the walls of cabin planes and sometimes even hit pilots in the face.

These, of course, are dangerous. Pilots can't throw them out for fear their bullet-like speed would take off a whole tail surface. So they generally sit on them.

Getting out of the dive is something else again. Obviously when the pilot horses back on the stick centrifugal force is going to jam him down in his seat with a terrific force. The Navy demands 9G's—nine times the pull of gravity before it will accept a plane. During this pull out a 175 pound man pushes down in his seat with 1,575 pounds' pressure.

This is about the maximum pressure a human being can stand. Above this brain cells are apt to burst as indeed they did when a Wright Field pilot several years ago pulled out at 14G's. He is now insane.

But even 9G's is no laughing matter. Backbones bend like bows. Intestinal hemorrhages are not uncommon. Kidney trouble generally follows for several days. And on such pull-outs pilots are always blinded. Blood drawn from the head causes this and sometimes causes temporary unconsciousness.

This latter phenomenon has been a distinct help to army and navy tacticians always looking for ways of making air combat work more subtle. The blindness may be of inestimable value to a flyer caught in a tough spot by an enemy.

Suppose the enemy is on the tail of our hero's plane. Also suppose the two planes are equally speedy, the two pilots equally skillful. Theoretically there is no way to remove the annoying enemy who is spraying our hero's plane with machine gun bullets. Actually the oppressed pilot's ace in the hole is the dive.

Let's imagine a dog-fight. The man being shot at dives straight down for two miles. His enemy follows him and while following has little chance to do much gunning because he is too busy keeping the plane in position. At the bottom the pursued plane pulls out sharply. Its pilot is blinded. The pursuer pulls out and is blinded too.

Now we have two blind men flying planes somewhere in the neighborhood of 400 miles an hour. At that clip anything is liable to happen. The man who was sitting on the world a few thousand feet higher may find that fate has scrambled positions and that he is now the one who is being shot at from behind. He doesn't have room for another dive. He is doomed.

If the trick doesn't work out as nicely as it does here on paper the man who was being shot to pieces at 15,000 feet has one consolation: he was going to be shot down anyway.

The dives have taught army and navy men still another thing: the best way to hit a bomb target is to dive smack at it. Apparently European flyers either haven't found this out or don't like the idea for they always go at a target on a steep glide. The result of this difference is that United States airmen have the world's best bombing scores.

Officials are now working on a corset for Navy diving men to wear—a corset which is supposed to hold their innards in place on the pull outs. The commercial men sometimes tape themselves. Others simply yell as loudly as they can on the "G" tests. This makes stomach muscles taut, helps to relieve the pressure.

Aside from such acute physical hardships the test divers have to stand frequent mental body blows. They see their friends wiped out and frequently have to test the planes they died in. An example of this was when Gehlbach was handed Collins' job with the Grumman. The two were buddies.

Collins' death was a run-of-the-mill test crash. Over Fairchild Field, at Farmingdale, Long Island he put the Grumman into its "G" dive. He had meant it to be his last. A naval man commented, when Collins started to level off: "My God, he pulled out of that one fast."

The plane leveled momentarily, but then plunged downward and crashed in a graveyard. Apparently Collins pulled out too sharply and didn't regain consciousness soon enough to get control—he got too much "G."

When Grumman engineers went to Gehlbach they felt a little squeamish, asking him to fly the plane that had killed his best friend—a man who incidentally picked Lee as the best test pilot of the lot. But he accepted.

He remembered one afternoon at Kelly Field. Two brother officers—friends of Lee's—were bringing a ship in and crashed it. High test gasoline sprayed over them and the plane was a mass of flames in an instant. The whole cadet class watched fire fighters put the fire out and drag two horribly burned bodies out of the embers. They died that night and next morning several men resigned—they didn't want to have to witness such a spectacle again.

The field commandant called all students out. "If any of the rest of you want to resign, now is the time to do it," he said. "I'm afraid you will be called on to see such sights as that one yesterday ever so often. If you can't stand it, now is the best time to find it out."

"From that time on," Gehlbach said, "I've looked at it this way:

*Continued on page 182*

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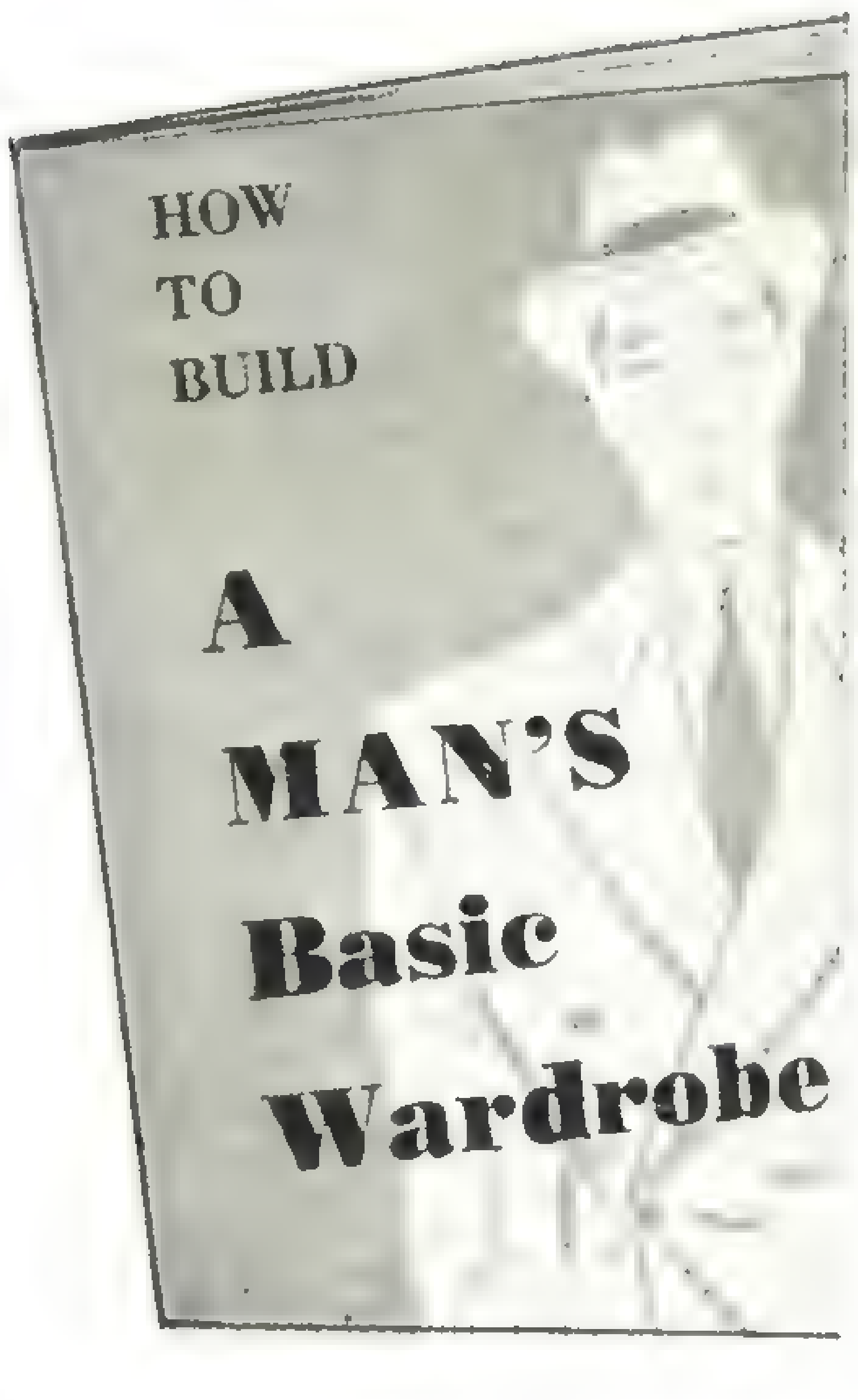

. . . a booklet prepared by Gerald McCann, ready for you now

And who is Gerald McCann? He's the men's fashion adviser of the New York Herald Tribune — respected for the sobriety of his advice and the soundness of his taste. Don't you read him — in the Saturday Herald Tribune?

You ask him a question like this:

Can a man be well-dressed—decently, smart-conservatively dressed—earning, say, $25 a week—or $35? One answer, says counsellor McCann, is that many a fellow couldn't be well-dressed on any amount . . . because his basic wardrobe is so ill-chosen that anything he may add to it is as oil to water — they mix not, neither do they blend.

To help correct this major failing of mankind, McCann's new booklet — A MAN'S BASIC WARDROBE — tells a man what clothes to begin with and what to go on with. It discusses the question of color — that little pest that tries the souls of men and the eyes of women whose lot is to gaze upon them. It tells facts about fabrics, cut, shirts, and collars, and ties, and accessories, and socks, and shoes. It tells you what you can (and cannot) do with a blue worsted or a gray flannel, with tweeds, and cheviots . . . and other matters not less pertinent.

"A MAN'S BASIC WARDROBE" is probably the answer to the prayers of the hope-to-be-better-dressed on a moderate income. It comes to you, by mail, for 25c in stamps (plus 1c for sales tax if you live in New York City) and the coupon below.

Men's Fashion Department
New York Herald Tribune
230 West 41st Street
New York City.

Please send the undersigned.............copies of your new booklet by Gerald McCann — "How to Build A MAN'S BASIC WARDROBE". I enclose 25c in stamps for each copy (1c additional to cover sales tax, if a resident of New York City).

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# MEN—IT SEEMS—LIKE MUD

## . . . evidence that interest in flowers is in its knighthood

Pascal figured that man was lost and saved in a garden — in Eden and Gethsemane. And Voltaire insisted that a man should cultivate either letters or his garden. But here we are in the iron age of grim efficiency wherein flowers are, reputedly, what you say it with . . . and there the story is supposed to end.

✓ ✓ ✓

In a city where gardens, Babylon-like, are hung in skyscraper niches, or hidden in bricked-in areaways, there is a garden-hungry populace that stampedes an annual great horticultural exhibition (in Grand Central Palace), that devours an outstanding newspaper's garden news (the New York Herald Tribune), that enters this paper's famous Yard and Garden Competition with annually increasing whoops.

Now the interesting part is that men — of all creatures — are so prominent in this big-city garden picture. Men, apparently, have an all-enduring affinity for mud and the beauty that grows out of it.

For the five years that the Herald Tribune has sponsored its competition for better yard-keeping and flower culture, twenty-six thousand New Yorkers have troubled to enter an annual free-for-all the sole rewards of which (as symbolized by the medal shown here) are the honor of having a better garden than your neighbor — in the opinion of trained judges.

Not all these competitive gardeners are non-duplicated. Some are never-dies who come up for more each year. Most of them — working New Yorkers — live in the city's suburban fringe. More than you would ever suspect are members of the allegedly sterner, non-flowering sex.

NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE YARD AND GARDEN COMPETITION

Above, for example, is the home of one of them. In cases like this, the master is not the sole gardener, but both master and gardener get their Herald Tribune garden pages -- or know the reason why. And in most cases, as in that house across the way, the gardener is the master, lord of his own domain, furnace man and snow shoveller in the off-season.

Now it was Cowper (his countrymen pronounced him Cooper) who insisted that he who loves a garden loves a greenhouse too . . . but that obviously was before the day when greenhouses marked you as a man apart. Instead of greenhouses, men now live their indoor garden life largely in the garden pages of their newspapers and the catalogues of the great seed houses.

That is why the Herald Tribune, for example, employs on its staff of all-year gardeners such horticultural lights as Edward I. Farrington — the editor of "Horticulture" and secretary of Massachusetts' famed Horticultural Society. And Alfred Putz who was garden-trained in Germany before spending years with American seedsmen — and whose "Garden Notebook" series of articles in the Herald Tribune, reprinted in book form, have sold to the tune of 10,000 copies. Or T. A. Weston — one of those home-gardening genii who grows what he writes about and does his columning weekly in the Herald Tribune's "One Man's Garden."

Here, by the by, is the Herald Tribune captain of this crew of writing gardeners -- J. W. Johnston, tall enough to be a pole-vaulter, broad enough to be a boxer, but content with the garden editorship of this leading garden-newspaper.

Once each year, the Garden lovers of the country (male and female) go berserk and rush to horticultural shows (or the news thereof) in various localities. On such occasions the Press publishes special Garden sections. Would it surprise you to learn that late in February 1500 Clevelanders and 4000 Chicagoans rushed off requests for copies of the Herald Tribune's Horticultural Show section — the minute they read the announcement?

These are a few among many things which show that more and more of America is going garden-wards . . . and Herald Tribune-wards. The thing is so powerful that when, just a year ago, this paper took under its wing the formation of a Junior Garden Club Council in New York, sixty-five hundred young Americans living within fifty miles of City Hall (a lot of boys among them) hastened to join.

There is even tucked away in the Herald Tribune archives evidence that hundreds of New Yorkers have paid $5 a head for a series of this newspaper's lectures on gardening, held in dead winter in the Herald Tribune Auditorium.

✓ ✓ ✓

The New York Herald Tribune's half-million Sunday families include three hundred fifty thousand who live in suburban and country homes complete with running hot water — and a garden. This is the same Herald Tribune, by the way, which carries more garden advertising messages than any other newspaper -- or — for that matter — magazine in America. Maybe you ought to be cultivating both your garden *and* the New York Herald Tribune.

## Hell Bent for Earth

*Continued from pages 71-178-180*

You're going to see friends die. But you can't let it get under your skin. Not in this business."

He shoved the X-737 earthward in dives that chilled the spines hooked on uplifted heads. He undoubtedly travelled faster than any man has ever travelled before—probably somewhere in the neighborhood of 500 miles an hour. When he got down he wasn't even jumpy.

Until last May he had had "several ships start coming apart during tests, but . . . always managed somehow to set them down on the earth without ruining the ship or myself. I've seen the front edges of wings collapse; I've seen fabric tear off and fuselage and things like that but always managed to get the ship down . . ."

Then he went to Edinburg, Ohio, to test a brand new Great Lakes torpedo bomber. "I was giving it the works," he said. "I had her nosed straight down in a power dive for a few thousand feet and was pulling her out at about 8,000 feet. I had my eyes glued on the accelerometer (the instrument which shows the centrifugal force on the pull out) to make sure I was getting it over the Navy minimum. Suddenly I heard a noise like the report of a French 75. Pieces of airplane crashed through the windshield and said hello to me. I looked to one side and saw a wing was gone. I looked ahead and saw the fuselage had gone to pieces. I looked to the other side and saw everything wobbling. So I said to myself: 'This is no place for Mrs. Gehlbach's little boy'—and jumped." That was the 24th plane he tested.

The 25th—the Grumman at Dahlgreen—left him with one memento. Or rather two. Both eyes were blacked. That made Gehlbach sore as hell. For he had just gotten rid of a pair of shiners. The first pair came when he was walking down 8th Avenue, New York. He was just about opposite Madison Square Garden when two pug uglies held him up. Although he had little money with him: "I wasn't going to let them get away with that." He awakened in a doorway next morning.

Let's let Lee talk some more about his profession:

"It's a real pleasure. You know I can't think of a more enjoyable business than mine. You get to fly the very best planes money can build, you don't have to punch a time clock, you get paid unbelievably well, you get around the country.

"And you know these companies are swell to you. They take the best care of you, put you up at whatever hotel you want to stay at, pay all your expenses, and so forth. You know when people treat you like that, you can't help but take good care of their property. You don't want to go around smashing up their planes.

"Dangerous? Danger's only relative, don't forget. My family has always worried about me. I had a grandmother who used to worry about me all the time; she worried continuously. And what did she do but fall down the steps at home and kill herself. Why do you know about 20,000 people are killed every year in domestic accidents like that? A bathtub is one of the most dangerous places in the world, but you still take baths don't you?

"No really, this is just a business—like any other business.

"It's just part of a scientific process. The Navy's been criticized a lot lately for having such stringent requirements for testing planes. I think the Navy's 100 per cent right and is doing a marvelous job. And, as a result, they are getting the finest planes on earth. If any country wants to pick a fight with us, I'm here to tell you that country is in for a good licking—in the air, at least.

"It's just a business like any other business."

Gehlbach admits several drawbacks to his job. One is the fact that he has to be so busy for the few seconds while he is diving. Besides keeping the plane sitting on its nose and keeping an ear cocked for the whine of struts and the roar of the motor that will indicate terminal velocity he has to watch the instrument panel. To improve this situation, "I often think it'd be a good idea to provide test pilots with good looking blonde stenographers to sit on their knees and take readings from the instrument panel."

Let Lee be as gay and flip as he wants about the business and let him expect to live to be 60 as he does. And let him be a story book hero for the newspaper boys. He is still helping with a marvelous job and must know it. Let anyone who doubts this look at a few facts.

These days one never hears of a structural failure of a commercial, army or navy plane. Rickety crates farm boys make out of haywire, old sheets and discarded automobile or motorcycle engines may fall to pieces. Or old Devil fog may get the transports. Or out of whack altimeters may cause army pursuit planes to plow into the mountains along Hell's stretch—the Alleghenies. But you simply don't hear about structural failure of sleek new planes.

Unless the crash is terrific—the plane has flown full throttle into a jutting fragment of the Rockies—the chances are things will be pretty much where they belong. Look at any newspaper picture of a crash. Wings and tail are usually where wings and tail should be.

For this most people thank the engineers. But they ought to save a few salvos for Lee Gehlbach, Vance Breece, Bill Croswell and Eddie Allen—the men who test the Douglases, Boeings, Lockheeds and Northrups. #

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**COGNAC BRANDY**

"I knew you'd ask for Ethyl when I saw your car was new"

Yessir, the high compression engines of the cars built in the past few years have a lot more power—but they need high compression fuel to bring it out. Read the facts at the right.

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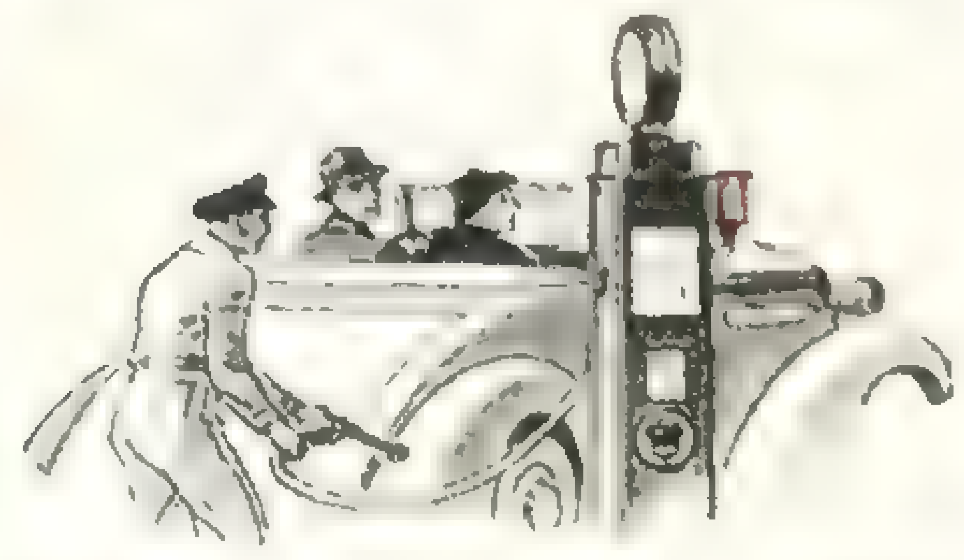
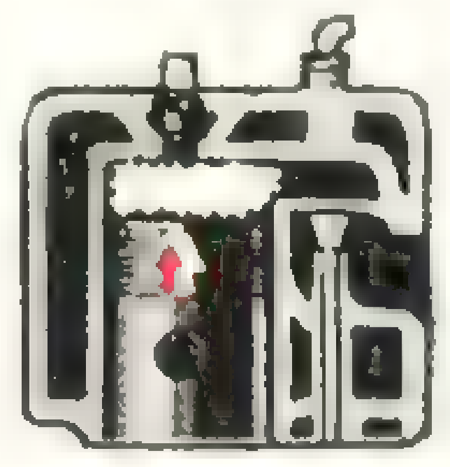
WHAT EVERY CAR OWNER SHOULD KNOW

(Only 37 seconds to read)



Your car cannot run without gasoline. It develops power only by compressing and "firing" gas.



The more gasoline is compressed before it is "fired," the greater the power each cylinder develops.

Gasoline which fails under compression causes a "pinging" sound when you accelerate or take a grade. Called "knock," this means *loss* of power and *waste* of gas.

To make gasoline stand higher compression, most oil companies add anti-knock fluids (containing tetraethyl lead) made by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation.

Special gasoline for *highest* compression is sold at pumps marked "Ethyl" on the base or the globe. At the "Ethyl" pump you get:

- *Enough anti-knock fluid to bring out all the power of the high compression engines of modern cars—and to put new life in older cars.*
- *All-round quality that is doubly checked—by the oil companies and the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation—at the refinery and at the pump.*

Down to 2c a gallon over regular gasoline—far above it in anti-knock (high compression) value.

Get more power from each gallon of gasoline you buy! Make the most of your car-investment! . . .

NEXT TIME GET ETHYL

# Glandbook for the Questing Male

*Continued from page 41*

Outstanding Characteristics at Five Feet:
*Eyes:* large and far apart, but not extremely brilliant.
*Face:* oval, often very strikingly beautiful but always chiseled rather than moulded.
*Skin:* fine, soft, moist, hairless.
*Hair:* inclined toward ash-blonde or one of the sandy indistinct tints, if not true blonde. (This is a tendency, not a rule).
*Teeth:* crowded closely together, and long.
Personality: thrill-chasing, roving, inconstant; very strongly sexed.

### TYPE A-1

Dominant Gland: pre-pituitary.
Accessibility: high, imaginative and very open to suggestion.
Outstanding Characteristics at Twenty Feet:
*Walk:* rangy, loping.
*Build:* lean, somewhat gangling.
*Height:* tall, very definitely above average.
*Bust:* large for this slender build.
Outstanding Characteristics at Five Feet:
*Eyes:* large, and far apart, but not extremely brilliant.
*Face:* bony, especially as to forehead, and high cheek-bones.
*Skin:* fine, soft, moist.
*Hair:* blonde to ash-blonde.
*Teeth:* large, square; especially upper front teeth.
Personality: pensive, thoughtful, masculoid, but also daring and imaginative.

### TYPE B

Dominant Gland: adrenal.
Accessibility: high, usually masculoid; this type often develops a kind of psychic and physical nymphomania: it would seem that even as a woman the adrenal remains essentially masculine in psychic. She wishes, if married, to be the Don Juan of the family, and to have more affairs than her husband. Being of the quick-trigger type she probably will also have many divorces.
Outstanding Characteristics at Twenty Feet:
*Walk:* boyish, quick and springy.
*Build:* boyish; tendency towards muscularity or clean-cut hard and firm athletic figure; the ideal of the modern college magazine illustration.
*Height:* short to medium.
*Bust:* medium; fairly good proportions.
Outstanding Characteristics at Five Feet:
*Eyes:* quick, usually brown.
*Face:* rather forceful, pert, inclination towards squareness and low hair line. Vivacious.
*Skin:* usually freckled.
*Hair:* curly to almost kinky. Usually coarse. Color often most unexpected, as black among Scandinavians and yellow for Italians. All real red heads belong to this glandular type.
*Teeth:* accented canines; teeth slightly inclined toward red-brown coloring; not real white.
Personality: masculoid, intelligent, good business-woman, has an inclination towards the world of affairs, politics, manly interests. Can be very explosive, vicious, "neurasthenic," capable of strange and incomprehensible acts that harm herself more than others.

### TYPE C

Dominant Gland: thyroid (excessive, or hyperthyroid.)
Accessibility: high.
Outstanding Characteristics at Twenty Feet:
*Walk:* animal, and nervous.
*Build:* very remarkable. Perfectly symmetrical. Limbs just the right proportion in relation to rest of body. Head neither too large nor too small. Tendency towards leanness. No tremendously developed muscles. Sleek and supple. Very beautiful legs.
*Height:* medium to tall.
*Bust:* somewhat smaller and more firm than pre-pituitary (A2)
Outstanding Characteristics at Five Feet:
*Eyes:* too brilliant and big: "pop-eyed."
*Face:* oval, delicate modeling of all the features, *wide high brow*, long eyelashes, general expression one of suppressed excitement.
*Skin:* soft, moist, no fat beneath it.
*Hair:* luxurious, inclination towards brunette, or deep reds.
*Teeth:* pearly, even, translucent.
Personality: restless, sleepless, never tires, subject to palpitation of the heart, too gay one moment and too depressed in the next; explosive crises are too often a form of this type's psychic expression.

### TYPE D

Dominant Gland: thymus.
Accessibility: variable, but apt to look both more interested and more interesting than she is. Thus given fourth ranking in place of the first ranking that you might expect.
Outstanding Characteristics at Twenty Feet:
*Walk:* the graceful walk of a dancer.
*Build:* in perfect proportion, but delicately moulded. Thin waist.
*Height:* can be almost any height.
*Bust:* apt to be immature, arrested.
Outstanding Characteristics at Five Feet:
*Eyes:* baby-big; almost always blue. Very long eyelashes.
*Face:* delicately moulded, almost as if cut in soap. "Peaches and cream" complexion. Chin has a faint tendency to recede, or become weak and babyish. Angelic; doll-like.
*Skin:* unusually delicate, reminiscent of roseate translucent marble.
*Hair:* exceptionally silky, the fine texture a better guide than the color, which is almost always mixed, as for example dirtyish blonde, blackish brown.
*Teeth:* milky white, but very thin and rather translucent.
Personality: the soul of a child, intelligent, quixotic, flighty, cruel, but often trusting as well. But not the personality of other "normal" human beings. Dangerous: the kind that always gets acquitted by juries because "everything went black."

This, then, in the order of their accessibility, completes the listing of the four basic types of glandular dominants. And for the sidewalk analyst, it is about here that the alphabet stops. There's no point in going on to X or Z, for though those women may well have hearts of gold, they are so unappealing to the eye of the nympholept that he seldom wastes a second glance on them.

**C1:** *Low; the pal, the comrade, sisterly . . .*

But there are two variants of Type A and Type C that must be listed next, and it is most important to list them because they are, on the score of accessibility, exceptions that prove the rule. Although they belong to those two glorious categories, the post-pituitary, and the thyroid, in which the excessives (Types A and C listed above) both look interesting and are as interested as they look, these are not the excessives but merely the dominants, and the sad fact that they are twice as hard to interest as the excessives, while almost as interesting to look at, must be accepted philosophically as one of the hazards of the course of the questing male.

### TYPE A2

Dominant Gland: post-pituitary.
Accessibility: in contrast to the excessive (type A), the post-pituitary dominant will probably want to see the engagement ring first. In any event, it will at least be necessary to tell her that you will love her dearly, and positively forever.
Outstanding Characteristics at Twenty Feet:
*Walk:* womanly.
*Build:* slight, rather delicate, but not as sharply moulded as the thymo-centric (Type D). Earthy, sexy, but not heavy.
*Height:* short.
*Bust:* large.
Outstanding Characteristics at Five Feet:
*Eyes:* prominent and either very widely or very narrowly spaced.
*Face:* broad oval, and very Dresden China doll-like, but not to be confused with the true baby-face of the thymo-centric (Type D).
*Skin:* roseate, creamy, warm, moist, flushes readily.
*Hair:* thick, with tendency toward golden blonde or any of the shades on the blonde side.
*Teeth:* rather long and crowded.
Personality: "The little heroine herself"—with steely little fingers and a will of iron.

### TYPE C1

Dominant Gland: thyroid.
Accessibility: low.
Outstanding Characteristics at Twenty Feet: (these are exactly the same as C above, but not quite so lean.)
Outstanding Characteristics at Five Feet: (these too are exactly similar to C, with the exception of the eyes, which are brilliant but not so "pop-eyed" as C; likewise expression is calm, serene, and poetic, instead of startled and bursting with pent-up excitement.
Personality: pleasant, frank, open, poetic, vivacious; the pal, the comrade.

The above four central types will complete our INDEX of pretty and beautiful women. They are the four primiary colors of the palette, and practically every other feminine color, or type-personality, can be mixed from them. As I have noted before, in endocrinology there are no "pure" types; there are merely dominants around which the body chemistry swings. It will be your pleasure to single out by yourself which is which, and in exactly what ratio she is this and in exactly what ratio she is that; these are merely the prime colors, the fundamentals. Oftentimes it may be necessary to refer back to the various original glandular processes themselves to finish your decoding in such style as becomes an amateur endocrine hobbyist. In this way, gradually, lovely ladies will take themselves apart before your very eyes and become a fine tenebrous network . . . the history of their lives written upon one tooth alone. Fascinating prospect, isn't it? #

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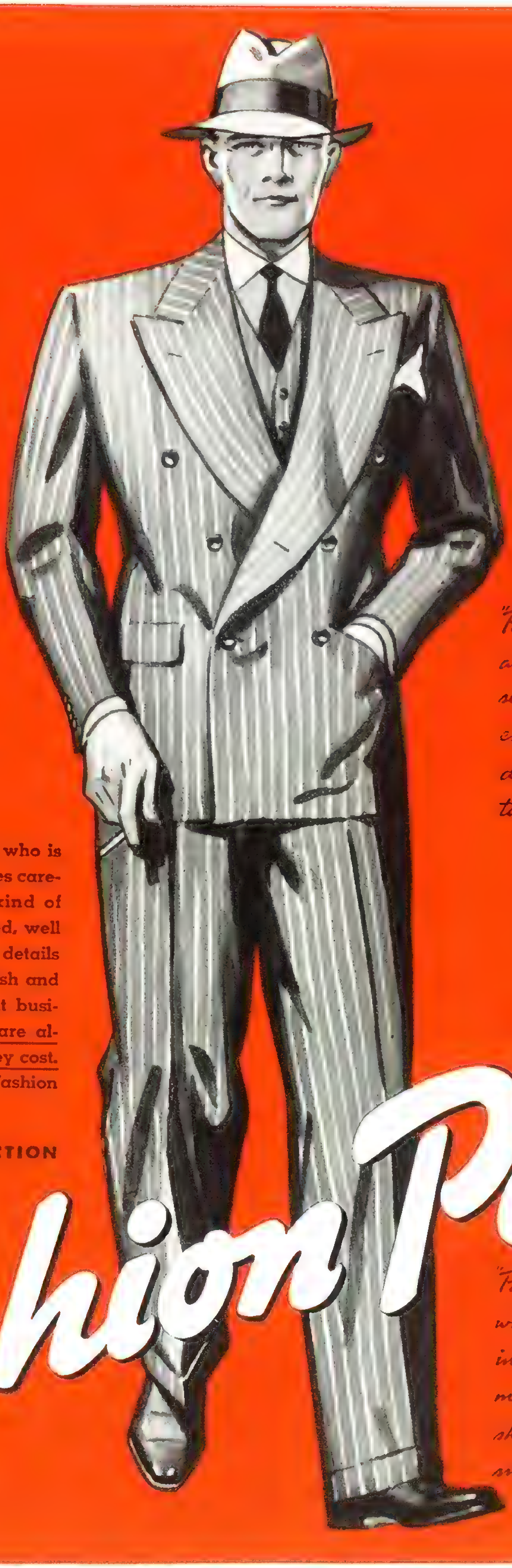

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# The Sound and the Fury

*Continued from pages 6-8*

## PREMISE: THE PLAY'S NOT THE THING

So you stumbled through five years' records at Cambridge trying to put the finger on one Van Wyck Potter's fountain of erudition. Shades of Aristophanes! Wasn't one gander at that mess of clotted nonsense called *Revue of Reviews* enough to satisfy you that he could never have sat at Copey's feet?

Unconventional may Esquire's pages forever remain, but never the repository for the sophomoric bilge of one who confuses the constitutional guaranty of free speech with an unbridled license to bastardize the English tongue. Rather in a freshman text of verbotens belong such phrases as "decoded my identity," "an hour's easy automobile run," and "the only fit man left in the U.S. to conduct his theatre department." Left in the U.S. indeed, preferably left in the sack when they drowned the rest of the litter.

As for critical faculties, well, a fumbling syntax might be tolerated if diligent sluicing revealed an occasional grain of intelligent perceptivity, but what of hope this side of Hades can there be for the befuddled mentality of him who solemnly pronounced, "An individual performance, whatever its nature, can never be more *credible* than the text from which it springs?" What possible validity can be claimed for any conclusions he may reach if his basic premises are so puerile that he is unaware that the essence of the actor's task is to give what he can of credibility to a text which, by the very nature of the framework within which the dramatist is confined, must be intrinsically incredible.

Unless he has surprised you in some unmentionable mischief, let S. Choirboy go back on relief. If we have got to keep him alive let's do it as nearly involuntarily as possible. Thumbs down!

Yours,
Sacramento, Calif. Tom Reynolds

## AN ADVENTURE IN CONTENTMENT

It's about time for somebody to say something lucid in favor of Hemingway. It's a little tiresome hearing the misbegotten yaps of unperceivers. First, Little Mann (Feb. issue), who spent part of his busy day in demonstrating that a course in grammar would not be amiss in his own case and in making a valorous and understandable offer to punch Hemingway's snoot (H. being some 1400 safe miles away).

Hemingway breaks the rules, says Little Mann. I'd like to dispute that. Hemingway doesn't break the rules: he adapts them. He leaves out commas and other punctuation marks where most writers would put them in; he twists his prose around peculiarly. All true, but also sound, for Hemingway writes the most rhythmic singing prose in America and it's a pleasure to read him for style alone—if you're sensitive to style (and few, alas, are). He's the writing counterpart, in a sense, to the impressionistic painters. Thus, many accuse his characters of being puppets. They are puppets, as compared for example to Ring Lardner's very alive characters; but they aren't really puppets—they're impressionistic figures, as he intends them to be.

Others object to his use of cuss-words and compare him to a little boy writing in chalk on a back fence. This objection is stupid nonsense. Hemingway is absorbed by life in its more brutal aspects, so why the idiotic implication that his characters should speak like something out of Horatio Alger?

I'm not fool enough to expect my statements above to convince anybody. They're too lucid by far to convince a congenital unperceiver, for this type of human can't stand logic nor perception. The world is sadly cluttered by an unperceiving majority, whose puerile caterwaulings serve only two purposes: to irritate or to amuse the discriminating.

As for Mr. Picnic Brown (Feb.) who objects to what he calls horror stuff (murder, rapine, frustration and the like) it would perhaps be best for him to stick to the happy-ending magazines which are addressed to the above-mentioned obtuse majority, and to recognize the fact that Esquire is addressed to readers who are, theoretically at least, a little above the average level of intelligence. Such readers commonly recognize the fact that the ending of all stories in life is—death. As for such stories leaving a bad taste in the mouth—nonsense. On the contrary, most of us feel distinctly better by contrast, for our own situation (temporarily, at least) is usually better and we achieve the normal glow from the temporary feeling of superiority.

Yours,
R. Duncan Dumbreck
Northfield, Mass.

P.S.: Dos Passos' weird piece on Valentino was excellent, being perfectly adapted to the subject matter—but there'll probably be a carload of squawks from former readers of Wild West Weekly.

## OR CALM DISDAIN

Perhaps a cold silence would be the more correct reaction after that outburst of passion from "Six at Princeton" slid out of the Jersey Jungle.

However, may we offer our most sincere condolences to the large number of Princetonians who must have been completely innocent!

Certain Harvardmen
Cambridge, Mass.

## HAND OF THE POTTER

Yours truly is no authority on the drammer but he wishes to state that Choirboy Potter is also no authority on journalistic criticism. Take for instance his maidenly slam at Atkinson. Atkinson says Eva Le Gallienne's dispassionate but clear and simple style of acting makes a slightly incredible part more believable. The Choirboy says that is an impossibility and implies that it is a contradiction in terms. In other words a good actor or actress has never taken a weak rôle and made it outstanding, clothed it with credibility and created the illusion of reality. A proficient actress would not have more success in this attempt than a bum one. Is that right, Mr. Potter? Manifestly not! *Reductio ad absurdum* and bilge water.

Robert Forsythe, the next critic that Choirboy attempts to irritate or as your caption writer optimistically puts it, vivisect, is so much Choirboy's superior that the result of the operation is pitiful for the would-be vivisector. He takes a sentence out of Forsythe's appreciation of *Paradise Lost* and attempts to reduce it to an absurdity by dragging in Forsythe's age and a lot of Neanderthalic names such as Hawtrey, Bellew, Boucicault, Kelcey, etc. Is that a subtle way for Mr. Potter to clinch his hopeful claim of being known as an old timer or is it just good clean fun?

The fact remains that *Paradise Lost* has deep social significance as an example of petty-bourgeois decay (the same might be said of Van Wyck P.) and is damn good entertainment (last statement cannot apply to Mr. Potter).

A few paragraphs further along we learn that the Choirboy is an authority on prostitutes and their degree of sentimentality.

He very carefully corrects Mr. George Jean Nathan and Mr. Kingsley on one or two of the finer points of the profession. Your correspondent is in no position to quarrel with the pundits on this matter as he boasts only a passing knowledge, but he thinks it must be a great comfort to Esquire's editors to have acquired an expert in two fields for the price of one.

Very truly yours,
Seattle, Wash. Ridgely Cummings

*Continued at top of page 190*

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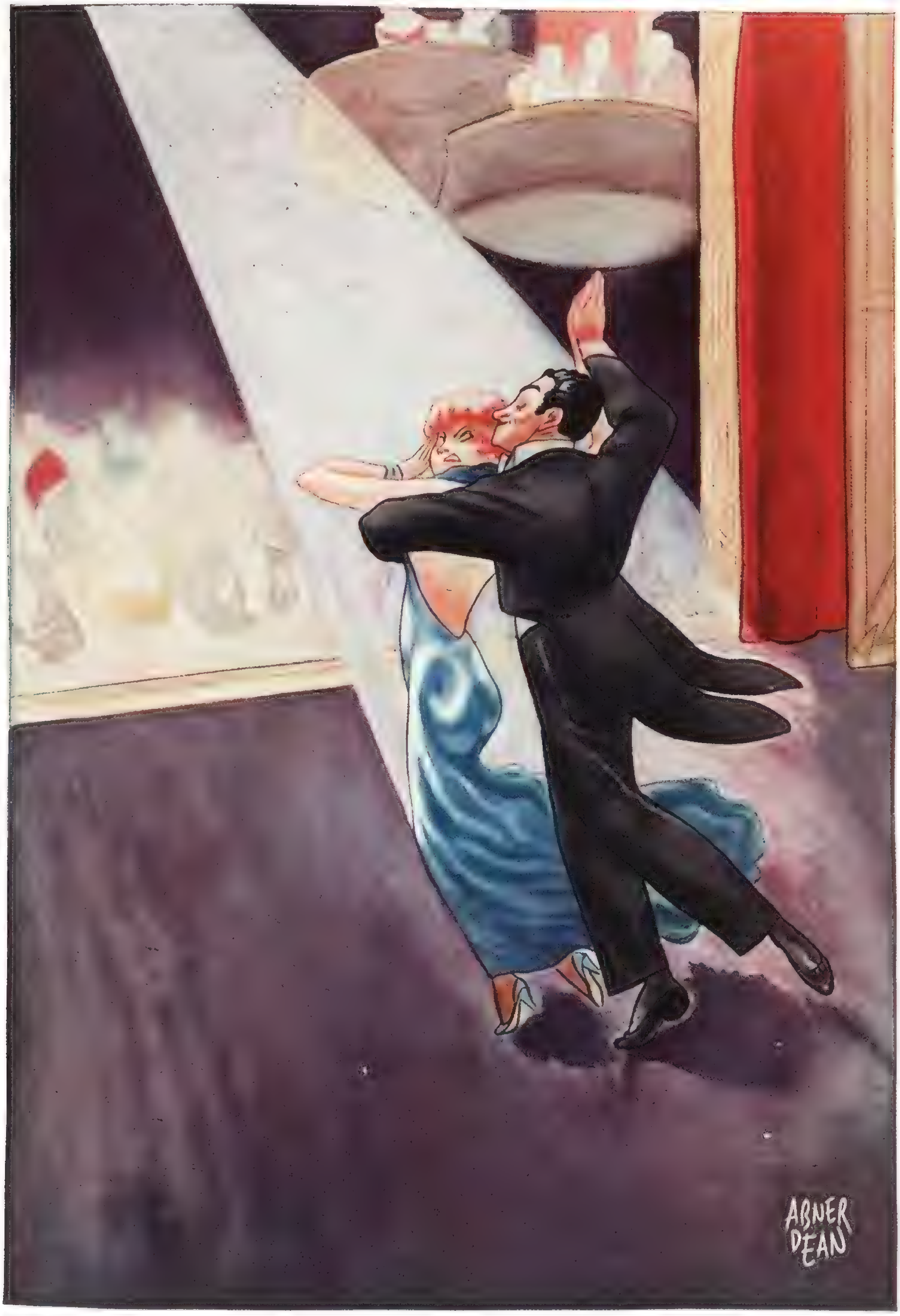

*"What's that, wise guy, the overlapping grip?"*

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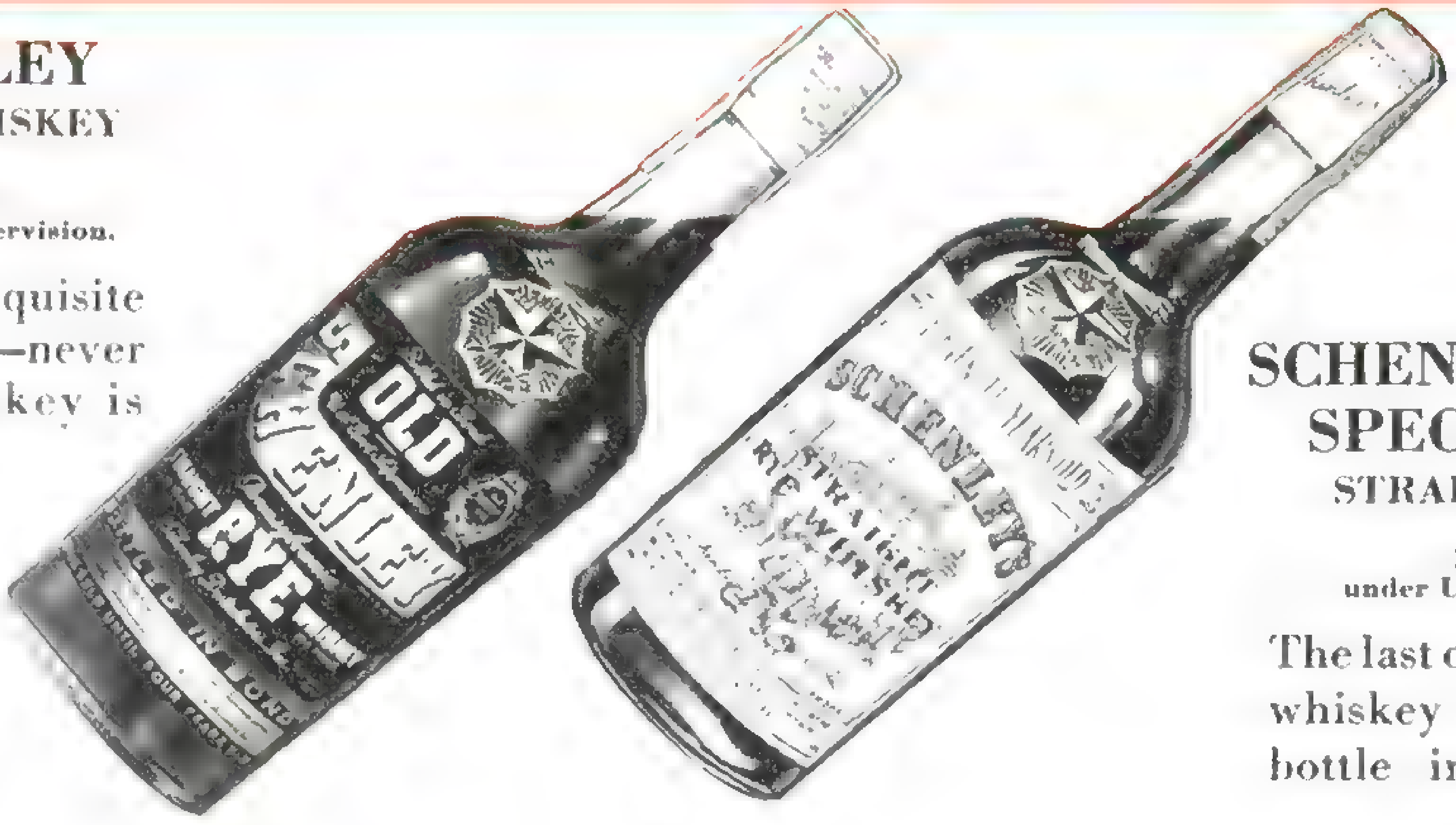

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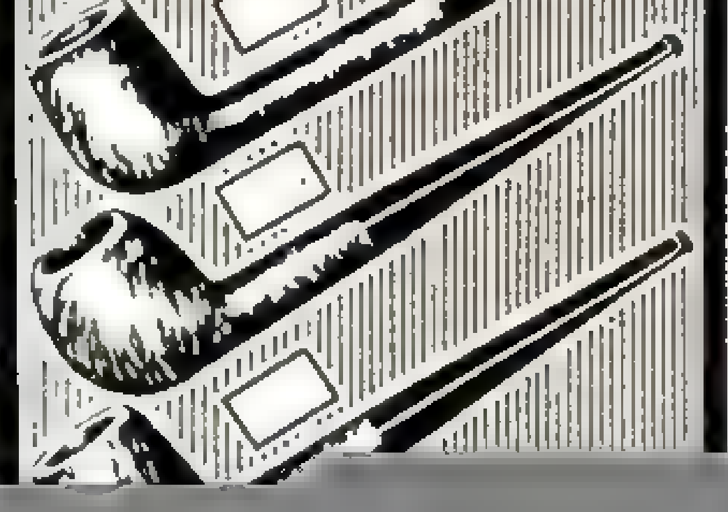

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## The Sound and the Fury

*Continued from pages 6-8-186*

### THE GOOD WALK HOME

Had you shown clearness in your recent issue, you would have placed *Women Are Good Drivers* under a Satire or Comic heading; instead you had to go serious on us and label it "Article." Really to have been truthful I think you might have captioned it *Subsidy.* Of course I have no desire to be unfair to anyone and I apologize for the thought if I am wrong (no one will probably ever know) but if the author didn't collect from some national organization for selling automobiles he is a poor business man.

All of these women-are-the-better-driver bushwhas smack of the little boy going down a darkened street at night whistling at full lung capacity. So very nonchalant—oh yes, very—not afraid in the least as he glances carefully (although surreptitiously) at every bush and shadow, at every tree and dark enshrouded spot. Just whistling! Yes, whistling to keep up his nerve. So periodically some poor sap has to come along and tell us what fine automobile drivers women make. And how do they do this proving?—by telling us men it's our own fault women can't drive better. Ha-ha! Got you there—you admit they should drive better! So say we all.

Then these provers start in with "statistics." Whose statistics and what statistics. You know the old saying figures don't lie but liars figure, well, can statistics disclose the occasions that you and I have jeopardized ourselves and occupants of our car helping some woman be a "good driver?" No, and you know and I know that this refutes all statistics. The results of their mistakes or poor driving that might compose statistics are usually buried.

If you want to nominate Woman as a cautious and possibly careful driver you might go to the head of your class, but as a "good" or "better" driver, NO! Why?

All you have to do to find out the trouble with most women's driving is ask them a few questions.

"Do you like to drive?"

"Oh no. I detest it."

"Why?"

"Oh, there are so many rules, and regulations. It's, it's, oh it's just too bothersome."

"What else annoys you, in traffic for instance?"

"Why the men drivers, the big bullies, they haven't any chivalry—no regard for a woman driver at all!"

There folks, you have it in a nutshell. Women, who for the most part are not physically up to properly handling a car mechanically, haven't the mental perspective to understand a man-on-business disregard for her when she wants the right of way "because she's a woman." It is more than likely he didn't observe it was a woman driving or he'd pulled over to the curb while she got in somebody else's way.

What if a man occasionally sticks a hand out "like a dish rag?" He indicates he's going to do something while a woman signals for a right-turn and goes left—putting a dent in your right fender on her way. And how many times have you seen some woman take both hands off her wheel and light a cigaret with her car in motion?

Did you ever check a woman's estimate of speed of an on-coming car? Just do so, it is quite illuminating and explains many a crowding you've cussed. And watch the average woman overtake a car. See how wide she swings (even if it takes her dangerously into approaching traffic). "Oh well, what's the difference, they can get over" (into the ditch maybe), and then cuts back when hardly clear, immediately reducing speed (so the mere man she's passed can push her along perhaps!). Oh yes, she's a *fine* driver; record completely clear; and she, more than you, will never suspect the ditched cars and other minor injuries she has left in her wake because she hasn't the logic to reason out the results of her acts, or understanding enough of others' rights to recognize the selfishness of her own actions.

Cautious—perhaps—but is a cautious driver a good one?

Well, you ride with 'em. *I'll drive* myself or walk!

Yours,

Los Angeles, Calif. H. W. DUNHAM

### THANCK U

I supose it dozent matter vury much, butt U didnt spel something write in March, 1936 (pag 35, coll. 1, parograph 2).

Eugenean hills is nott speld like U woud thinck. It has too As. As this: "Euganean hills." Ital.: *Colli Euganei.* Peetark usd too liv their. Thay are a littl les than too thousand feat hi.

Sincerly,

College Station, Tex. LAER KIRK
Instructor, English Deppt. ###

## Slice 'em Down

*Continued from page 45*

—not changing the subject—Terry's sure got a funny taste in women, ain't he? Going around with that old stuck up yellow hussy they calls Mrs. Angelina Walls. I heard her say she didn't speak to nobody what come here on a freight train, herself."

"She's got a high nose," said Sling. "But Terry, he's all right."

IV

Packed and jammed, the Club, on Saturday night. Little colored Club in Reno. Six foot bar and dance floor no bigger than a dime.

*Ain't no use to call.*
*I'm goin' down to Frisco*
*I'm goin' by myself.*
*I'm sorry for you, honey, but and*
*You sho' Lawd will be left.*

Sling and Charlie-Mae dancing in a slow embrace. Mrs. Angelina Walls and Terry sitting at the bar drinking.

Angelina really shouldn't have had so many beers, with her education and reserve and all, but when you cook the whole week long for white folks over a hot stove, you need something on a Saturday night.

glass or two on me."

"O. K.," said Terry, tipsy enough to begin mixing his drinks. "Gimme a shetland, too."

As the music ended, several of the dancers flocked toward the bar, among them Sling and Charlie-Mae, arm in arm.

"Here comes the common herd," said Angelina, but Terry didn't grasp what she said. Charlie-Mae heard, however—and understood, too—as she sat down and turned her back.

"Gimme two shetlands," Sling called to the barman. "Hy there, buddy," he said to Terry, slapping his pal on the back, "you's huggin' the rail mighty close tonight. Why don't you dance?"

But before Terry could answer, Mrs. Walls explained. "The floor at this Club's too full of riff-raff for me," she said. "I come here to Reno on a *train*, myself." She was aiming directly at Charlie-Mae sitting beside her.

"That's more'n your boy-friend did," said Sling, grinning at Terry.

"Well, if he didn't," said Mrs. Walls in a half-drunken voice, "he's a real man right on. He earns a decent living shining shoes —not working down in no Chinese rat-joint like you, cleaning up after gamblers, and running around with womens what don't know they name."

Sling was shamed into silence —but Charlie-Mae whirled around and slapped her face. Angelina's beer went all over her dress. Terry jumped up and pushed Charlie-Mae from her stool.

"Here! Here!" cried Terry.

"Don't you touch my woman," Sling yelled at his pal.

"Well, tell her not to touch my woman, then," said Terry. "Don't you know who I is? I'm badder'n usual tonight."

"Huh!" said Sling.

"Terry, protect me," Mrs. Walls cried, holding her well-slapped cheek. "A decent girl can't live in this town."

"No, they can't," said Charlie-Mae, "not if they acts like you—and I'm around."

"Don't mess with her," warned Sling, glaring at Terry.

"Man, is you talking to me?" asked Terry of his friend.

"I'm bad," said Sling.

"Is you tryin' to tell *me* who's bad in this town? If there's anybody bad, it's Terry. And I'm a terrible terrier this evenin', too!"

"Bark on!" said Sling.

"Listen, honey," pleaded Charlie-Mae loudly in Sling's ear, "do him like you say you did them railroad bulls—slice him down!"

Said Terry, "Slice who down?"

"Slice you down," said Sling, "if you fools around with me. You my buddy, and we don't want no trouble, but just leave me and Charlie-Mae alone, that's all, and take your old hinkty heifer out o' here where she belong, 'cause she can't stand no company sides herself. She's a fool!"

"Oh!" screamed Mrs. Walls. "You hear him, Terry? Hit him! Hit him for my sake!"

"If he do, he'll never hit another human," said Sling slowly.

"Boy," said Terry, "I'll pickle you in a minute."

"And you'll be a sliced baloney," said Sling.

"Not me!" cried Terry, drawing a switch-blade and backing swiftly toward the wall. His knife was the kind that has a little button in it. When you push the button once, the blade flies out half-way. When you push it twice, it flies out about six inches.

Switch-blades are dangerous weapons, but Sling was prepared. He drew a razor, a good old steel razor, slightly outmoded for shaving, but still useful for defense.

Didn't nobody holler, "Don't let 'em fight!"

On a Saturday night in a little club, down by the railroad track out West, in a town between the mountains, what could be more fun than a good fight with knives and razors? It didn't matter if they were buddies, them boys didn't nobody holler, "Stop that fight!"

Women stood on stools and tables. The barman got on a beer keg behind the bar. The piano-player brought his own stool nearer the scene of combat.

Folks had to hold Charlie-Mae to keep her from attacking Angelina, for two fights at the same time would have spoilt the fun.

"You women wait," everybody said.

"Boy, I'm tellin' you, I mean business," warned Sling, his eyes red, his teeth shining, and his feelings hurt. "Don't come a-near me!"

"I done heard so much from you about how bad you is," said Terry. "I just want to see. You been my pal, but I believe you's lyin' about your badness."

His long face was a shiny black under his derby. He was trembling.

"I'll cut you down," said Sling, "like you warn't no friend."

"Cut then—and don't talk," said Terry, " 'cause I'm quicker'n greased lightnin' and I'm liable to get you first."

Suddenly his knife flashed and Sling's left coat sleeve split like a torn ribbon—swiss-ss-sh! But at the same time, Sling's razor made a moonlike upward movement and cut straight through the brim of Terry's derby, narrowly missing an eyebrow.

The crowd roared. It was getting good. Didn't nobody say, "Don't let 'em fight."

Sling, with a quick movement of his arm, sent the derby swirling through space and brought his weapon back into play for a slash at Terry's vitals, his flying razor cutting a wide gash straight across his friend's middle, slicing the front of Terry's pants open at the belt and exposing several layers of undergarments. But Terry's switch-blade went deep into Sling's fashionably padded shoulder before either stepped back.

Both began to bleed, but nobody fell. Their new and still un-

*Continued on page 192*

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*The* SCRIPT *The* BLOCK

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## Slice 'em Down

*Continued from pages 45-191*

paid-for suits got cut and stained. Blood dropped down on their two-tone shoes as the fighters stood apart, panting for a few moments.

A loud murmur went up from the crowd, and Charlie-Mae screamed, "My God!"

Just then Sling's razor found the mark it had been looking for—a place where a cut would always show so that people could say that he, Sling, had put it there. He slit the side of Terry's face right down, from temple to chin.

"Sling," Terry cried, "don't do that to me! Man, I'm bad! I'm tellin' you, I'm bad and I'll hurt you!"

"Lemme see," said Sling, panting against the bar, "I's heard tell you's bad. Lemme see."

"I'll show you," said Terry, charging so swiftly that before Sling could side-step, he ran his knife all the way up to the hilt in his companion's side—and left it there.

Sling looked down, saw where the knife had lodged, gasped, trembled, rolled his eyes up, and crumpled backward to the floor.

Terry saw his pal go down, taking the knife with him embedded in his sky-blue coat, his mouth agape, his razor arm limp, his eyes like eggs. And something about the sight of that falling body made his own limbs begin to shake, his knees grow weaker, his bleeding jaw hurt more and more, and his throat fill up with a beating heart. Suddenly, he, too, passed out, sinking prone upon the floor.

"Here! Here! Here!" barked the bartender as he saw them both topple, "you two boys done fought enough now. Cut it out, I say! Cut it out!"

He jumped over the bar and pushed his way through the crowd. As Charlie-Mae shrieked hysterically and strong men turned their heads, the bartender stooped and pulled the knife from Sling's side.

"Funny," he said, frowning sharply, "there ain't no blood on this knife! Some of you-all take care o' Terry yonder while I see after this boy."

The bartender raised Sling up, but his unseeing head fell limply backwards. Others crowded near to help and to stare. They took off his sky-blue coat. One arm was bloody. They took off his fawn-colored vest, too, and unbuttoned his lemon-cream shirt. Underneath, he had on a grey sweat-shirt. They pulled that off. Under the sweat-shirt, he wore a ragged purple sweater. They removed that.

"I don't see how any knife ever got to his skin," said one of the helpers, "with all these clothes he's got on."

"I don't believe it did," said the bartender. "His side ain't bleedin'."

And sure enough, when they finally got down to Sling's cocoa-colored skin, he didn't have a scratch on his body—except that old scar across his shoulder. His arm was cut slightly, but his body proper not in the least.

"Shaw!" That there knife had to go through too many wrappings. He ain't dead," said the bartender disappointedly. "Boy, you wake up!" And he dropped Sling's head back on the floor with a bang, to turn his attention to Terry.

By now, Terry was sitting up, a towel tied around his slit cheek.

"Did I kill him?" he moaned. "Is I done kilt my partner?"

"Naw, you ain't killed nobody," the bartender barked. "Both you hucks get up off that floor and let things be as they were before this mess started. Shame on you, lettin' a little blood scare both of you—till you so weak you have to lay down. Sling, unroll them eyes!"

By this time, Sling's eyes were unrolled, and he felt his half-naked body in amazement at finding it still whole. Only his forearm was bleeding a little where the fleshy part was cut. He sat up and looked anxiously across at Terry.

Terry looked back at Sling and then pointed to his wounded face. "Say, boy, is I got a good scar?"

"Terry," Sling said, his voice shaking, "I thought I'd done killed you."

"I said, boy, is I got me a good scar?"

"Man," Sling said generously, "you got a better scar than I got now—'cause your'n is gonna be on your face where everybody can see it, and mine's just on my shoulder."

Terry grinned with delight. "Well, all right, then," he said as he rose from the floor. "This fight's been some good after all! Get up from there, Sling, and put on your clothes. Let's have a drink."

As Sling gathered up his near-silk shirt and ragged sweater, his well-sliced coat and wrinkled tie, Terry looked around for his "company."

"Where's my lady friend?" he asked.

"Who? Angelina Walls?" some woman answered. "Why, man, she runned out of here no sooner'n she seed you get cut! *She* couldn't be mixed up in no murder trial. She's too respectable."

"A hinkty hussy!" said Sling.

"She is for true," said Terry. "Come on, boy, let's drink."

Sling, his lemon-colored shirt tail out, looked around for his woman. "Charlie-Mae," he said, glaring at his erstwhile sweetie as she emerged, all freshly powdered,

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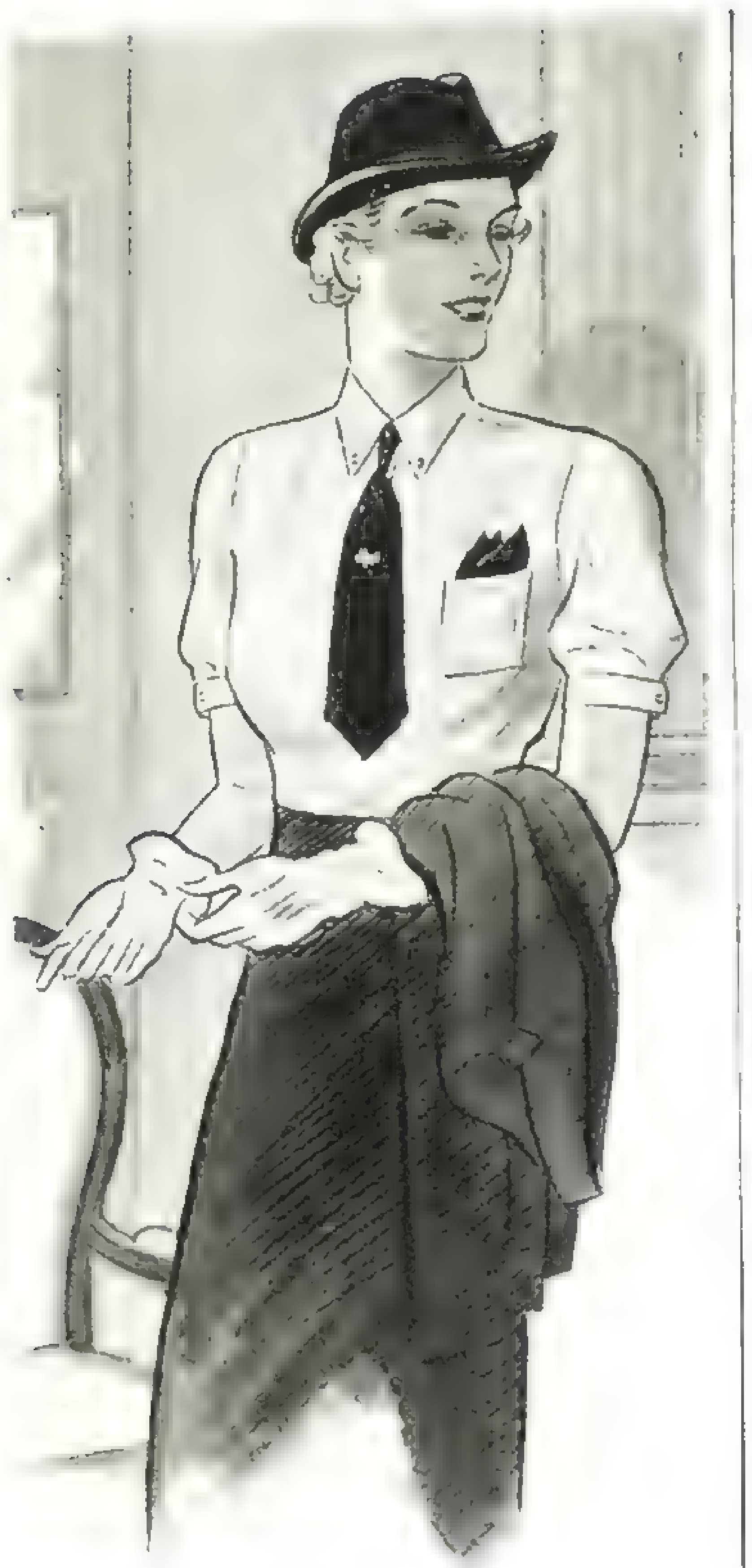

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from the Ladies Room, "this boy's my pal, and here you done like to made me kill him, right this evenin'. You get goin'!"

Charlie-Mae, heeding the look in Sling's eyes, got going—without a word.

The two big fellows, tattered and torn, key chains dangling and sartorial effects awry, rested their elbows on the bar. They grinned proudly at one another.

"Two shetlands," Sling said to the bartender.

"For two bad men," said Terry, "'cause we really bad!"

"We slice 'em down," said Sling.

"We really slice 'em down," said Terry. ⧺

## The Tale of Three Cities

*Continued from page 105*

I shall sleep the good sleep tonight. . . . I am more than even. . . . I am three up on Monsieur . . . three up.

He turns out the light with a carefree gesture.

CURTAIN

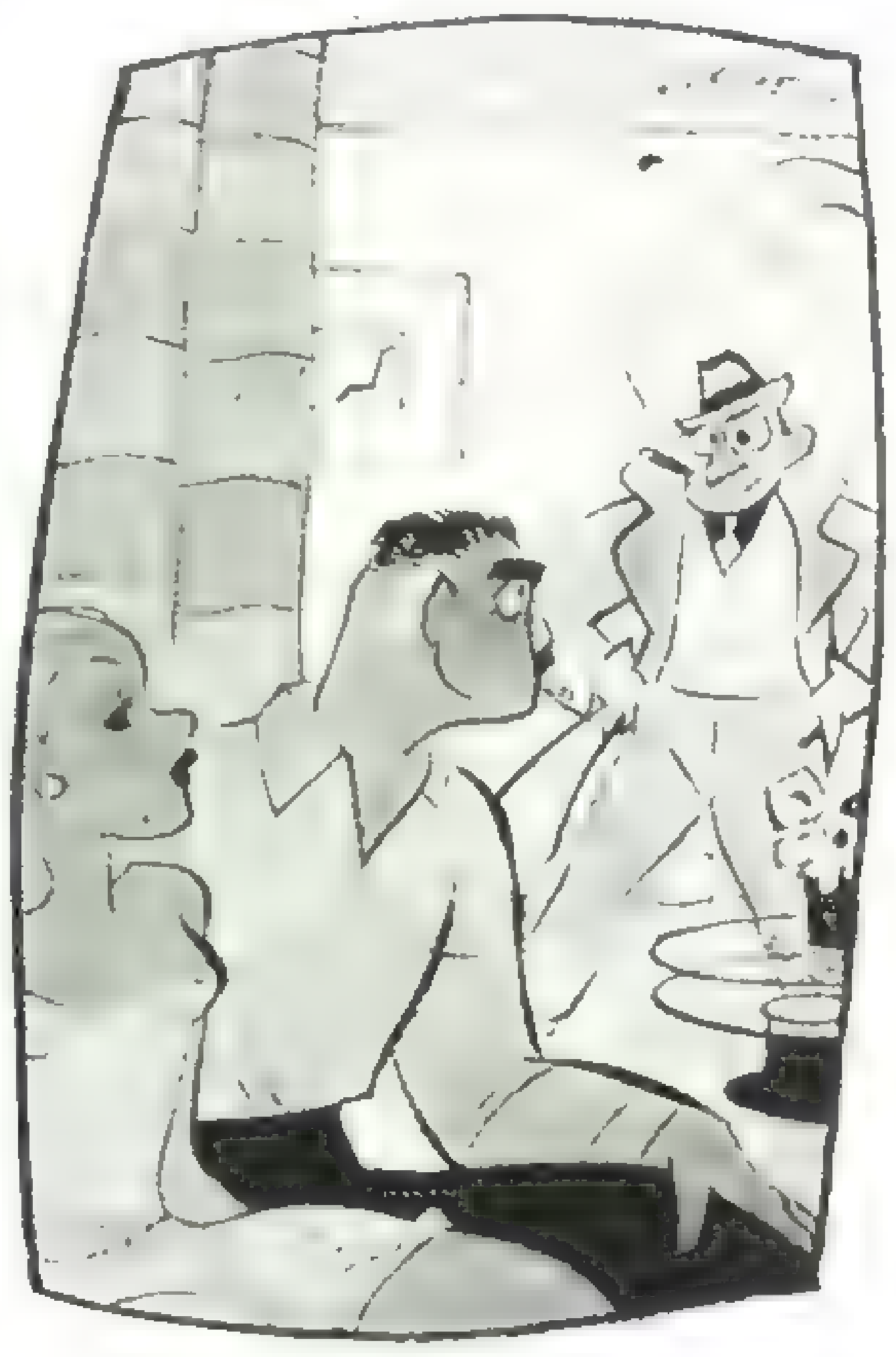
*NO. 3—NEW YORK ANGLE*

Mr. J. B. Realdough, millionaire president of Realdough, Realdough and Realdough, stock exchange operators, surprises his young and beautiful wife in the arms of Mr. Sam L. Bigtaker, his trusted friend of Wall Street days, in the blue and gold boudoir of the Realdough country estate, Beer-Case-By-the-Sea.

Mr. Realdough: Hello Sam . . . Hello Min . . . Sorry to interrupt you but business before pleasure (*cupping his hand in the direction of the open door*). Come in boys we got Mamma with the goods this time.

Three gentlemen with small derbies and large feet file in followed by a small Semitic-looking gentleman carrying a huge briefcase. One of the first three sets off a flashlight and swinging a big camera up takes a quick picture.

Mr. Realdough: Thanks Mac. . . . Get that developed but I don't think we'll need it . . . (*to legal looking gentleman*): Got the papers there Ike?



Mrs. Realdough: Alright J. B. . . . Cut out the Hollywood stuff . . . you got me dead to rights alright . . . guess that new chauffeur has sold me out. (*powdering her nose*): What's the big proposition for little Minnie?

Mr. Realdough (*lighting a huge cigar*): Five grand a month . . . Min. . . . This joint to live in and Sam here pays the bill for the Reno proceedings.

Sam (*springing to his feet*): Here wait a minute, J. B. Don't mix me in this thing. . . . Why if this gets out in the papers Rose will nick me for a hundred grand.

Mrs. Realdough: Mix you in it? . . . Say Mr. Clark Gable Bigtaker you mixed yourself in this salad and there's only one thing that'll unmix you . . . if you think I'm going to let any guy break up my happy home and not pay for it you're off your nut. . . . We're going places and see lawyers as soon as this mess is cleaned up.

Mr. Realdough (*impatiently*): Come on Min. . . . Make up your mind. . . . I ain't got all day. . . . Slip her the bad news Ike.

The gentleman with the briefcase hands the papers to Mrs. Realdough. She glances at the sum mentioned and signs. The men with the derbies at a sign from Ike place their signatures down and exit.

Mrs. Realdough: Alright Shylock. . . . There's your pound of flesh. . . . Listen J. B., no hard feelin's but for the love of Mike lay off of that fat blond at the Follies or I'll squawk my head off.

Sam (*putting on his shoes*): How's the market going, J. B.?

Mr. Realdough: Lousy.

Mrs. Realdough (*getting up and arranging herself*): Well lousy or not I know a certain heartbreaker that's going to take a huge loss . . . as they say in the papers.

Sam: Say lay off talking about the papers will you?

Mrs. Realdough: Alright come on . . . let's go . . . you and me's got business to tend to. . . . So long J. B.

Mr. Realdough (*absentmindedly*): So long Min. . . . So long Sam. . . . See you in Reno.

Sam: Ouch.

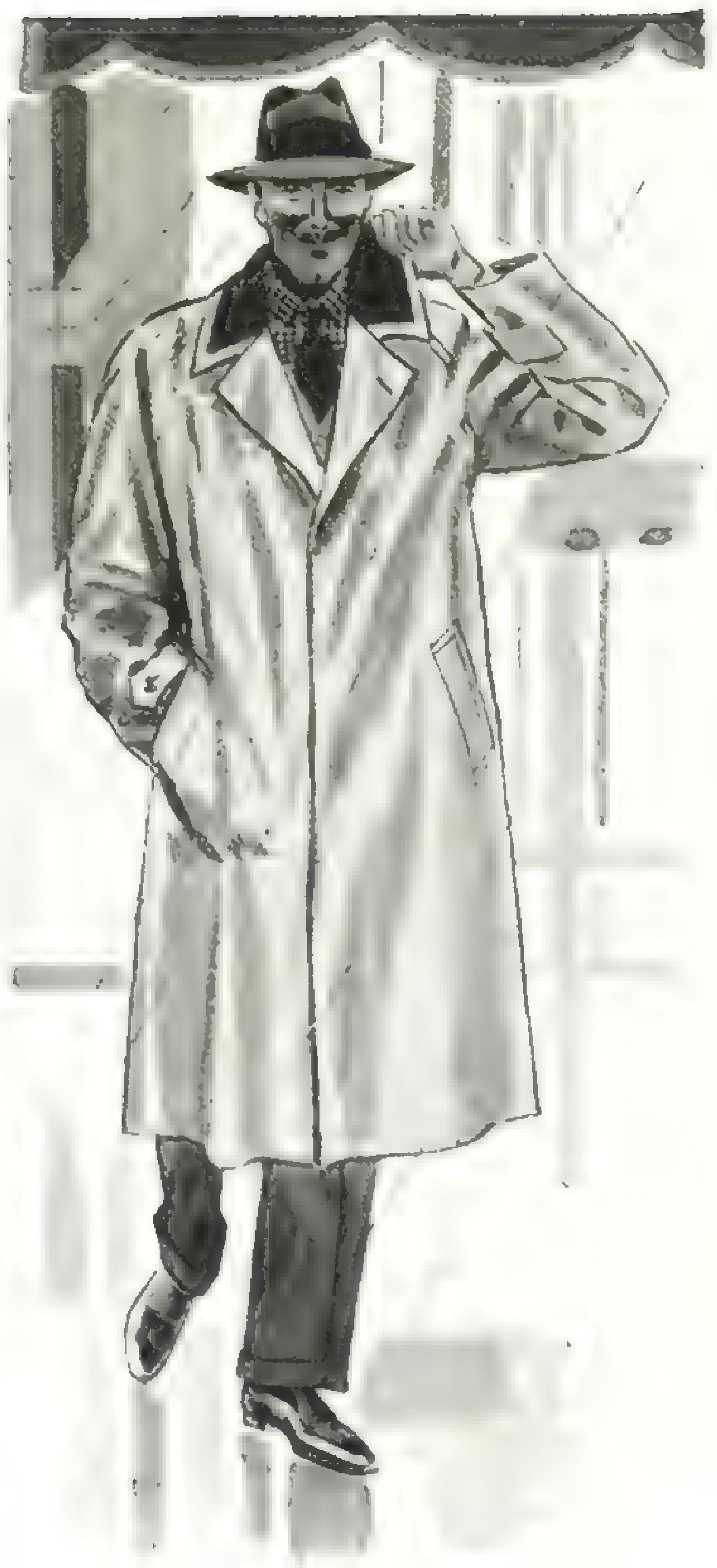
Mrs. Realdough and Sam exit. Mr. Realdough stares vacantly into space for a few seconds then he paces the floor nervously. He is visibly touched.

A Sevres vase in his path crashes unnoticed to the floor. As he snaps his fingers impatiently the butler rushes into the room.

Butler: Was there something wrong, Sir?

Mr. Realdough: Wrong? . . . I'll say so. . . . I forgot to tell the office to sell out my Consolidated Can.

CURTAIN ⧺



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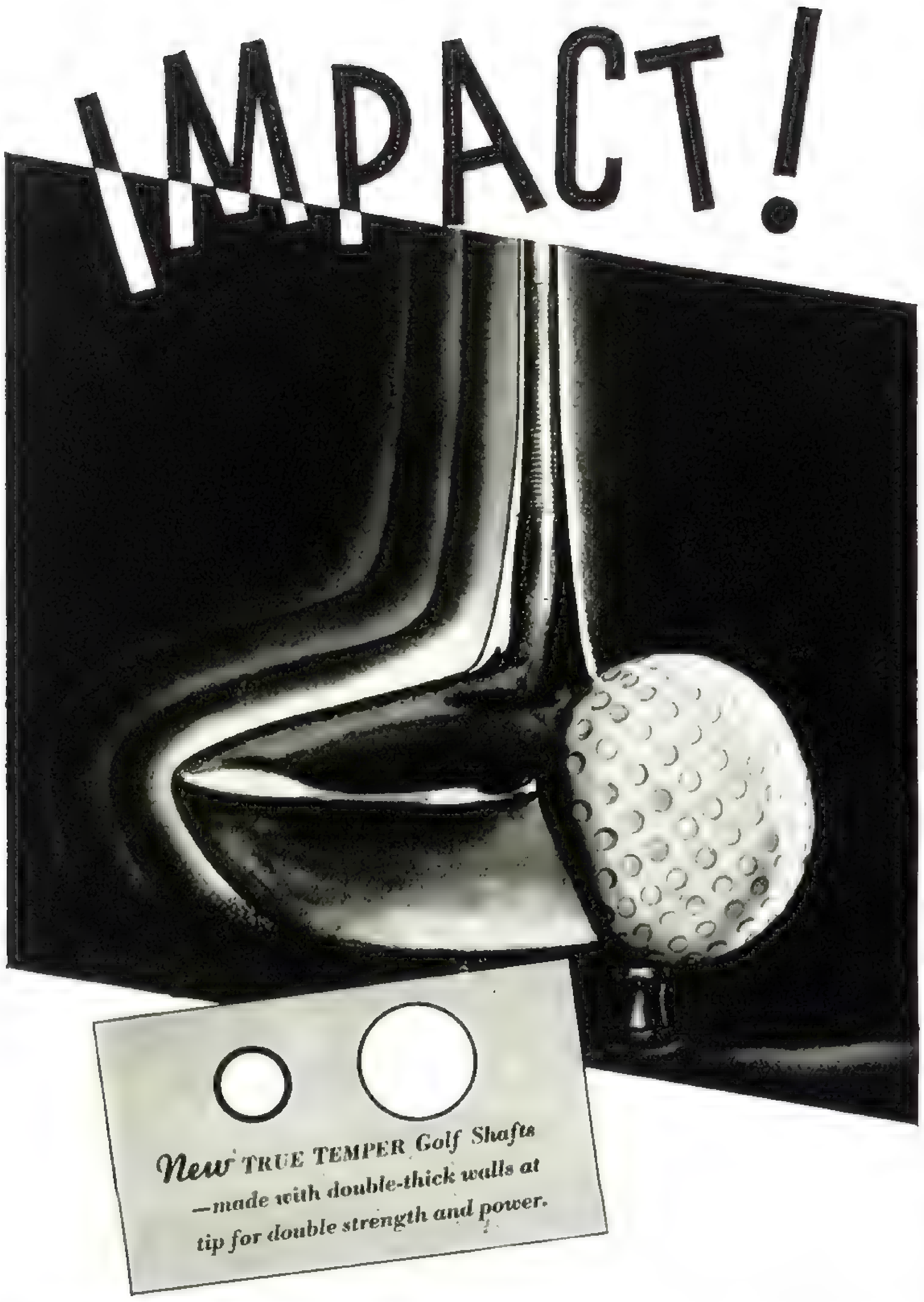
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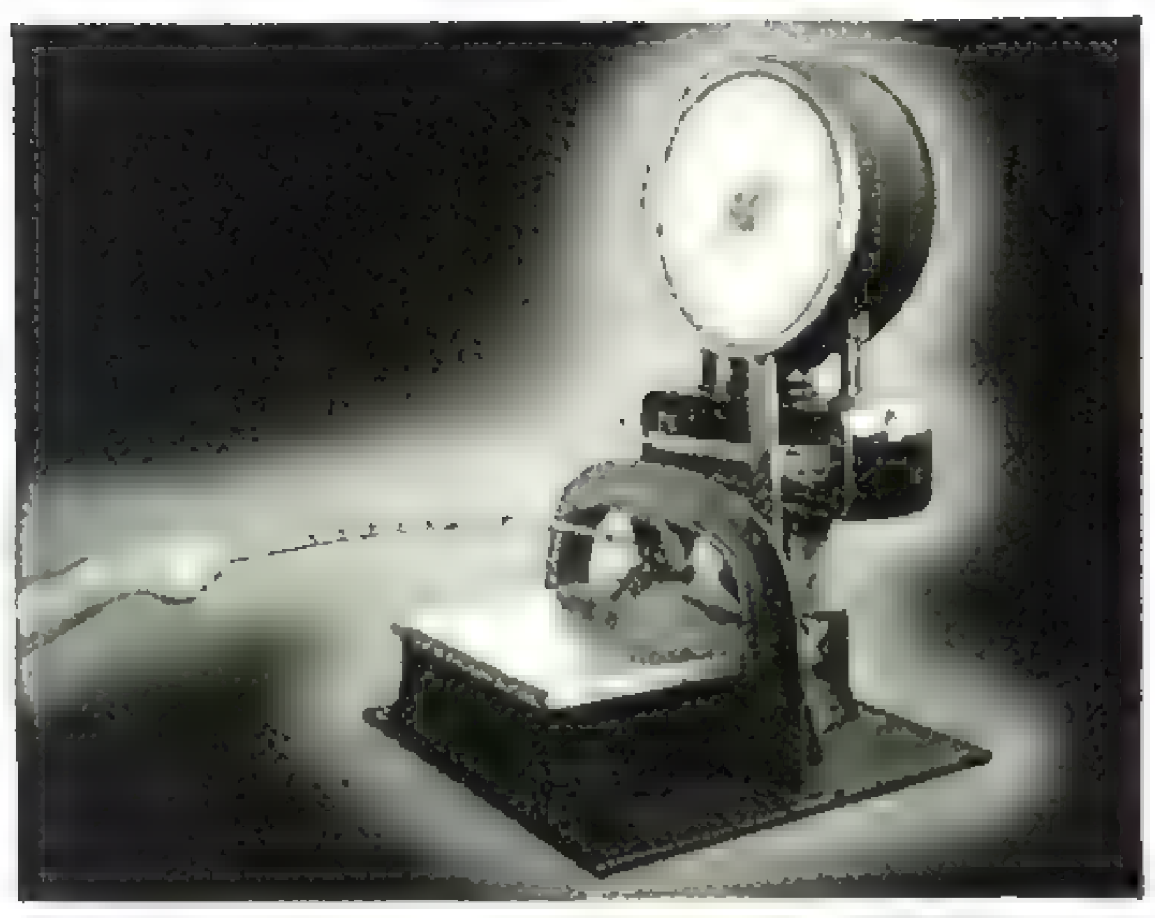

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## The Candid Cameraman

*Continued from page 115*

saw a newsreel of the recent Spanish election. The usual milling crowds were shown, and in the background of one shot, several police were seen struggling with violent politicals. It couldn't have been much of a riot because the people in the foreground of the scene were more interested in watching the cameraman than the scrap. It didn't have a patch on that striker battle in the newsreels a year ago.

But this female sitting behind me said, "I'd hate to live in a country where they do that—you know, have riots."

### *SPEAKING OF BRUTALITY*

And a few months ago I mentioned seeing a newsreel that included a free-for-all fight in a Florida arena. Several men in a ring were kicking, biting, jumping on each other, gouging, using every device of bestiality in an elimination battle. I commented on that shot, believing that the general audience reaction would be so condemnatory that further shots of this sport would be eliminated from the reels.

But in my recent enlightening visit to a movie theatre, I found that Mr. Hearst had evidently taken the battle royal scene to heart. His newsreel, many weeks later, contained a repetition of the same incredibly vicious act. Only Mr. Hearst was scooped. His man didn't get a shot of someone being kicked in the crotch.

And let me report that the delicate lady behind me, who didn't like riots, was not at all disinterested in Mr. Hearst's local reel. When, as nearly as I can recollect out of that jumbled violence, two gladiators ran up behind another, knocked him down and jumped on him, the lady giggled.

### *WHICH TWO?*

There was a lot of advance wondering as to how the movies were going to get around the untouchable Lesbian angle of *The Children's Hour*, now made into *These Three*. The obvious method was for the cinema adaptation to change the unspeakable crime of which the mad little brat accused her teachers. This could be accomplished in a number of ways. She could accuse them of being nudists, of teaching Communism, of murdering the pestiferous aunt and hiding her in a trunk, of eating crackers in bed, or of using dirty linen. Any one of these charges would have provided motivation for the parents to withdraw all their children, for the libel suit, and the ensuing tragedy. But, being too close to pictures, I didn't realize that the perfect solution was simple, easy, and right according to movie formula.

Given: two women and a man.

In the play, one of the women is the beloved. The two others are the lovers. Guess which of the three is the beloved, in the film.

All Miss Hellman had to do, for the screen version, was to put the speeches of one character into the mouth of another, and the job was accomplished, without so much as the loss of a precious sentence.

The play contains that final, climactic scene where the man actually begins to doubt his fiancée, and is forced to ask her whether the gossip about herself and the other girl could have been true.

The film contains the very same scene in the very same words. And until it was over, I didn't realize that the relations of the characters had been transferred. It is the gal who is asking the man whether the gossip about himself and the other girl could have been true.

It's all done with a protractor, and any 2b geometry student can recite the axiom about an equilateral triangle.

The odd thing is that this simple transformation has actually benefitted Miss Hellman's story. As in the case of several play-films, recently, the film is distinctly superior to the play from which it was derived. For the Lesbian angle was the cause of a great deal of thematic confusion in *The Children's Hour.* In final analysis, the play deals with the destructive effect of evil-willed and irresponsible characters upon the lives of persons of good intention. A school run by a couple of intelligent and sympathetic young women is destroyed when a well-intentioned but narrow-minded community leader elects to believe the gossip of a psychopathically brutal child-liar. The parasitic aunt of one of the young women contributes to the destruction by evading the strain of testifying in their behalf at the trial.

It boils down to a story about good people and bad people.

Some thought the main object of the play was to show the typical difficulties encountered in running a school for girls. The run-away performance of Florence McGee as the problem child led others to believe the main object of the play was to study the character of such a child. But the fact that the two young women were presented as possible Lesbians introduced a further confusion. Most of the talk about the play concerned scandalous aspects of this bizarre problem and the daring of the author in bringing such a subject to the stage.

In other words, the play was confused among three themes.

I thought the Lesbian angle was destructive to the drama, as it drew a disproportionate amount of attention to itself. If this was to be a play about homosexuality, it was again out of proportion, for it should be confined to that single problem. *The Green Bay*

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*Tree* was such a play, and morbidly effective. The subject itself is extremely limited and scarcely worth bothering with, certainly it isn't worth the inordinate attention it received in books and plays during the twenties. This attention was of course a sign of the decay of the so-called intellectual movement, and happily the depression put an end to the intellectual naughtiness that sought thrills in investigating pathetic degeneracy. So, as a play about Lesbians, *The Children's Hour* was not at all interesting to me.

Again, the inclusion of the theme falsified the play. For the play started out with a typical scene in a typical girls' school, leading the spectator to believe that the problem-of-the-problem-child was to be the main interest of the drama. The use of the scandalous, and to me spurious Lesbian theme was rather on the meretricious side.

And so in this case it was fortunate that motion picture conventions forbade the use of that theme in the film version of the play. The prohibition forced the author to go back over her material, and figure out what her play was supposed to be about.

The result is a unified and intense drama whose essential conflict is of truth against falsehood. The characterizations, whose startling soundness proved the real drawing power of *The Children's Hour*, fall into place, and instead of battling for thematic attention, lock the material into a well-knit entity.

That two women should be in love with one man is a commonplace situation, but it is precisely a commonplace situation that the play needs, as a subject for gossip. This commonplace situation might arise in any school for girls, therefore the typicality of the school is an impressive factor, rather than a distracting factor, as it was in the play.

Finally, here is a case where the relationship of stage and film seems reversed. Broadway might have made the play, *The Children's Hour*, out of the film, *These Three*, and the homosexual theme would have been then conceded as a typical Broadway distortion.

I'm in a self-contradictory mood at this writing, and will let the stage have a last word: Maybe all Miss Hellman wanted to say in *The Children's Hour* was that love-one-another is the prevalent code amongst lady teachers in schools for girls. If that was the case, the foregoing is all beside the point; but it's also true that I wouldn't have been at all interested.

### *ADDENDA*

As Mr. Chaplin wanted critics to get an audience reaction, and there was no preview of *Modern Times*, I was unable to present an early review. I notice that the "critics" in all but the liberal and revolutionary press chose completely to ignore the nature of the film. "Here is Charlie back again, the same old Charlie, still king of pantomime," they said, suggesting that it was just another Chaplin picture, to be enjoyed because it brought back memories of old.

*Modern Times* is the sum of Chaplin's work, finally given social orientation. It suggests a collected complete edition, revised by the author in the light of mature judgment, a farewell work, but I fervently hope that instead it is merely a work marking a milestone in his career. A "from now on."

Chaplin's inclusion of his classic roller-skating act and his waiter-juggling-a-tray act suggests the idea of the definitive edition. His adherence to sub-titles and silence further suggests a connection with his previous work that would have been unnecessary if he meant to break into something entirely new, with this film, rather than conclude something old.

I think the reception of the film will have proved to him that he could have kept all of his stylistic simplicities without adhering to the crudities, such as the often unnecessary sub-titles. His voice, as revealed in the nonsense song, seems to me to be quite compatible with the character of Charlot, and I don't think he would be risking destruction of the classic cinema image which he has created if he now added dialogue to his films. It would have to be a Charlot type of dialogue, fragmentary, perhaps rhythmic.

In casting himself as a factory workman who is driven insane by the speedup on the assembly line, who finds authority in the shape of a big cop hovering over him at every turn, who finds jail the only possible home, Chaplin has of course finally identified the wistful Charlot who went through so many slapstick adventures unidentifiably. He always reminded everybody of somebody. Nobody could quite place him. Innumerable tracts were written about the ways in which he symbolized the soul of hopeful inferiority. Now it seems that we should have known all along that Chaplin was meant to be the average man, the average worker.

To my mind, *Modern Times* divides into two parts. The opening sequences, from the sheep-into-the-factory scene until his attack of insanity, form a complete photoplay, developed step by step without a scrap of extra footage to the logical climax. This includes the inspired eating-machine sequence, which is in itself the greatest satiric commentary on mechanized civilization I have ever encountered. The screen-projected face of the factory manager, following him around even when he goes to the washroom for a smoke, is another supremely ironic, and original piece of business. The ballet-movement of the workmen in the speedup sequence contributes to the ironic interpretation.

*Continued at top of page 196*

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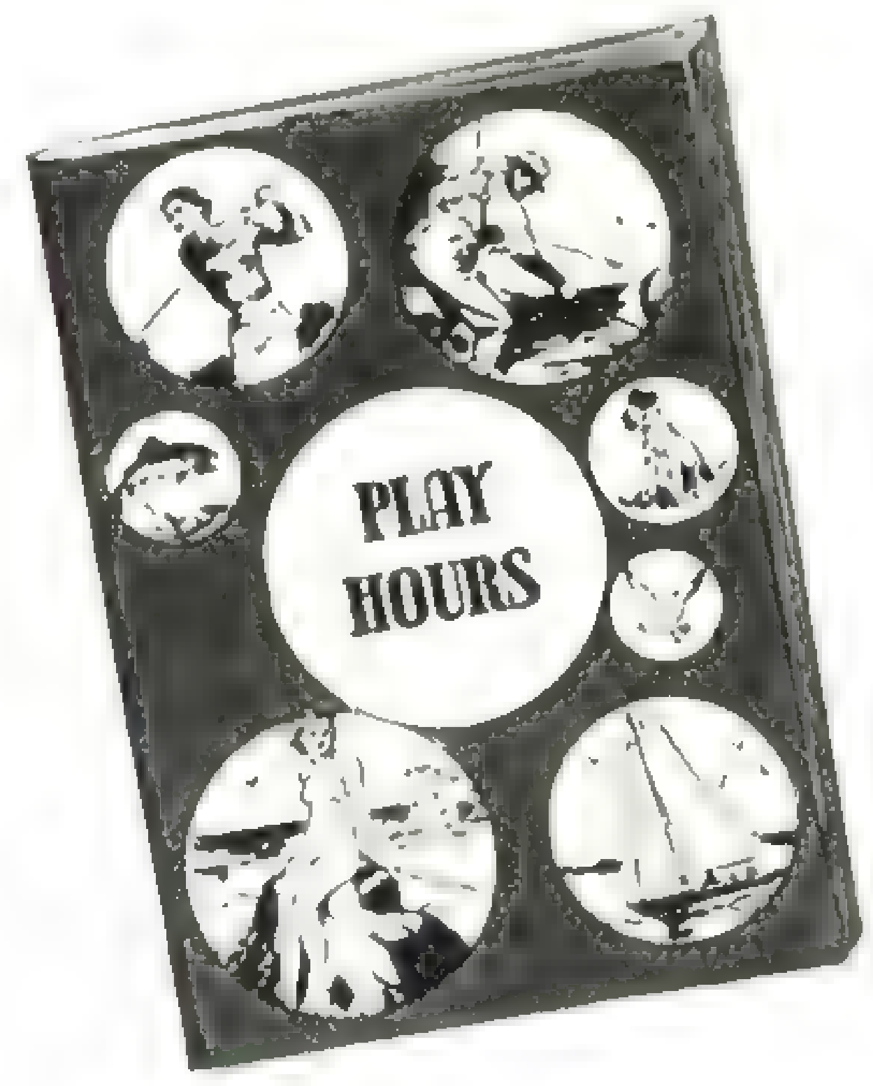

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## The Candid Cameraman

*Continued from pages 115-195*

But once he leaves the factory, the film becomes episodic. Some of the incidents, as noted above, seem to be included more because of their relation to Chaplin's previous work than because of their relation to the idea of the film. The skating episode, in which a blindfolded man teeters on the edge of a sheer fall, exploits the philosophized fundamental fear in man, the idea that we go through life tight-rope walking over an unknown abyss. The act in which he is a waiter trying to deliver an order across a crowded dancing floor again exploits a philosophized truism, the idea that we are continuously frustrated in our goals by the uncontrollable whim of the crowd that pushes us around, carries us away from our destination. This, too, is unrelated to the theme of the picture.

It occurred to me that Chaplin might have made even greater use of the device of the factory-manager on a screen, representing the worker's consciousness of being watched. The apparition could have followed him outside the factory, into the gamin's shack, everywhere.

Paulette Goddard as the gamin illustrated the idea-form of Chaplin's pictures. For Chaplin's appearance happens to perfectly fit the Charlot-idea he has created. Miss Goddard was excellent, but not "right" as the gamin. She did everything correctly, and with spirited understanding; but to me at least her features happened to be too intellectual. However, this is an extremely minor distraction and certainly no fault of hers. #

## Why Not Try Chestnut Trees?

*Continued from page 107*

grave. We had made our buildings so high and so many we could not fill them, we had made our machines so fast we could not catch up with them or the product they disgorged. Nature had finally forced us to pause, but we didn't know how. He recounted how, on a recent trip to Spain, the train had stopped at a way station for over half an hour, for no apparent cause. Everyone asked the conductor what had caused the delay, but he didn't seem to know. But none of the passengers seemed to care and after one interrogation, would lapse back into his siesta. No one except an American. And he was irate. He had an important conference in Madrid. With a man that he probably couldn't locate for two days, anyway, the Prince added. Finally the engineer climbed into the cab and the train started. Still the American was not satisfied; he wanted to know why they had stopped, off schedule. So the conductor told him. The engineer was giving lessons on the guitar to the daughter of the station master. The passengers all thought it was very nice, especially since the engineer had brought back a bottle of Ojen, the Spanish idea of absinthe, which he passed around.

I opined that I was afraid such goings-on wouldn't meet with the approval of the Montclair or Norwalk commuters.

"No," said the Prince, "you'd run your trains on time in America, even if they were empty."

We didn't go into that phase of America's perfection because we came across a knot of excited people grouped at the base of a willow tree. I wanted to know what all the shooting was for and the Prince said we would listen and find out. But my academic French was no good. All I could conclude was that a great event of some sort had taken place. First the man in the green apron would make a speech, then the fat lady wearing the pantoufles. Then a very excited boy in a black smock would try to contribute his two cents' worth and be shushed down in proper French manner. The café proprietor from the corner bistro made his point. His argument seemed to bear some weight. Then a passing postman had a version but that was met by shrugs all around. A cab drew up and the driver alighted and approached the group. He was sardonic and crisp. They were all very stupid to debate about it. There was only one way out of the dilemma. But the cab driver's speech was met by a volley of protests. O. K. He was through with them. He got in his cab and drove away with a derisive snort of his horn. This seemed to do something to the keeper of the bistro. He demanded action at once. Again all of them talked at once. The Prince suggested that we'd all better have a drink. So we crossed the narrow street and sat down at the little tables under his awning.

Some of them ordered white wine, some cinzano-cassis and some, beer. The school boy in the black smock was allowed a citron presse. Oh yes, he was included in the party. His mental contribution may not have been much but he had his uses. The boy said that he would stick around on one condition: someone would have to accompany him home in case he tore his long black stockings.

My companion gave me the story, bit by bit, as the speeches were made all over again. Unfortunately he failed to state the main premise so I was completely in the dark. I gathered though, that the inn-keeper had demanded the police as the affair was driving away trade. This was silly, the old lady retorted, as he was enjoying more trade than usual. The inn-keeper pointed to the case of the taxi driver. He always stopped for a Cinzano at this hour and if tips had been good

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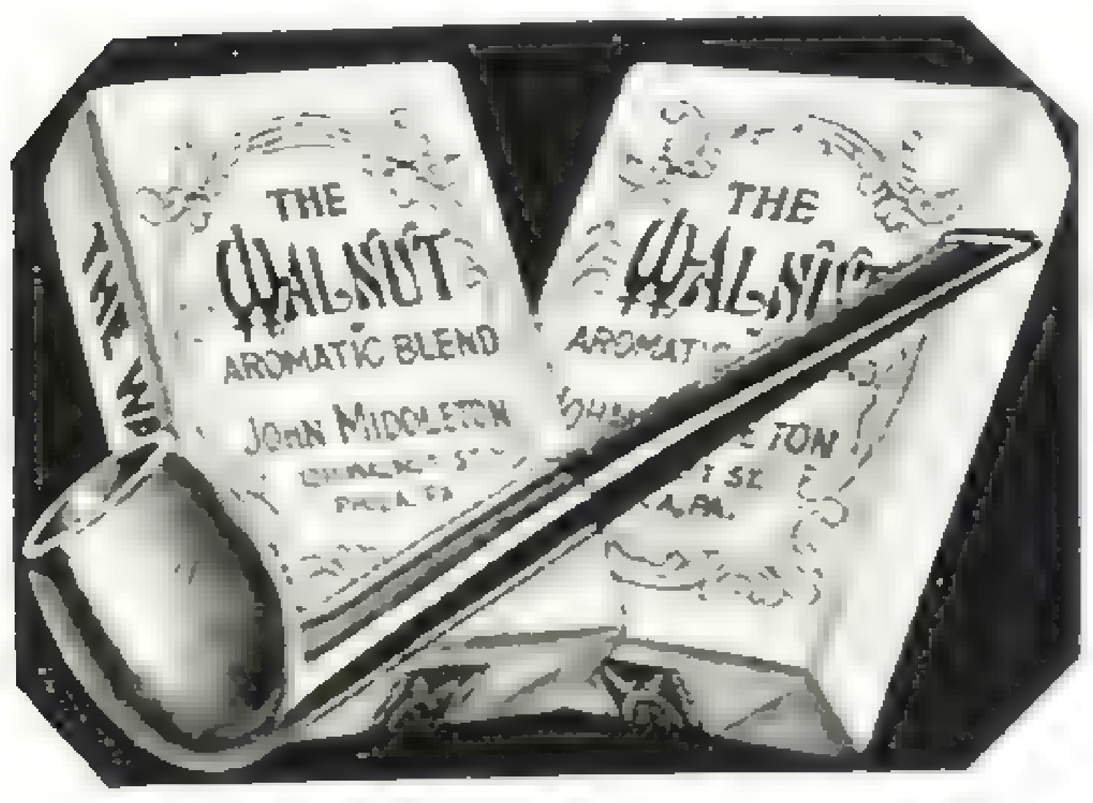

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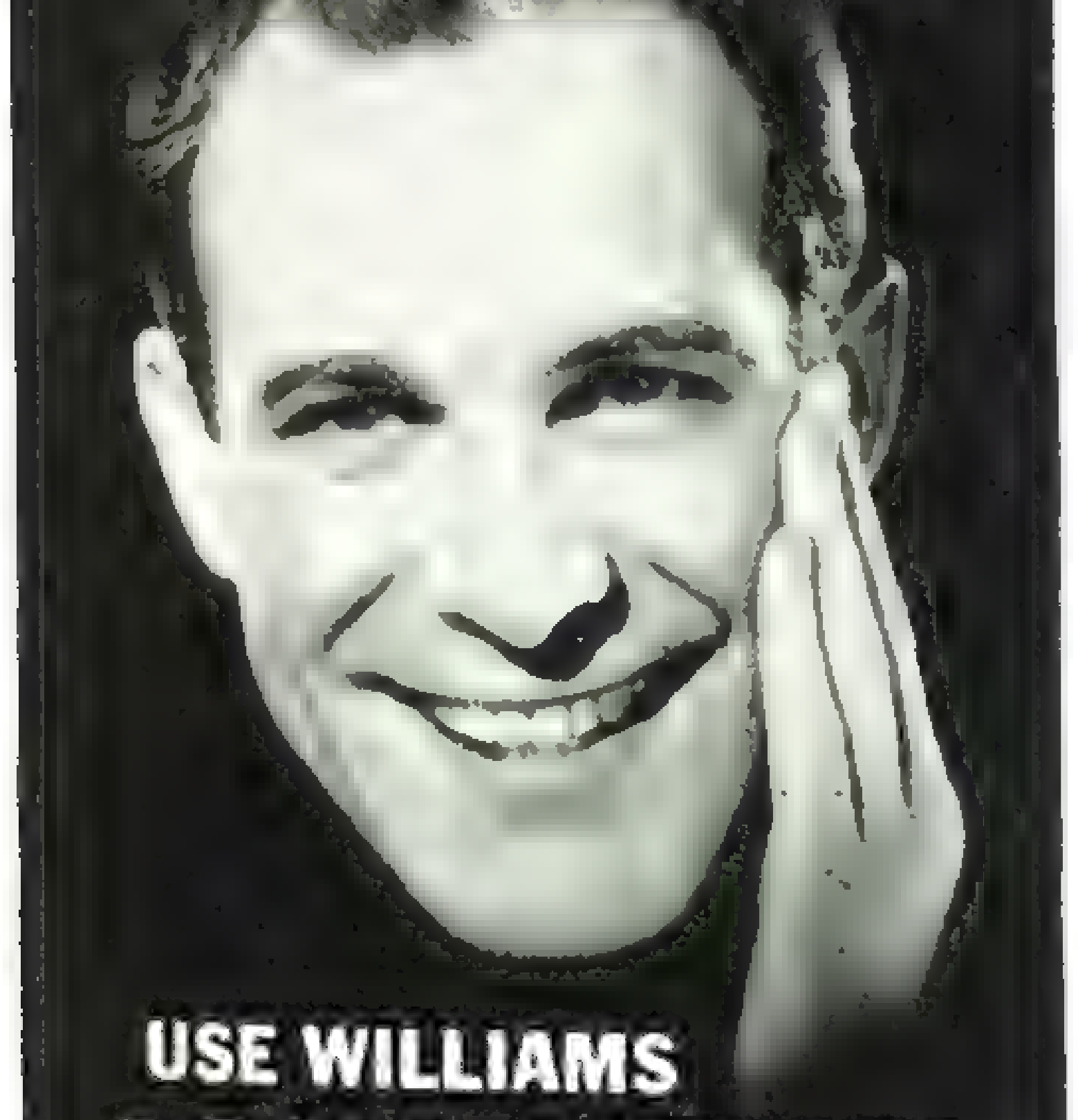

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from the Americain. he would even take cognac. The man in the green apron sided with the old lady. It was not a case for the police, obviously it was the time for the fire department. Then someone pointed out that the pompier would all be home at supper by now. This brought a general laugh and everyone had another drink. That was a very good joke, they all agreed. As the Prince explained, fireman in France means "loafer" in the idiom; there being no fire insurance in France there are no fires and the job is mainly ornamental. After the laughter subsided the arguments broke out anew. The outsider would be sure they were ready to cut each others' throats. Then the little boy, opening a soiled copy book, read out an axiom. It was to the effect that old people can afford to talk because it is the youth who have to act. This was very droll on his part. I was given to understand, as the young man had no illusion as to why he was permitted to sit at the table with his elders. They ordered him another lemonade and slapped him on the back. A real wise one.

I gave up at this point and told my companion that it didn't mean much to me. I wanted to know the plot. It was now about six and this had been going on for several hours. The Prince leaned over to tell me. Just then the old lady let out a scream. Everyone followed her gaze. A large bird flew from the foliage of the willow tree and alighted on the window sill of a top floor apartment. From there it croaked a greeting to the café party—"*fini—fini—fini.*"

You can imagine the paroxysms of laughter. The old lady was thanking God and everyone insisted on congratulating everyone else, for each admitted that the other had some wisdom in the course he had suggested. The school boy who had expected to climb the tree to rescue the parrot scampered away, before some thrifty person tried to take back his treat of lemonades. The old lady scuttled off to rescue her beloved bird from his great adventure in liberty. Knowing that all such great conferences of master thought must need a post-mortem, we bought another round of drinks and went our way.

For a good many weeks thereafter I looked back at the afternoon on the Seine and life as it's lived by those who pause every now and then instead of just at the brink of the grave. It was not only the French, all of them seemed to partake of things in more moderate and more reasonable form. Moderation even seems to increase one's capacity for enjoyment, though it is difficult to teach that *virginibus puerisque.*

I recalled an experience of Bill Orr's when he was visiting a Scottish Lord at his castle. It was tithe day and some thirty-two tenants were dropping in to pay their quarterly dues for their acreage. The old Lord drew a chair up to his study table and on one side he placed Bill Orr, on the other a cask of Scotch from his own still. As each farmer came in and laid down his rent he sat and had a generous beaker of Scotch with the master. Somewhere in the early 'teens Orr went off upstairs to see if he could find the ghost of Bobbie Burns, who was said to haunt the guest chamber. But the Lord of the Manor kept steadily on, drink for drink and was as chipper as ever for the nine o'clock dinner in the great hall. I'd like to take some of the college boys I've met at bars, on a tour of the highlands.

I thought of that afternoon again in the Ringstrasse, in Vienna as I sat in a beautiful square, filled with century-old trees, and sipped my beer while a gay band played the old Strauss favorites. No one seemed in a hurry, not even the waiters. You drank when you wanted and at no one's nudging. And I was reminded again in Budapest as I sipped my tokay along the banks of that famous river. Everyone quits work at four o'clock and indulges in the first rushing of the day; they want to get to their favorite seat in the coffee houses or the big card rooms of the hotels, where they play cards until 7:30. They have tea or chocolate, or their tokay and then are off to the theatre. That is over at 9:30 when they have supper with a bottle of Szamarodni or a glass of Vajecny and so to bed. Their dreams are pleasant, I've no doubt. America they know from the films but these are mainly the horse-operas, the westerns where the backdrop is not from a Hollywood studio but all out-of-doors. So they were somewhat bewildered at my delight at their flowers growing from the thatched roofs, and the little flower baskets circling the trolley poles. If you like flowers, why not have them every place? How can one be ashamed of liking beauty?

Coming around the circle, I stop again in Paris. It is one of those nights of sudden spring rain and then a clearing spell. We have come from the cable office, where we have persuaded the clerk to send a wire. If the Americain wishes to pay good money for some words, of no import, when he could send them under a one franc-fifty stamp, it will be done. The waiters are pushing out their little tables and waiting for the theatre crowd. I've promised the boy a plate of ice cream.

*Continued on page 198*

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At least look the part
WEAR A BRADLEY
SWEATER

## Why Not Try Chestnut Trees?

*Continued from pages 107-197*

He likes the brand at the Café de la Paix. So we select a table and I sip my drink and he stows away the cream.

We sit awhile and I decide it is time for a nine-year-old to be in bed. We ask for the modest check. The waiter gives it to the boy with great gravity. The boy passes it to me. The waiter raises his hand in protest.

"Ah no Monsieur," he turns to the boy, "when you take the old one out, it is the custom to stand treat."

Anxious that the boy learn his French first hand I sit back and wait. The boy parleys with the information that I was the one to suggest the treat. The waiter thinks a moment, looks at the polished plate that had held the cream, lifts up my glass and sees that it contains a few drops. He would not for the world suggest that the young monsieur was not stating the facts but there were two sides to every question. Consider the happy family. Does your father pay the rent? Does he not pay for the gas, for the light, for the coal in winter? Does he not buy the clothes, the shoes? The boy assents to all these queries. Well then, was it not very remiss in the young Monsieur not to consider all these things, not to remember the many duties of the father, not to bring him his paper and pantoufle in the evening, not to take the old one out occasionally so that he could sip his cognac?

And so it goes on and on. Finally we go. As we disappear down the boulevard the waiter is waving his napkin and calling to the boy, "always reverence the aged." I don't know whether the waiter or the boy has had the most fun.

The chestnut blooms are falling off the trees after the rain. The air is heavy and the night is magic as are all Paris nights. The waiters at this café, as at most others, live on their tips. Our waiter has wasted over half an hour on two customers who have finished their buying for the night. He has waived the chance to wait on customers at his tables, gaily passing them on to his confreres. All because he has found it amusing to kid an American youth. Inadvertently I feel for a scar on my neck, souvenir of a clip joint in my dear land, when I had refused to pay $15 for a split of ginger ale. Maybe it's the chestnut trees, maybe it's the flower pots on trolley poles. Maybe it's because they know that where you get to finally is only six by two, so it's much more fun to sit awhile and sip your cordial in the sun.

*GLOSSARY:*

"You mean to say the Queen made this plum brandy thing with her own hands."

Well now, let's not quibble. The Prince said she did. And like a lot of home-made things it had a certain "umph" as the college boys say. They picked the plums on their country home on the shores of the Caspian sea and I suppose Peter or Carl stood over the still to keep the lid from blowing off. But let me have one little contact with royalty, now that I can't dance with the Prince of Wales. And if you don't meet the Queen try Prunell. There are one or two fine brands from France and I once made a whole evening on it. Not as devastating somehow, as *fin a l'eau*, just brandy and water. In this country you can get slivovitz. I tried some early in the run and it wasn't aged enough. But it's a great drink around passover time and almost replaces after dinner brandy in east side cafés.

As for that Spanish *ojen* (pronounced oyen) that's around in most of the stores. It is rather smooth and I don't think it has quite the properties claimed for other of the absinthes. If you want something guaranteed just go in for a bottle of Oxygenee, the Belgian version. The better stores carry it or will order it for you. A few drops of that in a dry Martini and you have a start. Or one third gin, one third Oxygenee, one third lemon juice, frappe and you have a cocktail to be used only in emergencies or to move unmovable bodies.

You can argue until the girls come home about the nuances of individual tipples. I am willing to admit that my liking for Malaga may have a lot to do with association. But unless you can get the very best sherry, try Malaga. It is made from grapes grown in the most fertile part of Spain, on the hillsides getting the sun. It is from the white grapes and has in it that subtle taste of the fruit itself. Malaga has always been one of the poets' drinks, from 'way back.

I'd like to see more of the apéritif drinking that foreigners go in for. For whiling away the time and when you start drinking early in the day, the Cinzano Cassis is a boon. The Cassis part is a liqueur made from currants, the other, one of the many patented drinks from wine. Some prefer straight Vermouth and children are always permitted a Cassis and soda, which would be a little stiffer than a raspberry soda but better for the child, as the fruit base is pure and not made from a coal-tar derivative. The light drinks give you a slight pick-up without the bulginess of beer. Students hanging around the Dome and Cupole in Paris live on the combinations of Cassis, being conditioned to slightly sweet drinks and not getting that allowance too often from home.

And may you pray that you live to see the day when you taste some Scotch from a Lord's dungeon. That is something to remember after a great many other memories are gone. ♯

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# Who Wants a Horse?

*Continued from page 49*

and high turn of speed he would have had that six-and-a-half-furlong dash at his mercy in 1935 and so picked up the heavy purse that went to Tintagel.

Of the others in the Kentucky Derby not much can be said that is factual and useful rather than mere matter of opinion. It is impossible to handicap three-year-olds for distance-stakes on their showing in sprint-races as two-year-olds. Of the Derby horses, only Brevity and Hollyrood have won important races over routes, and on their performances the former seems decisively superior to the latter. The Bradleyites, Banister and Bien Joli, apparently are not much—but Bradley's luck in the Derby is proverbial. Tintagel, winner of the Belmont Futurity last fall, is a speed-horse as far as he goes, but he is unsound. His ankles filled just before the running of the Futurity. Crossbow II did not race impressively in Florida the past season. Coldstream is a very doubtful stayer though extremely fast when he runs his race. He Did ran a good race for an immature three-year-old against older horses of top class in the $100,000 Santa Anita Handicap February 22nd when he set or stayed with all the pace for most of the mile and a quarter journey. White Cockade had it on all the two-year-olds in point of speed on Long Island early last summer, but he went wrong in front at Saratoga, was punch-fired for knee-trouble, and turned out. He is a most prepossessing colt and one bred to run all day, being by Diavolo, a first-class distance-horse. He is going soundly now, but it is impossible to take him to beat Brevity over a mile and a quarter merely on breeding-theory as against the Widener colt's splendid performance in the Florida Derby.

It is unsound handicapping to select one horse to beat another merely because the first has been running to times for the distance faster on an average than those shown by the second. But where an animal runs as fast as did Brevity for a mile and an eighth under as much weight for a three-year-old early in March as 120 pounds, then there is an irresistible inference that he is much superior even to better-than-average Derby horses. Speed is not everything in racing, for courage and the ability to come on from behind also enter into the equation, but Brevity in sprints as a two-year-old never showed any signs of the quit nor has he been showing them as a three-year-old over routes. A tendency in a horse to quit, a yellow streak which makes itself evident when another comes up from behind and looks him in the eye, is not the same thing as mere inability to go a route, but in the case of Brevity it is unnecessary to make any fine distinctions because he neither quits nor seems to be unable to go on.

The usual scenes will be enacted at Churchill Downs on Derby Day. Fifty or sixty thousand people will be there, jamming the stands and crowding the infield, from senators, governors, cabinet officers and millionaires to movie stars and little pickaninnies betting nickels and dimes among themselves. If the day is sunny, multi-colored frocks will brighten the crowd; if it is rainy, the jockeys will look like mudmen after the race, but the crowd will be there just the same. America's greatest sporting spectacle will display itself rain or shine, coming to a tense climax during the two minutes of the race itself and bursting into a crescendo of noise as the leaders come down the stretch.

For a few days before the event the newspaper sports-writers will have been on the scene, relaying to the public rumors, opinions and news of conspicuous workouts or training-gallops. Take such gabble with a large handful of salt. Horses are not raced in training but are trained for racing, and the long slow gallops at Derby-distance, interspersed with short sprinting bursts at full speed, which tend to build up both stamina and foot in a candidate, are not the sort of thing that makes the news-hounds bubble over in type. They want fast works at the full mile-and-a-quarter distance, and when they get them have a habit of raving about the horse until another turns in something faster. But the cold fact is that Derbys usually are won by horses of real quality which have been properly handled and have turned in relatively slow works. I believe that in 1934 Cavalcade worked no faster for the race than about two minutes and ten seconds (2:10), but he left far behind him on Derby Day many horses which had beaten that time by seconds in training-gallops. It is no easy task to bring a real route-horse to peak of efficiency for a race of a mile and a quarter; there is serious danger of over-training and staling off. To ask such a horse for a very fast work at an extended distance two or three days before his race may cause him to "leave his race in his work," as the track-expression goes, and to stale off after it rather than to improve.

This year's Derby will be the sixty-second, the race having been run continuously since 1875. A few great horses, like Reigh Count, Gallant Fox and Twenty Grand, have won it; many good ones have been victorious; and a number of animals quite lacking in quality have captured the classic. It is for three-year-old colts, geldings and fillies at a mile and a quarter under scale-weights, colts and geldings carrying 126 and fillies 121 pounds. Run so early in the year, after the hazards of spring weather, it some-

*Continued at top of page 200*

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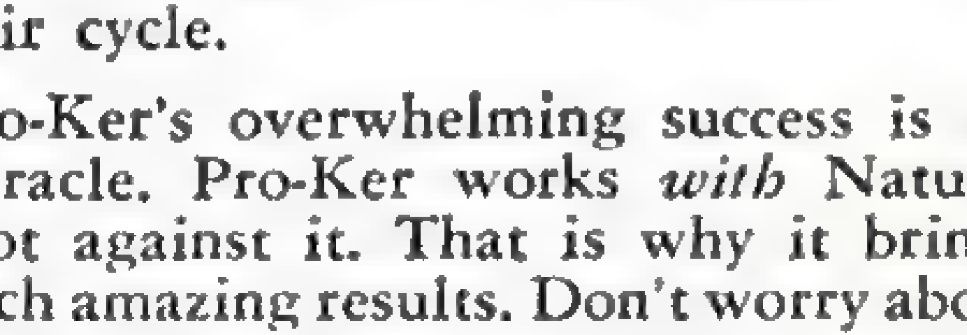

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## Who Wants a Horse?

*Continued from pages 49-199*

times is won not by the best horse but by the animal which happens to come up to it in sharpest condition. Other stakes, as the Belmont at a mile and a half, run in June, not only are better tests of real horse-quality, because run over a greater distance and later in the year, but also carry a richer endowment by way of purse-money. But the Kentucky Derby still holds its place as our premier three-year-old stake purely as a sporting event just because it is run early in the year and before any one horse has had opportunity to emerge as the leader of his age-division. By the time the longer and richer Belmont comes up the headship of the three-year-olds usually is fairly apparent. Ballyhoo and skillful publicity have had a great deal to do with building up popular interest in the race; its aspect as a sectional duel between East and West also has contributed; but the real root of its interest is the fact that it is the earliest of the great distance-races for three-year-olds.

May 2nd is the date; Brevity is my horse. There will not be much by way of price available against him either in the futures or in the machines on the day of the race, but he looks like a winner. #

## Good Times for Authors

*Continued from page 46*

nance of his competition. He does not expect this from the author: it would be a lean prospect. What does he expect?

Here, of course, is the obverse of the coin which it would not be fair to ignore. The editor of the kind of magazine I have been describing is hounded by the circulation manager who in turn is hounded by the head of the advertising department. To make a profitable vehicle for the advertiser, circulation must be kept up by popular text: articles, stories and departments. It is up to the editor to decide what is popular. How he does this is the greatest mystery in the annals of publishing.

Once, a year after an editor had paid me $7500 for a serial story, he told me he bitterly regretted his purchase. I asked him why.

"Because our readers don't like it. It has lost us circulation."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Because our circulation has gone down."

"But you have printed other stories besides mine?"

"Yes, but we have had angry letters about your story."

"How many letters have you had?"

"There must have been nearly fifty."

"And what is your circulation?"

"Two and a half million at the moment."

"And how many readers does that make?"

"About five million, conservatively."

"So one thousandth of one per cent of your readers said they didn't like my story!"

"True. It's small. But it's indicative."

Not quite, I thought, indicative enough to justify his bitterness.

"Come to my office some time," he concluded, "and I will show you how to write a story that will be popular."

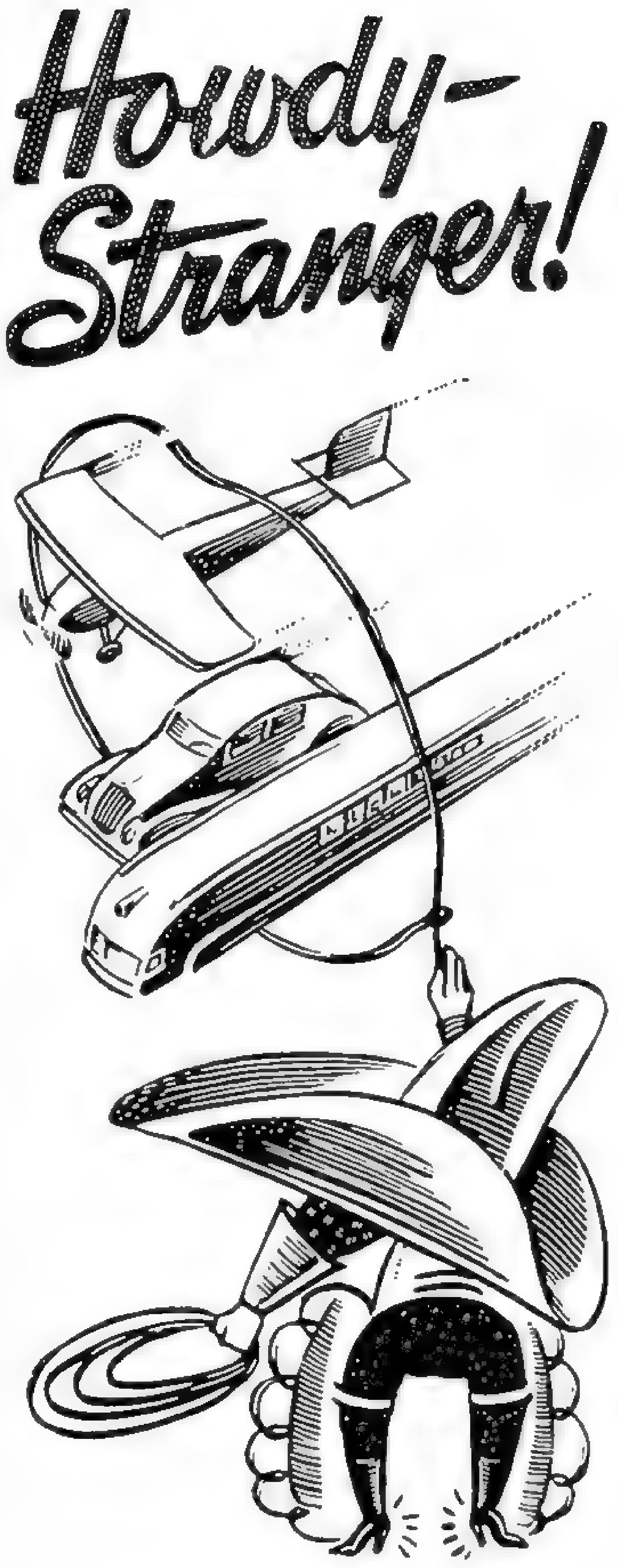
How, in all fairness, could I quarrel with him? It was his magazine and he had a right to his own methods of research and his own resultant formula. I am certainly prepared to admit he knows his circulation better than I do. That is his exclusive business. He had paid me handsomely at a time when I was almost unheard of. It was certainly his right and no one's else to decide that my product was a disappointment to him. It was, in fact, impertinent of me to ask him any questions whatever.

But must we authors, in order to live, kowtow to a standard established by the masses? Must we alter our art to juggle happy endings, to manufacture sweetness and light out of bitter and dark materials, make our characters always beautiful, our motion always upwards? Must we write of young love when we are certain that no such thing exists?

No, in order to live, we need do no such thing. There is a market for every sort of fiction. But in order to live in a town house and a country house, to entertain, to keep in condition three cars and a motor boat, to send our children to the best prep-schools and colleges in the winter, the best camps and country clubs in the summer—in order to live so, we had better think somewhat of sweetness and light. And this is the scale to which we poor writers have been artificially raised.

So, you will say, this patronage is a mixed blessing. It has raised the standard of living among members of the trade so that competition without intellectual dishonesty is impossible. So, then, the advertisers with their patronage have lowered the whole level of literature! They have forced to the wall writers, true artists, who will not prostitute their gifts! What do you mean by "good times for authors?" What authors?

Well, this, on the face of it, seems a just attack and it is, I know, a popular belief in my profession. I have heard it from many of my friends. I have seen more than one of them trembling on the threshold of what in our jargon is called a "Slick" magazine lest, because that magazine had bought one of his stories it would, eventually, "corrupt" him. That it would change them from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"good" authors to "popular" ones.

In the history of the Slicks—so-called because they are printed on glossy paper—this may have happened. It is possible that a really gifted artist, a writer of integrity, married to an expensive wife has, in fact, lost his gifts through these means. But, honestly, at the moment, I cannot think of one. True artists, of course, are uncommon birds.

Certain I am that occasional contributions have been made by the very best writers to the Slicks without resultant corruption. They have been printed, too, verbatim, from the author's manuscript. Sometimes such a story will depart dangerously (from the editor's standpoint) from the magazine's accepted formula. It is a good story by any standard and soars above any "low" level the patrons may have caused the magazine to seek. How does this happen? The answer involves many subtle motives and trends which are hard to specify—imponderables, Bismarck called them. But the answer, when it is worked out, will be encouraging, I think, to the writing profession.

Before I attempt it, however, I should like to utter a protest against the lamentations of authors and intellectuals at the low standard of the big circulation magazines. It seems to me unexplainably high.

Assume that the dozen leading popular magazines reach a total reading public of ten million. This is far below aggregate circulation figures but it allows for duplication. It allows also for libraries, borrowing, family readings, etc., so it is really extremely conservative. Hence these magazines must entertain eleven per cent of the total literate population of the United States over ten years old. Literate, taken in the strict interpretation of the census, means "able to read." The readers, therefore, must be of all conditions from stevedores who laboriously spell out the words up to university professors. It is unlikely that more than a small minority can have anything approaching literary taste or artistic appreciation.

In no other country of the world does so large a proportion of the population derive any portion of its entertainment from reading. In no other epoch of history has so large a proportion here or elsewhere been able to read at all beyond the barest necessities.

Is it not therefore a miracle if these magazines ever, by any accident, print a piece of work which has high literary value—a piece of honest realism, a true work of art evolved and not synthetic? A story which does not flatter a hundred thousand factory girls into the hope that they may some day marry into the rich and great or "sit at wine with the muses nine" in Hollywood? A story which does not beguile another hundred thousand shut-ins into the belief that all the world is not dark and malodorous? A story which does not take seriously the amorous beginnings of a hundred thousand adolescents?

Yet such stories appear in the slickest magazines of the lot. Often they are by the best writers, the most honest, intellectually, that can be found. And they are not "written down" or synthesized. They are not sugar-coated, diluted, sophisticate or phoney. They are works of art and very damn good ones, too.

What is the solution of this truly fantastic mystery?

Several editors have bought from me what they called "luxury" stories. I do not claim literary excellence for these stories but they were honestly written without synthesis and dealt with matter far from pleasing to the romantic masses.

"We ought not to buy these stories," said the editors. "They are too 'good' for us." There was the vaguest sense of quotation marks round the word "good" as they uttered it, meaning of course that "good" has several significances. "Our readers won't like them. So you won't mind if we pay you less than we would pay for a popular story—'good' in our sense!"

"But why," I almost asked, "do you buy it at all?"

I did not quite ask—for fear . . . well, they paid me more, at that, than any magazine supported only or largely by its readers.

In each case the editor saw the question in my eyes.

"We buy it because—well, I don't know, let's call it prestige. The story ought to give us a kind of kudos."

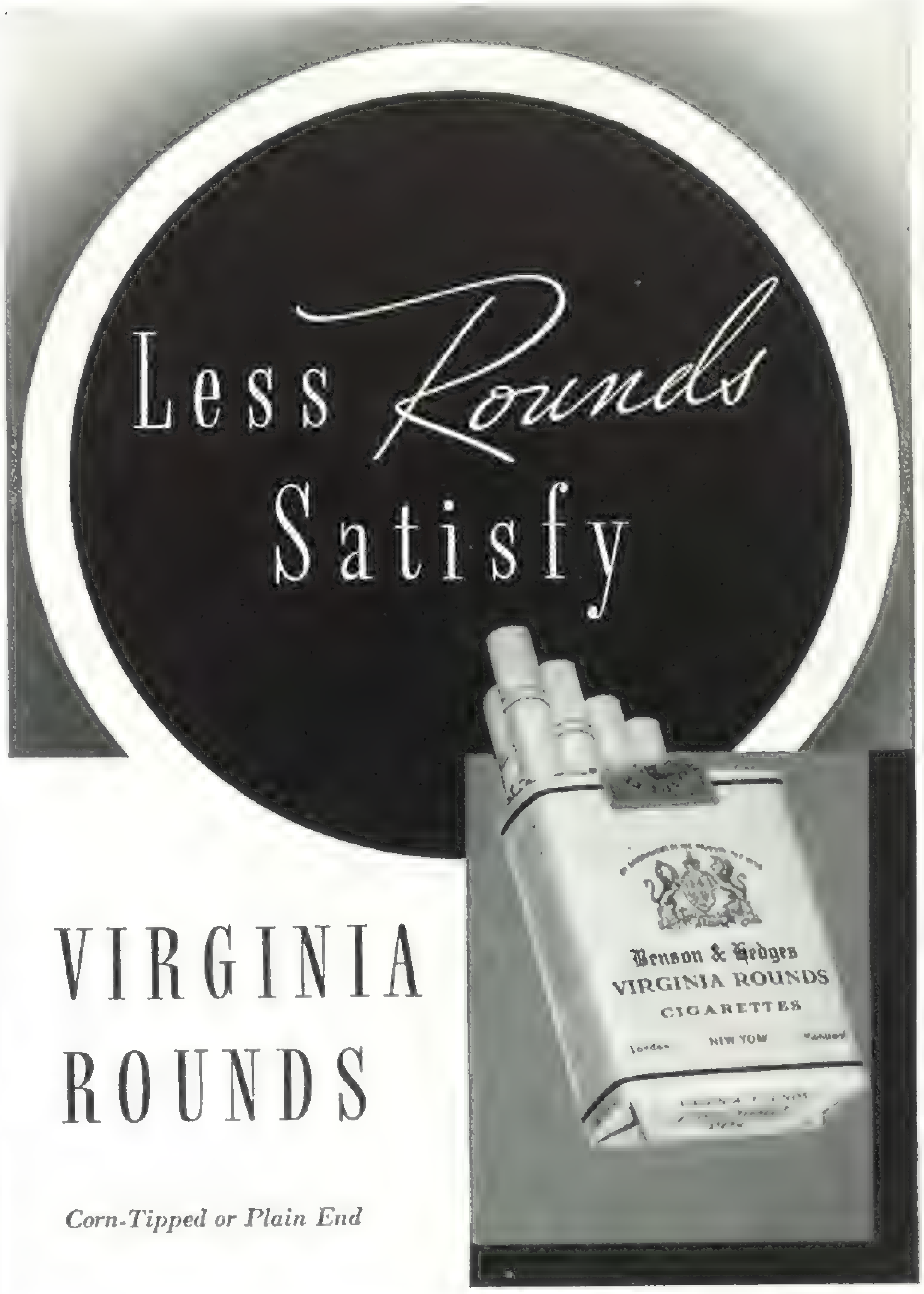
They paid less for kudos than for circulation, yet they paid for it and took a risk, too. Why? Why? Circulation is what they want, a happy family of readers.

Is it because some advertiser, or advertising agent; some patron, sitting in a chestnut-panelled office with Bellows lithographs on the walls will read my story and say: "There's an honest story!" or "There's a different story?" Will he then be tempted to add the million reader magazine to his "class" list? Perhaps. Or does it go, somehow, back to the public?

Prestige, kudos, imponderables, but there, certainly, in our society. So the movie producer will pay thousands to drag in by the hair a name which hitherto has only been associated with the most esoteric theatre-guild product. So a promoter of commercial office buildings will send down to Mexico for a world-famous painter to adorn his walls. So a cigarette maker will call a famous critic to explain a Beethoven symphony which has just been put on the air by a great conductor also in the interest of the cigarette though the majority of its smokers are, and will remain, largely tone-deaf.

What is behind this desire for prestige—especially as it impinges on the arts? Why does a girl buy a book she cannot possibly enjoy

*Continued on page 202*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## Good Times for Authors

*Continued from pages 46-201*

to leave on the table where its name may impress her visitors? Why does the Woman's Club of Blue Nose Center choose for the subject of its Thursday meeting, *Marcel Proust*, whom none of the members have read, instead of the much more immediate question of raspberry preserve or the Mexican beetle? Why do the citizens of East Hard Pan flock to a lecture on *The Naturalistic Trend in American Poetry* and talk about it afterward with startling ambiguity but an echo of Culture?

Because, I think, America is waking, after a hard physical youth, to reflection. Its waking is awkward, often comic. The early manifestations of its thought are strange but the thought is there moving in vast, inarticulate waves. It craves articulation and it craves intellectual activity. It is pathetically avid of education in the arts.

Big business or industry, hitherto the king, is getting mixed up with them. So you climb upon cartons of cigarettes to the sublime contemplation of Brahms; Diego di Rivera distracts you from your window shopping. Big business finds it desirable to use these things as lures, quaint as they may appear, justifies them to himself by a Greek word, *kudos*. The slick magazines see the signs and are restless under the upward-looking of their public —"once in a while it's a good thing to give them something over their heads."

We still do not know what is good and what is bad. The public jumps at catchwords, at vogues based on the discordant echoes from Broadway, at a clever sentence by a half-baked New York critic. Magazine editors are bewildered, often frightened; the patrons, knowing nothing but feeling the mysterious demand, are greatly tolerant.

A hundred thousand people will pay for and read books which the book clubs tell them are good. Occasionally double that number will buy and go into ecstacy over a novel which is a mere *tour de force*. The ecstacy will last until some farther-seeing reader utters the word. Then they will hang their heads and say they *thought* it was a great book but now, on further reflection, they have decided that it was a mere *tour de force* after all.

Yet the fact remains that the people read. Fifty million of them read regularly. They read more or less thirty pages of newspaper a day and double on Sunday. This is not only news but comment, criticism, reflection on the arts, history, psychology, philosophy, medicine, cookery, gossip and fiction. Ten million of them read pretty good magazines. A million or so read books. In spite of radio and movies, they still read. Many of them also think: not always independently or honestly but still they think; they are trying to think their way out of the confusion of print and voices.

The author's problem is to keep a balance in his mind and life during the chaos. The demand for his work is enormous but uncertain of quality. His difficulty comes when a high-priced magazine buys what he believes is a sincere work of art. It is natural for him to believe that the same or similar magazines will continue to buy his sincere works of art at increasing prices, and he jacks up his scale of living accordingly. They will not. No matter what his fame, they will not. A literally world-famous author this year had a story declined by a dozen magazines and finally sold it for $250. No, they will buy, occasionally, in answer to the mystic demand and pay fine prices. So will the movies.

The author, therefore, who believes himself an artist and cannot become a manufacturer of synthetic stuff must control his elation at the occasional sale and keep his standard of living low. He must turn deaf ears to congratulations or advice from his patrons. Next time they may not be so kind; they are capricious for all their seeming tolerance. Yet he should thank God that they are there, that they have been kind once, ten times as kind, in dollars, as the public would have been. And even when he distributes their kindness over a number of unkindnesses, he will likely have more money in his pocket than the author of another age who depended on the support of his readers.

If he does this and does not let his mind dwell on the Big Shots who have made fabulous sums in treacherous Hollywood, he will find that times, relatively, are good for authors. It will comfort him, too, to reflect that the Big Shots who scale their living to their prices will presently be Big Shots no longer and, surely, not artists. The profession of the arts is a poor man's trade and the worker must have a poor man's tastes. Art and high living are bitter enemies.

It is a confused and dangerous time, perhaps, but not a bad time. The tooth paste magnates and whisky barons may not last as patrons of the arts, the movie philanthropists may withdraw their patronage. But while they do last the public, which will not pay itself, will continue to demand of them better and better reading. The words "American Renaissance" have become trite; the expression has gone out of fashion among those who expect such things to happen overnight but the fact is still going on: it is a birth, too, and not a rebirth. It is a good time, I think, even in its slow beginnings, its gradual transition from a physical, wealth-seeking adolescence to a reflective maturity—it is a good time for a writer. ++

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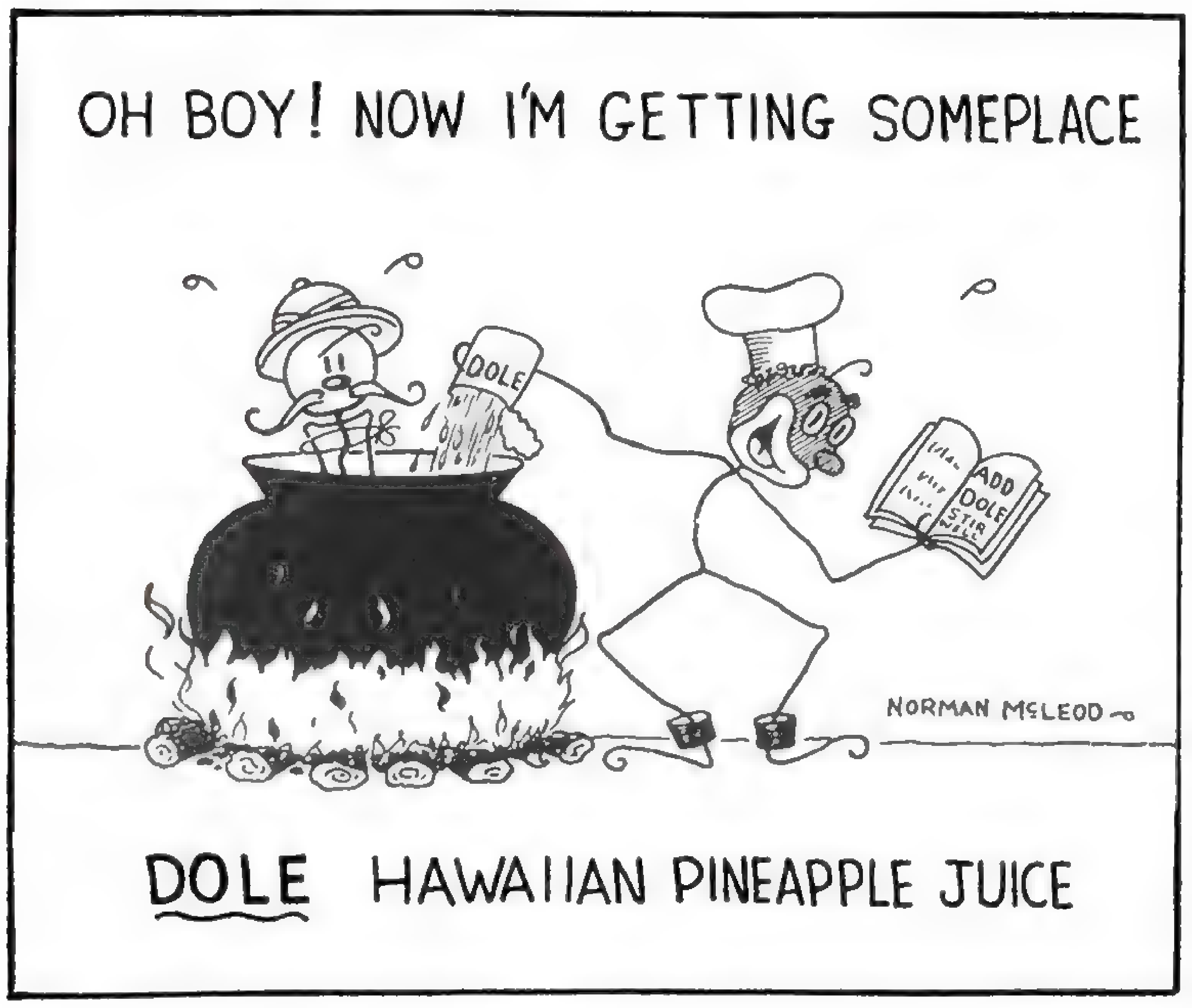
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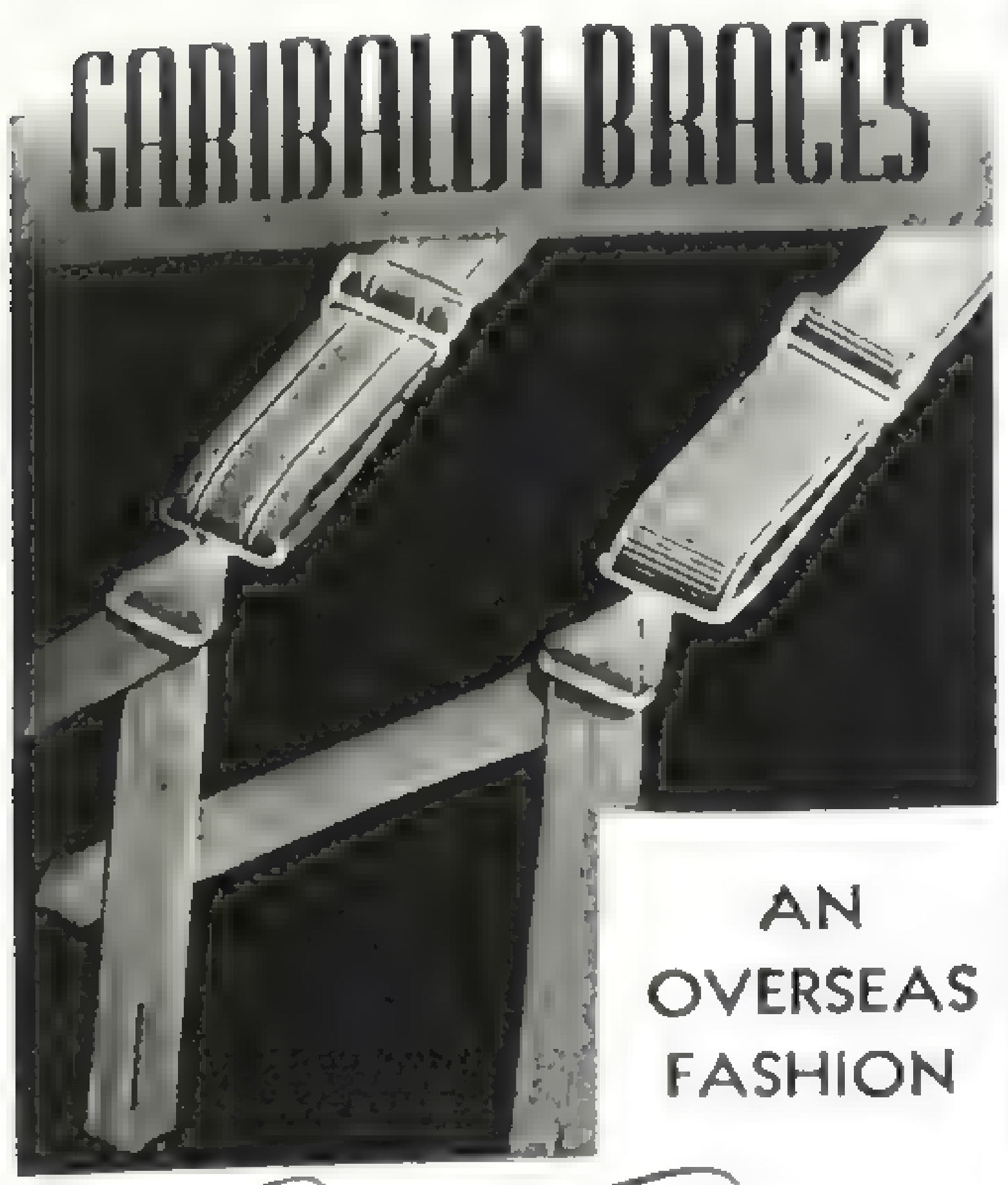

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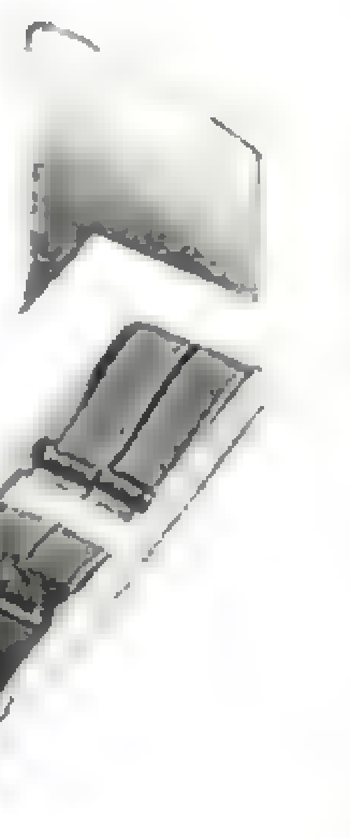

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## There She Breaches!

*Continued from page 35*

*Pilar* out to the north to intercept the whale on the course he was making to the westward. Carlos had the box with the harpoon gun in it out in the cockpit and was going over its contents. We had about twenty feet of wire cable and plenty of good light harpoon line but we knew that sort of line would never hold and Carlos said he was going to make the wire fast directly to our three-inch hurricane hawser. We sent Bolo to clear everything out of the forward cockpit and make one end of the hundred fathom hawser fast to our six new, clean, white, cloth-covered cork, regulation life jackets and then coil the hawser on top of them. On the end of the hawser he made the wire cable fast and I turned the wheel over to him and went into the forward cockpit with Bolo, putting a blank cartridge in the harpoon gun, fitting a dowling into the shank of the harpoon that was fastened onto the wire cable that led to the hawser and shoving the dowling down into the barrel of the sawed off old Springfield musket that served as harpoon gun and pressing it tight against the cartridge.

I knew the harpoon gun would never carry out the weight of the hawser and that the effective range could only be the length of the wire cable, but I knew no reason why we could not get close enough to get the harpoon in solidly. The trouble was that neither did I know anything about whales.

We planned, shouting back to the wheel and to the top of the house where Lopez Mendez sat with the 6.5 mannlicher, Enrique with a handful of extra sticks, the ramrod and a Mauser pistol and the Maestro with the big Graflex, when the whale was harpooned to let the hawser all go out, toss over the packet of life belts as he sounded, and whenever he came up to blow we would locate him by the life belts, pick them up, and stay with him, letting the life belts go over whenever we could not hold the hawser, and whenever the whale showed putting solids from the mannlicher into him and eventually being able to finish him with the killing lance. Then we were going to get a rope around his flukes, make a hole in him and pump him full of air with the air mattress pump. Every time I would get a new bright idea like that about the mattress pump I would shout it back and Enrique would cheer and wave the pistol. Carlos kept shouting, "A whale is worth a fortune in La Habana! a whale is worth a capital for life."

"God bless the whale!" Enrique would shout.

"Death to the whale!" yelled Lopez Mendez.

The Maestro was shaking with excitement.

There, a little way ahead, was the whale. He was very impressive. He would swim a little way under water then his broad head would come out and he would go along with the slanted top of his back out, seemingly unconcerned, but when we speeded up the engine to come up on him close enough to fire the harpoon into him he would submerge. We tried coming up on him from the back, but he would go down each time before we were in range. Then we tried coming up on him from an angle, but down he would go again to be out of sight, only to reappear ahead of us, varying his course very little. Time after time we came within thirty feet of him only to have him go down. The speeding up of the motors seemed to frighten him and put him down and only by speeding up the motors could we come up on him. He was about forty feet long and as we came up close to him we could see the indentations along the side of his blunt head running back toward the body, as though someone had made them by rubbing a finger in warm wax. Again and again we were so close to him you could have hit him with a beer bottle, but I knew for the harpoon to hold we must be almost touching him with the boat when we fired.

"Shoot! For God's sake shoot!" Bolo screamed, pulling on his hair with one hand and holding the hawser high in the air with the other.

"Shoot!" yelled Carlos.

When I would pass up the shot they both held their heads in their hands.

"It's no use to shoot unless it's close enough," I yelled back. "The gun can't carry the weight of that hawser."

Carlos shook his head. "In my life I have only seen three whales off Habana. A whale is worth a fortune. For God's sake shoot!"

The next time we came close and they began yelling to shoot, I said "All right. I'll show you what I mean," and fired when we were not quite thirty feet from the whale and he had lowered his head to sound. The blackpowder roared, the wire shot out, came taut with the weight of the hawser, and the dart was short. The whale went down and this time he came up a long way ahead and it was hard to see him in the sun.

"You see now?" I yelled back. Carlos nodded, now understanding. Then there came a shout from the top of the house.

"Look there! Look there!" Lopez Mendez was pointing and, as we looked astern to the eastward, there were spouts rising almost as far as you could see. It looked like a small geyser basin in Yellowstone Park. There were at least ten whales blowing at once and while we watched more than twenty showed; some close, some far out, some far to the east. Some spouts were high, thin plumes spreading on top. Others were low, squat, wide.

While we had been chasing the single whale the whole school

*Continued on page 204*

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## There She Breaches!

*Continued from pages 35-203*

had been moving up behind us.

"This can't be," said Bolo. "This can't be."

"Come on," I said. "We'll try one from the side."

I yelled to Carlos and we headed out toward where two very big ones showed. We came close and put them both down without getting into range. This time I noticed a dark cloud like cuttlefish ink in the water as the two whales sounded.

"Did you see that?" I yelled.

They had all seen it.

"Maybe they've been eating squid," Carlos said. "Look! There's another close."

We were within two feet of effective range when this whale went down, his great flukes rising out of the water and then sinking in that slow slant.

Standing up on the deck I looked behind us. We were in the middle of the school now and the school was moving steadily to the westward against the current. Straight astern, less than a half a mile away, there were three whales, one of them, the center one, the biggest we had seen, coming directly toward us, and three of them moving steadily to the west into the sun.

"Listen," I said to Carlos, "turn her around and head for that center whale. Steer directly for him head to head. Keep the motors exactly as they are now until I raise my hand. When I raise my hand open them both wide. When I shoot cut your motors and throw out the clutch. Understand."

"Si señor," said Carlos. "Now we'll get one."

As we came up on them they were down once, a little under water, then coming as straight as submarines, the squared off rather tubular looking heads and the rising hump of the back awash like submarines running partly submerged. They held their course and I could feel Bolo trembling with excitement as he held the hawser above his head.

"For God's sake don't get tangled in that," I said. "Throw it when I shoot and step back clear."

"It's all clear," he said.

Then not forty feet ahead was the great, dark, side-furrowed, dully shiny head and the huge bulk much longer than our boat and, fixing on it, not seeing where the other two had gone, I raised my hand and as the boat lurched forward with the two motors wide open, leaned down over the bow and almost touched that head as I fired the gun into it as it slanted down. There was the noise, the white cloud of blackpowder smoke, a drenching spout of evil smelling something that went all over us, over the deck, the windshield and the top of the house, and the hurricane hawser was going over the bow so fast it seemed almost to smoke. Then it was slack. We pulled it in and the harpoon was all right. But it had pulled out. I found out later that you do not harpoon sperm whales in the head. Not even with a cannon. There is too much bone.

Anyway we followed the school into the sun as they worked to westward until they were almost at Mariel and we could never get another shot. They would never let us come as close as we had before we struck the big whale. The speeding up of the rhythm of the propeller beating seemed to put them down.

We headed back toward Havana finally and we saw one old lone whale dark grey and huge and travelling by himself, but he would not let us get near him. At about four-thirty we ate the spaghetti Enrique had cooked and discussed whether we had good pictures of them. The Maestro was certain he had marvelous pictures. But the next day when we got the prints they were uniformly lousy. Most of them were taken into the sun; in some he had moved the camera in excitement; in others he shot when the whales were too far away, and he had a series of masterly shots of the holes they would leave in the water when they went down. Later he had whale spout on his lens and produced some shots that looked like waterfall pictures from the inside. The only good picture was one Lopez Mendez had snapped with his little camera before the Mice took it away from him when his Graflex film ran out, and this the Havana paper to whom Lopez Mendez gave it to prove he was not a liar, never returned. The Maestro was depressed by the pictures but not as much as we were. We all knew his failure with the camera would make liars out of us for the rest of our lives.

When something like that happens nobody believes you. They certainly don't believe you when they see the vague pictures which were published in the rotogravure section of the *Diario de la Marina* in Havana. I had no reason to believe there were sperm whales off Havana and it was hard for me to believe it myself. If you choose not to believe it, that is perfectly all right with me. But this fall in New York I went around to the Museum of Natural History and on the charts of the old whaling voyages there found that sperm whales had been regularly taken off Havana in the old days. Where these were headed for I don't know but it seems logical that they were heading for the Carribean and then south. The day we saw them was October tenth, 1934 and the big one we struck was close to fifty feet long.

That night in the restaurant there were some people who did not believe Enrique either. This distressed him so that he was forced to eat the labels off several beer bottles. This feat being received with some incredulity, he ate a calendar off the wall and devoured a small croton plant that stood by the table. Having his public now

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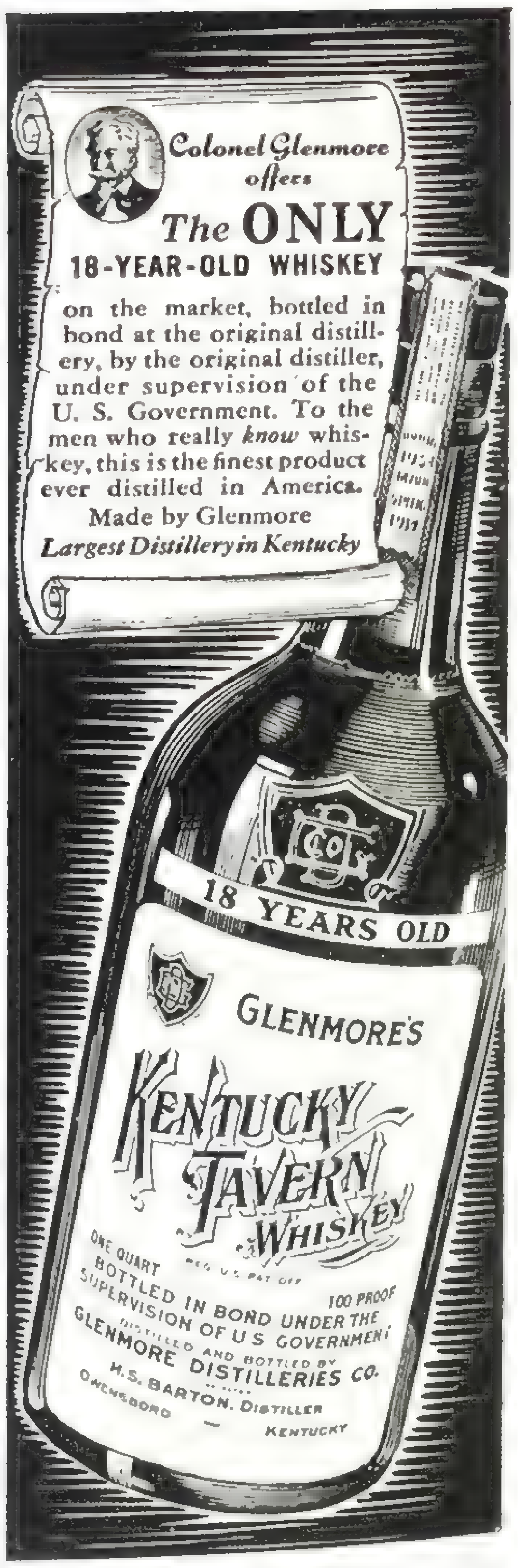

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well in hand, he ate the complete rotogravure section of the *Diario de la Marina* and offered to eat the table. Nobody believed he would not try.

He was getting rather sullen at someone making fun of the whales so Lopez Mendez got him to come home and, riding upstairs in the elevator, he ate the card of a doctor who advertised himself as a specialist in the curing of certain diseases. Lopez Mendez thought that this last was pure bravado and that Enrique was really slowing up, but Enrique on entering the bedroom saw a caricature of Mussolini on very heavy pasteboard. To prove he was in form, he ate this with no difficulty, simply remarking as he swallowed the last bit that it was *muy pesado*. "Very heavy." After this he took a small drink from a bottle of Eau de Cologne and went happily off to sleep.

In the morning he came down to the boat and when Lopez Mendez was describing the gastronomic feats of the night before I again asked Enrique how he felt.

"Marvelous," he said. "I always feel marvelous."

You don't need to believe this either. But I swear to God it is true. In the interests of science it must be added that Enrique looked slightly pale.

Carlos was the most bitter about the photographs. He had seen only three whales off Havana in all his life and here we ran into twenty and did not even get a decent picture. But as he said, lamenting the loss of a possible life's capital and eternal fame on the waterfront, "Certainly one must be properly prepared for whales. Then, undoubtedly, there is a trick to it. There must be a trick for whales as well as for everything else, but we had never had the opportunity of learning it. But imagine if we had brought that whale into Havana harbor. Picture yourself that!"

"Maybe we'll get another one sometime," I said.

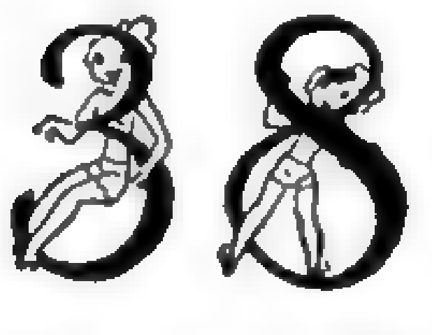
"We must learn the trick of them," he said. "There is certainly a way of getting them. You must find out about them."

"I'll study up on them," I said. But the more I learn about them the luckier I think we were that the harpoon pulled out. I think that a sperm whale might have made several very interesting moves before he permitted us to employ the mattress pump. ⧺

## She's No Longer Faithful If—

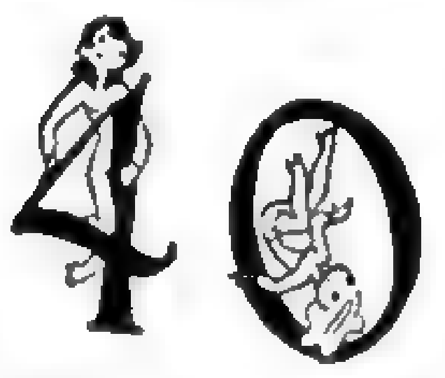
*Continued from page 52*

over this way before so she has hardly any historical interest in the surrounding country. You ask her if she has made the trip alone and she says "yes," but she hasn't.



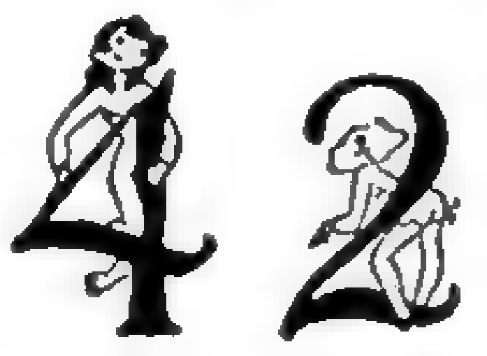
If she spends all of her time in the department stores of your city, and still comes home day after day with nary a purchase, it may be that she is frightened that you might follow her. A big department store is an A-1 Alibi; in the first place every woman spends hours in them, and, in the second place, try to find anybody in one.

This afternoon your friend has had a terrible business calamity, and this 4 a.m. *your mistress* has received a telegram from him threatening suicide at 5 a. m. sharp. Your little Mother Confessor's respect for human life prompts her to go; he is actually saved, but several months later unaccountably disappears from the vicinity.

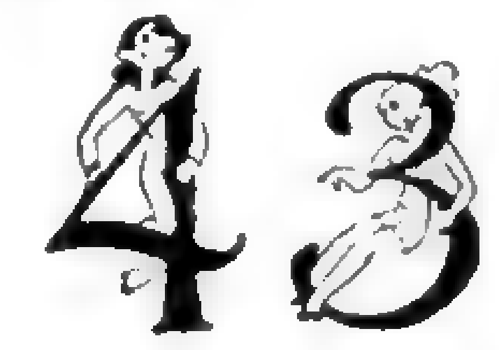


A telegram has arrived at home from Leopold Stokowski who wants to engage you for his orchestra, but he must see you tomorrow and no other day. You have disappeared out of town and your mistress does not know where you are, nor what to do. She telephones your friend, who under this particular press of circumstances so dear and so important to you tells her that you may be reached at the apartment of a certain little actress. Your mistress telephones you. The telegram was a hoax—you sent it yourself. Your mistress' telephone call under these circumstances discloses the relationship between her and your best male friend to be of a special nature.

She is an excellent cook and in the roseate past has gladly cooked excellent meals for the male friends you occasionally brought home to dinner. One male friend persists, and every time she now cooks dinner for you both, the soup is full of salt and the roast is burnt. (However poised a woman may be otherwise, she needs perfect equanimity to cook for her lover, and that balance is deeply disturbed by the possibly alert eye of her husband.)



Recently you both have met a married couple and all four of you have become close friends. Since then your mistress's drinking has undergone a subtle and gradual change, and she now invariably becomes intoxicated whenever you meet this married couple *ensemble* although she refrains if the gentleman is alone. (She does not mind living with you, but she can no longer bear the thought of the other couple living together).



She has a healthy respect for the town scandal monger.

*Continued on page 206*

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When the fairways are duck-ponds of casual water, you'll thank your aquatic stars that your "mocs" are Freemans—made of the illustrious Norwegian calf that only one tanner in the world can produce . . . leather that dries out as soft and supple as an old glove, no matter how you soak it.

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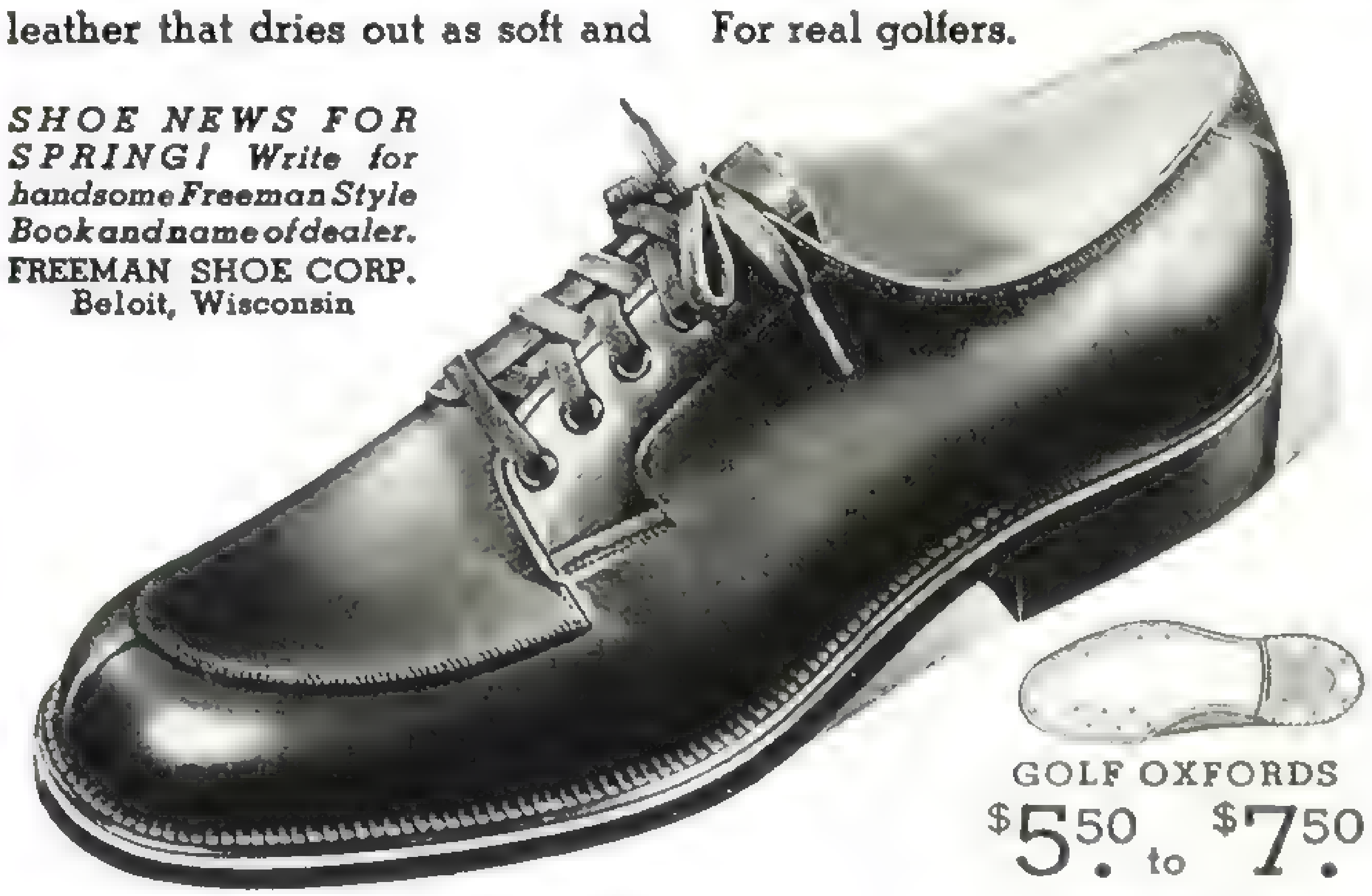

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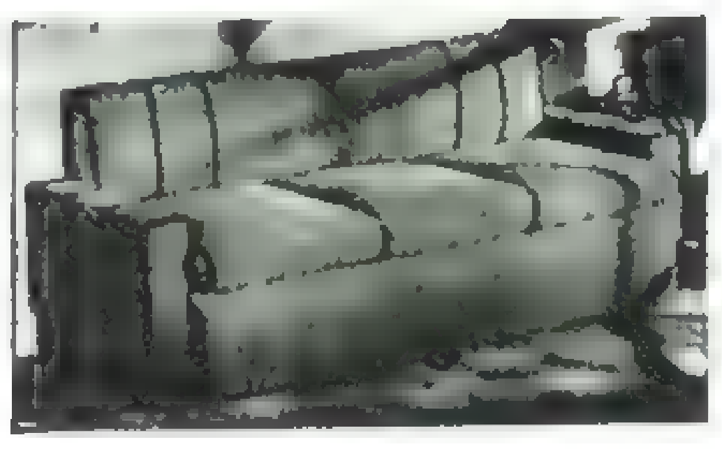

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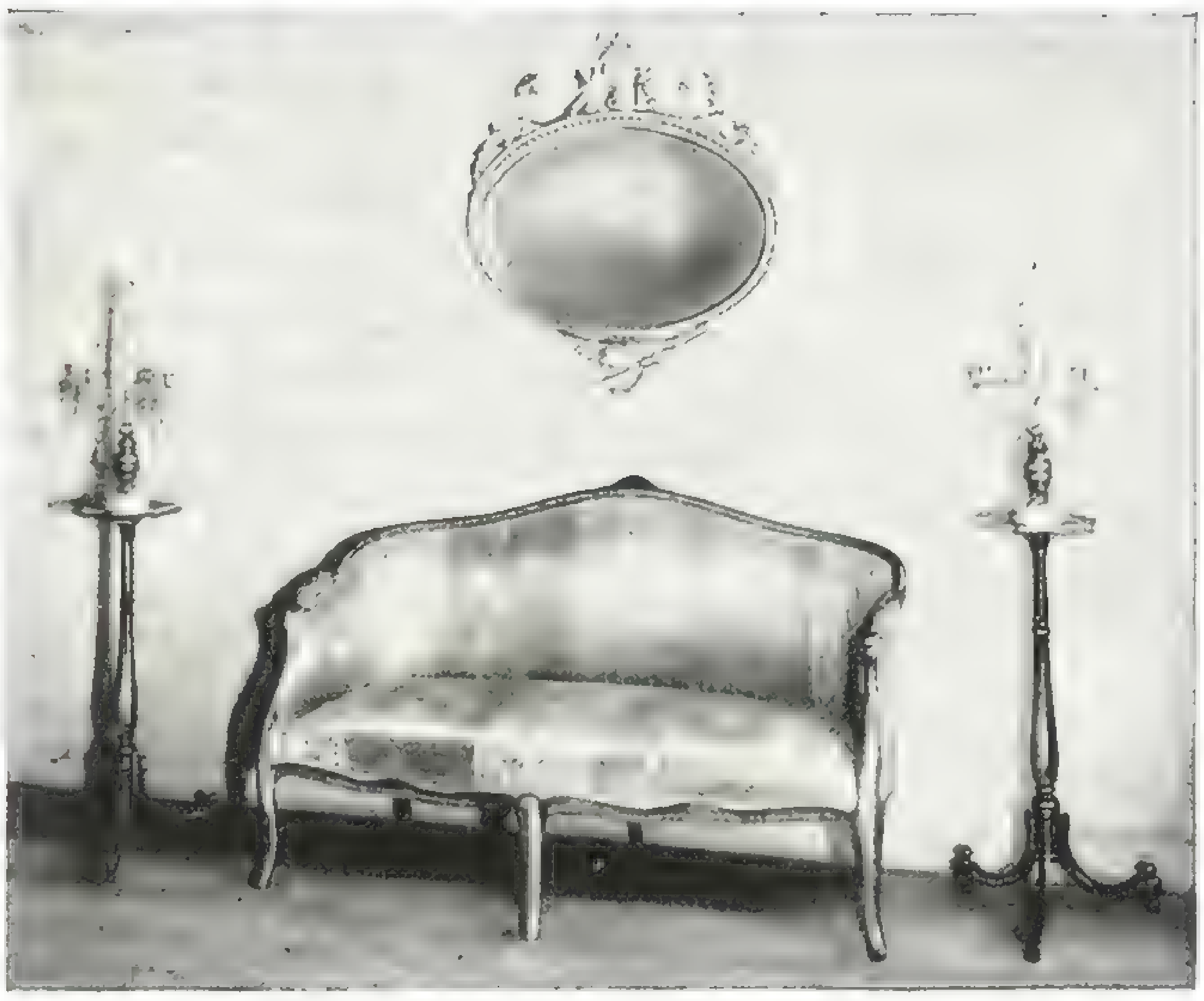

One of numerous 18th Century settings to be found at Symons Galleries consisting of Small Hepplewhite settee, a pair of Chippendale candle stands, a pair of glass and ormolu lights and oval Adam mirror.

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## She's No Longer Faithful If—

*Continued from pages 52-205*

**44** She has always worn clothes of pure white or somber grey; her new evening dress is of flaming scarlet and cut down to HERE.

**45** She has always loved dancing and there is no just cause for suspicion in spite of the fact that within the last several weeks her ballroom dancing has improved almost to professional standards. However when she says of her sleek-haired dancing partner. . . . "I am so concerned about Tony . . . he has a really fine mind, and is terribly depressed about his present life; he comes of gentle birth . . . could we not do something about him, Henri?" . . . then you have cause for alarm. Tony is a gigolo and has no other fine feelings except those in his feet. If you look at him at this moment, you will find his eyes glittering at your Hispano-Suiza moored across the street.

**46** Formerly when you were both children and in love, distance and separation was a terrible and agonizing thing, and reunions after an absence of three months were the tearful and throbbing ones of two bleeding hearts. But now, just as she descended from the train which brought her from far away, she seemed more womanly, more capable, and more definitely "sex appeal." As you fall into one another's arms, you have that inexplicable and fascinating feeling that you are embracing a strange woman.

**47** She has gone to Monte Carlo especially to play baccarat. After three months she has returned with her Bugatti, jewels, furs, and bank balance in exactly the same condition as the day you put her, her car, and her luggage upon the Midi-Express.

**48** She is away upon a summer vacation and writes: —"*I have just met the most ridiculous little man—.*" Her next letter is poetic, the sea is very beautiful, the landscape is marvelous, and the world is a strange, mysterious and thoroughly ecstatic place. She refers to the funny little man in a postscript—"The young scrapgrace I wrote you about—he is still idiotically following me around; as a matter of fact he seems to be madly in love with me—*really* my darling it is too *too* funny—if you *could only see* him!"

The next letter is in a more serious vein; she is plainly enjoying her vacation, but a little apprehensive that people might misunderstand. Her letter begins thoughtfully, "Arthur dearest, the only thing that worries me about Jean . . . his name is Jean . . . is that he makes such an *ass* of himself! It would be dreadful if some garbled word concerning his antics found its way back to you, poor darling, working away there at your hot city office; you certainly have enough business trouble to worry about. You will know by this token that your little dove is in summer flight, and merely stretching her wings a little bit to see how attractive they look. Besides you need *only to see* Jean to know that *I* could *never* take such a fellow seriously, not even for one moment."

A fourth letter arrives:—"I am now definitely worried. Perhaps I had better cut short my vacation and come back home. Jean has besieged me with his attentions, and I *feel* that people may commence to talk. For instance I met that flirtatious Miss "Q" yesterday and she *did* look at me in the *queerest* way. Perhaps that is because I saw both of them together all day the day before . . . do you know that I found they had taken a long walk down the beach together, and disappeared, Heaven knows where, until late evening!"

Months later, after her return, you find a hidden snapshot, dedicated simply "To Joan, from Jean" and a little heart. Jean is tall, blond, and very very handsome.

**49** Your mistress, a dancer, has become stranded in South America. She has sent you a cable to this effect, and you somewhat bewildered, have sent her the money. (Brazilian and Argentine laws stipulate that no dancer may enter the country without a return ticket because of the age-old wicked "Road to Buenos Aires" which still traps the girls of five continents.) She does not return, but after another month, sends you another cable for an additional sum—as "irregular ship-sailings" have prevented her return.

You do not answer this second cable. In two months' time she will return of her own accord for in the last analysis no South American will marry any other than one of his own countrywomen . . . he would be disinherited if he did. Therefore you will have your mistress back in a very reconciliatory and contrite mood, ready to accept and believe your story that you did not receive her second cable.

**50** She has recently bought a box of very expensive monogrammed writing paper. Day after day it disappears, although she never writes a letter. #

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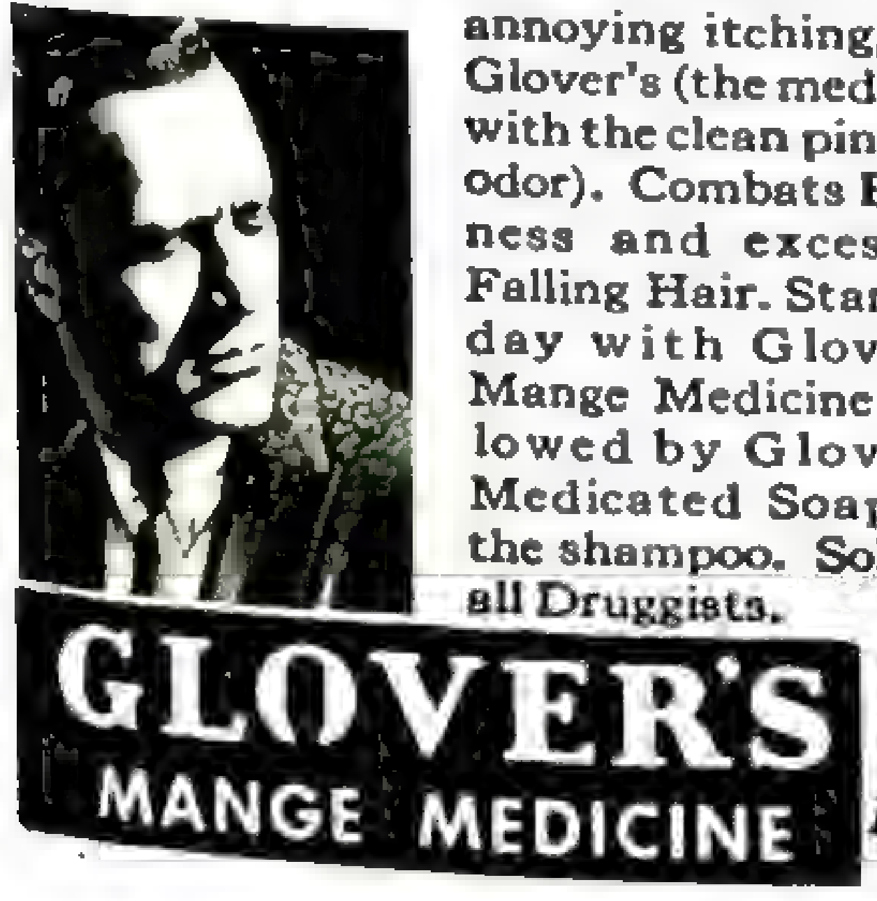

**GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE**

*Ask Your Barber*

# Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

*Continued from page 113*

able. The immediate aims of the Soviet authorities, they say, have repeatedly been altered under a trial and error system and consequently the more remote aim of a classless society is striven for under measures which are subject to change. The policy now, the Webbs say, is to ignore the possibility of Communistic revolutions in other countries and to make the system in Russia so attractive that other countries will be inspired to follow their example.

The Webbs, both now in their eighties, were pioneer Socialists in England, founders of the Fabian Society which counted the young Bernard Shaw and the young H. G. Wells among its members. Stolid, slow-moving, scholarly and thorough, they have worked for the Socialist Utopia patiently and without any sanguine hope of seeing it dawn in their lifetime; and they have investigated Socialism's practical beginnings in Soviet Russia in the best documented and most unprejudiced book on the U.S.S.R. to date. They are critical of the restrictions put upon freedom of thought and conscience; they believe the orthodox religion was liquidated too drastically; and they admit they were not permitted to investigate the concentration camps; but their final answer to the question they ask in their title is affirmative: Russia is witnessing the beginning of a new civilization.

Andrew Smith, an American factory worker, former member and organizer of the Communist party, and would-be citizen of Soviet Russia, wants none of this new civilization from what he tasted of it during three years of misery as a worker in Russia. Smith, an ardent and active Communist Party organizer, glowed with visions of a worker's paradise. He went to Russia to inspect this paradise and was greeted with brass bands, showered with favors and shown things on exhibition for the tourists which made his eyes bug out in admiration. He came back to America to sell out his property, turn over the bulk of his cash to the American Communist Party, renounce his country, and go to Russia with his family and live in the worker's heaven. His disillusion was immediate, drastic and continuous. Coming as a worker he was greeted with no brass bands; he was shunted from place to place, given miserable wages out of which he had to contribute 100 per cent in party dues and other taxes until he had to sell his overcoat, shoes and extra clothing to keep his family from starving; he and his family had to live in filthily overcrowded hovels while lazy, grafting commissars and scoundrelly members of the secret police lived in luxurious apartments, dressed in the finest clothes, ate epicurean meals served by maids and butlers and drove about in Rolls-Royces. Smith complained to Stalin himself, tried to root out the racketeers and grafters, still believing in the Communist ideal; but after three years of first-hand experience he escaped back to America convinced that the abuses of Stalinism were a thousand times more terrible than the abuses of capitalism.

Somewhere in *The Sound Wagon* T. S. Stribling observes that it is perhaps providential that under our civilization money is popularly and generally regarded as the reward of ability and that money-making is regarded as the worthiest ambition, for without these evaluations the energetic, powerful and unscrupulous would exercise their lust for power unhindered by other considerations and thus would seek to be merciless, cruel, sadistic out of ungoverned brutal instinct. I find this same thought expressed by John Maynard Keynes in his *The General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money* (Harcourt, Brace & Co., $2.):

"For my own part, I believe that there is social and psychological justification for significant inequalities of incomes and wealth, but not for such large disparities as exist today. There are valuable human activities which require the motive of money-making and the environment of private wealth-ownership for their full fruition. Moreover, dangerous human proclivities can be canalised into comparatively harmless channels by the existence of opportunities for money-making and private wealth, which, if they cannot be satisfied in this way, may find their outlet in cruelty, the reckless pursuit of personal power and authority, and other forms of self-aggrandisement. It is better that a man should tyrannize over his bank balance than over his fellow-citizens; and whilst the former is sometimes denounced as being but a means to the latter, sometimes at least it is an alternative. But it is not necessary for the stimulation of these activities and the satisfaction of these proclivities that the game should be played for such high stakes as at present."

Keynes expounds the current doctrines concerning employment, interest and money, and advances a theory for the cure of unemployment without incurring the restrictions upon efficiency and freedom which have been concomitant with the systems employed by the authoritarian states to cure unemployment, but his theories are mathematically abstruse and involve expositions too long to be dealt with here. Keynes, however, is concerned, too, with the imponderables of human life and relationships—the factors which cannot be reduced to a question of wages, employment, housing, work, scale

*Continued on page 208*

END OF THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE

HE fell from the bar with the greatest of ease when the fumes from that gooey briar got him. Won't some usher please rush out for a pack of pipe cleaners and a tin of Sir Walter Raleigh's peaceful blend—and let the show go on? Sir Walter burns slower, cooler. The air stays cleaner, your tongue stays calmer, and its delightful aroma wins applause from any crowd. Sales go up and up as smoker after smoker finds Sir Walter Raleigh the answer to a pipe-lover's prayer for mildness and fragrance. Sold everywhere. Ever tried it?

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TORSION OF HICKORY

# Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

*Continued from pages 113-207*

of living or any other material fact.

The late Clarence Day put the matter elusively long ago in *This Simian World* ($1.35) which Knopf has just reissued after fifteen years, following the success of Day's *Life With Father*. Day is discussing the ant. "We all know," he wrote, "that they (the ants) have a marked genius: great gifts of their own. In a civilization of super-ants or bees, there would have been no problem of the hungry unemployed, no poverty, no unstable government, no riots, no strikes for short hours, no derision of eugenics, no thieves, perhaps no crime at all. Ants are good citizens: they place their group interests first. . . . The egotism of their individual spirits is allowed scant expression, so the egotism of the group is extremely ferocious and active. . . . They go in for State Socialism, yes, but they are not internationalists. And ants commit atrocities in and after their battles that are—I wish I could truly say—inhuman." And he goes on to conclude that with the ants "work and order and gain" have withered their minds.

Before I leave the subject with which this article began I wish to refer to an interesting compilation that has just appeared, *America Goes to Press* (Bobbs, Merrill, $2.75) by Laurence Greene, a reprinting of contemporary newspaper accounts of the great news events in our history from the Boston Tea Party to the beginning of the war. Here are the first versions of such events as the Battle of Lexington, the burning of the Capitol, the opening of the Erie Canal, the treason of Aaron Burr, the laying of the Atlantic Cable, Lee's surrender, Lincoln's assassination, the Chicago Fire, the Johnstown Flood, the sinking of the Maine, etc., etc. In this record of the way news was received at the time it occurred there is this brief editorial from the *New York Sun* of June 29, 1914:

"It is difficult to discuss the tragedy at Sarajevo yesterday without laying oneself open to the reproach of heartlessness. For while it is only natural that one should be stricken with horror at the brutal and shocking assassination of Archduke Ferdinand, it is impossible to deny the fact that his disappearance from the scene is calculated to diminish the tenseness of the situation and to make for peace both within and without the dual empire."

This editorial should be contemplated by those who are easily given to statements about the future; those who so readily talk about the inevitability of Fascism or Communism.

The course of history has frequently been determined by tremendous trifles, by unpredictable accidents.

The most terrible, the most intolerable bitch I have ever encountered in the role of heroine is the Isabelle of Rebecca West's new novel, *The Thinking Reed* (Viking, $2.50). And the curious thing about it is that Miss West apparently thinks her heroine is quite a noble, superior sort of female. She seems to approve of her snootiness, her spoiled petulance, her condescensions, her rudeness to servants, her vulgar airs of superiority, her selfishness, her double-dealing, her vicious little complacent soul. Indeed, Miss West steps in to coach Isabelle in the display of these ignoble qualities. The book is journalism and magazine-article writing rather than a novel and as such it gives Miss West ample opportunity to exercise her notable gifts for malicious comment and vicious epithet which have earned her a reputation for being witty. And, except in those tedious passages wherein Miss West thinks it is necessary to perform the novelist's function of filling in a background, the yarn is swift-paced and entertaining. Among the sophisticates there will be many who are appreciatively and naïvely delighted that Miss West has high-toned a vulgarism employed by Hemingway, O'Hara, et al by having her heroine frequently characterize somebody disparagingly by saying "He's an ordure" or "She's an ordure."

The heroine of *The Thinking Reed* is an American heiress, widowed in her early twenties by the death of a dare-devil husband in an aeroplane crack-up. She is living in Paris and when the story opens she is on the point of breaking off with a handsome Don Juan, scion of a noble French family, with whom she has been having a love affair that is at once violent and humiliating, for without emotional fidelity himself, he is forever making hysterical scenes under the pretense of a jealousy he does not feel and knows is not justified.

Isabelle, the heroine, meanwhile is pursued by two suitors for her hand in marriage, one a rich, fat, repulsive-looking and rather stupid French industrialist, and the other a rich, scholarly, American of gentle Southern birth. She decides the scholarly Southerner will give her the peace and other requirements her fastidious nature needs and so she accepts a luncheon engagement with him, fully prepared to yield to his entreaties of marriage. She also phones the industrialist, asking him to come to the restaurant prepared for good news, thus misleading the duffer into believing she is going finally to accept his proposal of marriage.

Then she goes through a bit of theatricalism which Miss West tries to explain as a psychological subtlety necessary to Isabelle to kill off her old love and free her lover from his attach-

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ment to her, but which seems to me like the act of a silly woman trying to arouse more interest in herself than her lover has been showing.

She returns to the courtyard of her lover's apartment with the flowers he usually sends her, breaks the stems and grinds the buds into the ground in the presence of the conciérge.

The American she expects to ask her to marry happens to oversee this tantrum from the window of a friend on whom he has called, and when Isabelle shows up for lunch he does not pop the question. Which, of course, leaves her in the soup. But she saves her face.

At the hour of the industrialist's approach she excuses herself for a moment, rushes out to meet the industrialist, tells him she will marry him, and brings him back to the table to announce to the American the news that here is her fiancé whom she has been planning to marry all along. Thus she becomes Mme. Marc Sallafranc. Curiously, too, she is later presented as in love with and devoted to him, though how this could be when he is first presented as repulsive to her, is not easy to understand. Marc is also presented at first as an inarticulate boob and is later presented as spouting whole pages of observations which sound as though he had memorized magazine articles by Miss West. But we must not tax Miss West with these small matters. What we have a right to ask is why Isabelle should have, and be permitted to entertain, the idea that she is a superior soul frustrated in her attempts to enjoy the good life of the mind and spirit by the conditions of European society and the sort of people with whom she is thrown in contact—for the most part the idle, gambling, sexually promiscuous rich of Monte Carlo, the Riviera and St. Moritz. She is depicted as reacting violently against these people and particularly against the dull, ill-mannered, smug and stupid representatives of the English aristocracy, but nowhere is there any indication wherein she is superior to anyone or any more than one who has gravitated to her natural level. Lastly Marc "fails" her by getting drunk one night at Monte Carlo and thus humiliating her. One wonders how Marc kept sober so long as the husband of such an ordure.

*Beyond Sing the Woods* (Putnam's, $2.50) translated from the Norwegian of Tygve Gulbranssen, is one of those enchanting rarities, a full-bodied novel of men close to nature and the soil, reacting with primitive decency and primitive limitations to the encroachments of civilization and living heroically without being aware of their superior qualities. There is in this fine novel much of the naïvete, simplicity and elementary depiction of great truths that one finds in the great classics of antiquity like the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, the Norse sagas and the *Nibelungenlied* and yet the author is a modern and his narrative method is free of those faults of exaggeration and implausibility which characterize the lovely tales which come out of the childhood of the human race. This story tells of the story of the half-pagan men of the North woods and of their leader, Dag and his descendants, and how they dealt with the educated, more civilized, craftier townsmen to the South whom they distrusted; how old Dag killed the ancient enemy, the great bear, with a knife in mortal combat; how Dag's son, Tore, was slain cowardly by a stab in the back by a townsman and aristocrat when he resented being humiliated and insulted by a capricious noblewoman who had tried to attract his attention; how young Dag vowed to avenge his brother's murder and how he married a town girl and took her to his great country estate in the North that he might learn town ways and profit by their cleverness and their ways of depending upon their wits and their legal papers for possessions instead of upon labor and character; and how young Dag became old Dag with an heir like him and yet not like him; and how young Dag in his old age achieved through town guile the power to inflict his revenge and learned that in the exercise of mercy there is more gratification than in the exercise of revenge. In Dag's story we have concurrently the story of the whole progress of civilization in Norway during the last century, with the giving way of frontiers, the break-up of old customs, the dying out of superstitions and the rapid decay, too, of the mushroom towns of an industrialism which thrives at times but which must ultimately derive its nourishment and its wealth from the soil. Not since Knut Hamsun's *Growth of the Soil* have we had a Scandinavian novel of this novel's beauty and power.

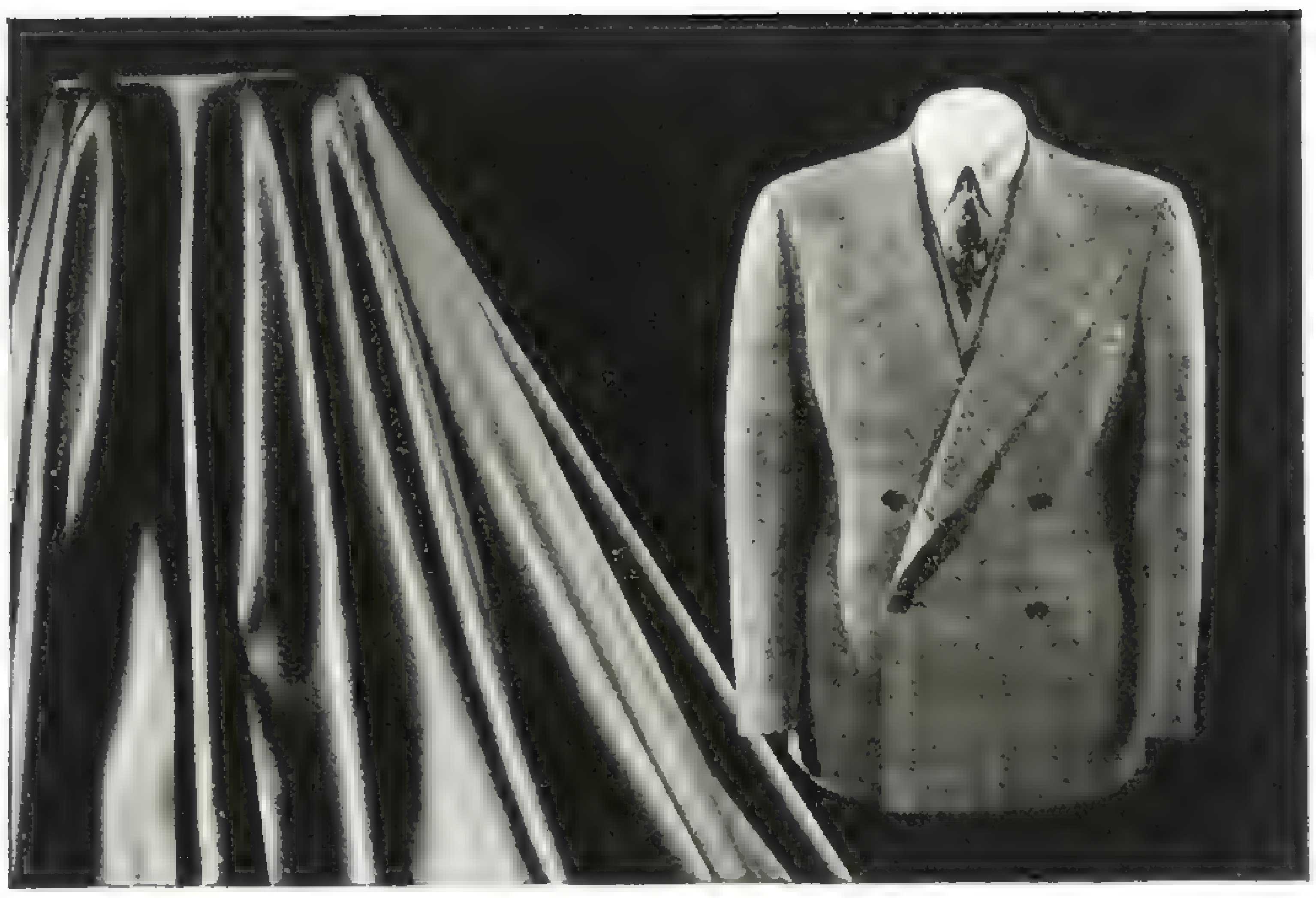
Particularly recommended to you herewith are these suggestions for a balanced diet of reading:

*The Way of a Transgressor* (Harcourt, Brace & Co., $3) by Negley Farson—the uninhibited, devil-may-care, autobiography of a man who loves life and excitement and knows how to find it—and how to write about it excitingly.

*The House in Paris* (Knopf, $2.50) by Elizabeth Bowen—A skilfully handled and enthralling psychological analysis of the emotional complexes developed in two children by their unusual parentage, of their young passion and its issue. A compassionate novel written with unusual distinction.

*Best in the Greenwood* (Doubleday, Doran, $2) by Frederick Lambeck—A short, first novel, so quietly wise and beautiful and so unattended by ballyhoo that it may take months or years for many people to learn of its charm and to take it to their hearts as

*Continued at top of page 210*



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## Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

*Continued from pages 113-207-209*

immeasurably superior, for instance, to *Goodbye, Mr. Chips.* It is about an utterly delightful and really superior old lady who annually leaves the seclusion of her Connecticut estate to visit her sister who tries to keep up with the hectic "smart" life of New York's Park Avenue. Mrs. Beaufort returns each time from the cocktail-shaking din rejuvenated by the experience but not in the way her desperate sister thinks.

*We in Captivity* (Dodd, Mead, $2.50) by Kathleen Pawle—An unusually good novel of the youth movement in Ireland for Irish independence and the revival of the Irish language, poetry and folk-lore and of the bloody climax of that movement in the Easter Rebellion in Dublin. Dramatic story, teeming with interesting characters and presented with authentic Irish idiom.

*A Handbook for the Amateur Actor* (Doubleday, Doran, $1.50) by Van H. Cartmell—This is an entertaining, witty book of rules and hints for the amateur actor which may be read with pleasure and profit by people who never have a yen to appear before the footlights; for it is incidentally a book through which the layman may learn to appreciate the art of acting in the theater and movies more intelligently and acquire poise and ease of movement in ordinary social affairs.

*The Foxes* (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.50) by R. P. Harris—A lively novel about foxes, horses, hounds and huntsmen and the people who love dogs and horses on a Southern plantation.

*Winchester House* (Dutton, $2.50) by Anne Green—Comical, witty, genuinely entertaining novel about a rich young woman who is disappointed in love and blighted by Park Avenue, falls victim to amnesia and begins to live a new life among fantastic people. ⌗

## Three Acts of Music

*Continued from page 39*

right. It's too late."

"—Too late for what?"

"Just too late—like you told me."

"But I didn't mean it."

"You were right though . . . Be quiet:

*Lovely*
*to look at*
*Romantic*
*to know*

"You're all those things in the song," he said passionately.

"What? Lovely to look at and all that? You should have told me that fifteen years ago. Now I'm superintendent of a woman's hospital." She added: "And I'm still a woman." Then she added: "But I'm not the woman you knew any more. I'm another woman."

*—lovely to look at*

the orchestra repeated.

"Yes, I was lovely to look at when I was nothing—when I couldn't even talk plain—"

"I never knew—"

"Oh let's not go over it. Listen to what they're playing."

"It's called *Lovely to Look At.*"

"Who's it by?"

"A man named Jerome Kern."

"Did you meet *him* when you went back to Europe the second time? Is he a friend of yours?"

"I never saw him. What gives you the impression I met all these big shots? I'm a doctor. Not a musician."

She wondered about her own bitterness.

"I suppose because all those years I met nobody," she said finally. "Sure, I once saw Doctor Kelly at a distance. But here I am—because I got good at my job."

"And here I am, because—"

"You'll always be wonderful to me. What did you say this man's name was?"

"Kern. And I didn't say it *was.* I said it *is.*"

"That's the way you used to talk to me. And now both of us are fat and—sort of middle-aged. We never had much. Did we?"

"It wasn't my fault."

"It wasn't anybody's fault. It was just meant to be like that. Let's dance. That's a good tune. What did you say was this man's name?"

"Kern."

*They*
*asked me how I*
*knew-ew-ew—*

"We've had all that anyhow, haven't we?" she asked him. "All those people—that Youmans, that Berlin, that Kern. They must have been through hell to be able to write like that. And we sort of listened to them, didn't we?"

"But my God, that's so little—" he began but her mood changed and she said:

"Let's not say anything about it. It was all we had—everything we'll ever know about life. What were their names—you knew their names."

"Their names were—"

"Didn't you ever know *any* of them in that fifteen years around Europe?"

"I never saw one of them."

"Well, I never will." She hesitated before the wide horizon of how she might have lived. How she might have married this man, borne him children, died for him—of how she had lived out of sordid poverty and education—into power—and spinsterhood. And she cared not a damn for her man any more because he had never gone off with her. But she wondered how these composers had lived. Youmans and Irving Berlin and Jerome Kern and she thought that if any of their wives turned up in this hospital she would try to make them happy. ⌗

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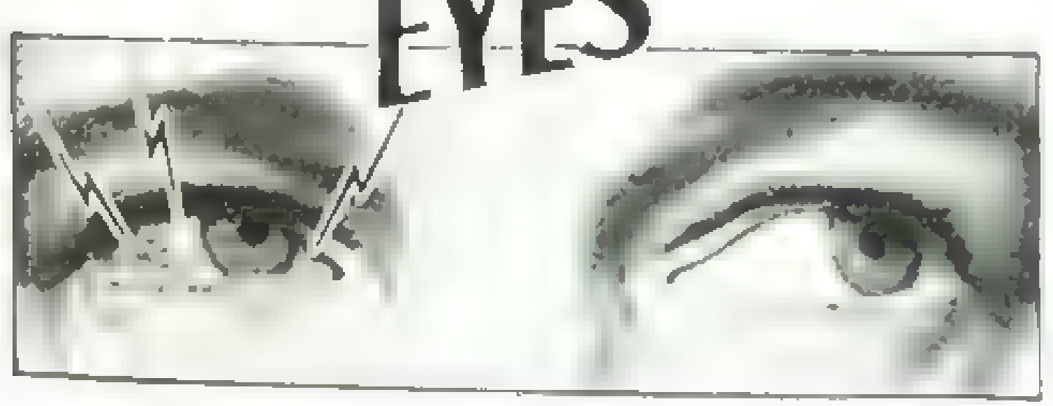

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## Attorney for the Defense

*Continued from page 37*

apt to think that the real home of all outsiders is Sheol, and you do not want them on the jury, and the sooner they leave the better.

The Methodists are worth considering; they are nearer the soil. Their religious emotions can be transmuted into love and charity. They are not half bad, even though they will not take a drink, they really do not need it so much as some of their competitors for the seat next to the throne. If chance sets you down between a Methodist and a Baptist, you will move toward the Methodist to keep warm.

Beware of the Lutherans, especially the Scandinavians; they are almost always sure to convict. Either a Lutheran or Scandinavian is unsafe, but if both-in-one, plead your client guilty and go down the docket. He learns about sinning and punishing from the preacher, and dares not doubt. A person who disobeys must be sent to Hell; he has God's word for that.

As to Unitarians, Universalists, Congregationalists, Jews and other agnostics, don't ask them too many questions; keep them anyhow; especially Jews and agnostics. It is best to inspect a Unitarian, or a Universalist, or a Congregationalist, with some care, for they may be prohibitionists; but never the Jews and the real agnostics! And, do not, please, accept a prohibitionist: he is too solemn and holy and dyspeptic. He knows your client would not have been indicted unless he were a drinking man, and any one who drinks is guilty of something, probably much worse than he is charged with, although it is not set out in the indictment. Neither would he have employed *you* as his lawyer had he not been guilty.

I have never experimented much with Christian Scientists; they are too serious for me. Somehow, solemn people seem to think that pleasure is wicked. Only the gloomy and dyspeptic can be trusted to convict. Shakespeare knew: "Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look; he thinks too much; such men are dangerous." You may defy all the rest of the rules if you can get a man who laughs. Few things in this world are of enough importance to warrant considering them seriously. So, by all means, choose a man who laughs. A juror who laughs hates to find anyone guilty.

Never take a wealthy man on a jury. He will convict, unless the defendant is accused of violating the anti-trust law, selling worthless stocks or bonds, or something of that kind. Next to the Board of Trade, for him, the Penitentiary is the most important of all public buildings. These imposing structures stand for Capitalism. Civilization could not possibly exist without them. Don't take a man because he is a "good" man; this means nothing. You should find out what he is good *for*. Neither should a man be accepted because he is a bad sort. There are too many ways of being good or bad. If you are defending, you want imaginative individuals. You are not interested in the morals of the juror. If a man is instinctively kind and sympathetic, take him.

Then, too, there are the women. These are now in the jury box. A new broom sweeps clean. It leaves no speck on the floor or under the bed, or in the darkest corners of life. To these new jurors, the welfare of the state depends on the verdict. It will be so for many years to come. The chances are that it would not have made the slightest difference to the state if all cases had been decided the other way. It might, however, make a vast difference to the unfortunates facing cruel, narrow-minded jurors who pass judgment on their fellowmen. To the defendants it might have meant the fate of life rather than death.

But, what is one life more or less in the general spawning? It may float away on the tide, or drop to the depths of oblivion, broken, crushed and dead. The great sea is full of embryo lives ready to take the places of those who have gone before. One more unfortunate lives and dies as the endless stream flows on, and little it matters to the wise judges who coldly pronounce long strings of words in droning cadence; the victims are removed, they come and go and the judges keep on chanting senseless phrases laden with doom upon the bowed heads of those before them. The judge is as unconcerned about the actual meaning of it all as the soughing wind rustling the leaves of a tree just outside the court house door.

Women still take their new privilege seriously. They are all puffed up with the importance of the part they feel they play, and are sure they represent a great step forward in the world. They believe that the sex is co-operating in a great cause. Like the rest of us, they do not know which way is forward and which is backward, or whether either one is any way at all. Luckily, as I feel, my services were almost over when women invaded the jury box.

A few years ago I became interested in a man charged with selling some brand of intoxicant in a denatured land that needed cheering. I do not know whether he sold it or not. I forgot to ask him. I viewed the case with mixed feelings of pity and contempt, for, as Omar philosophized, "I wonder often what the vintners buy one-half so precious as the stuff they sell?" When I arrived on the scene, the court room looked ominous with women jurors. I managed to get rid of all but two, while the dismissed women lingered around in the big room waiting for the vic-

*Continued on page 212*

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## Attorney for the Defense

*Continued from pages 37-211*

tory, wearing solemn faces and white ribbons. The jury disagreed. In the second trial there were four women who would not budge from their seats, or their verdict. Once more I went back to the case with distrust and apprehension. The number of women in the jury box had grown to six. All of them were unprejudiced. They said so. But everyone connected with the case was growing tired and skeptical, so we concluded to call it a draw. This was my last experience with women jurors. I formed a fixed opinion that they were absolutely dependable, but I did not want them.

Whether a jury is a good one or a bad one depends on the point of view. I have always been an attorney for the defense. I can think of nothing, not even war, that has brought so much misery to the human race as prisons. And all of it is so futile!

I once spent a winter on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. In front of my windows, four fishermen were often wearily trudging back and forth, and slowly dragging a long net across the sand. When it was safely landed, a few small, flopping fish disclosed the results of their labors. These were scattered dying on the beach, while the really worth while fishes were left in the sea, which somehow reminded me of our courts and juries, and other aims and efforts of optimistic men and their idle undertakings, and disheartening results.

Judges and jurors are like the rest of humans. Now and then some outstanding figures will roll up their sleeves, as it were, and vigorously set to work to reform the courts and get an efficient administration of justice. This will be ably seconded by the newspapers, lashing courts and jurors, past, present and prospective, into a spasm of virtue that brings down the innocent and guilty together, assuming always that there are innocent and guilty. Then, for a time, every defendant is convicted; and soon the campaign reaches the courts; after ruining a few lives and reputations, the frenzy is over, and life goes on smoothly and tranquilly as before.

When I was a boy in the country, one of the standard occupations was whittling. It became as mechanical as breathing. Since then I have decided that this is as good a way to live as any other. Life depends on the automatic taking in and letting out of breath, but in no way is it lengthened or made happier by deep thinking or wise acting. The one big word that stands over courts and other human activities is FUTILITY.

The courts may be unavailing, lawyers stupid, and both as dry as dust, but the combination makes for something interesting and exciting, and it opens avenues that seem to lead somewhere. Liberty, lives, fortunes, often are at stake, and appeal for assistance and mercy rend the air for those who care to hear. In an effort to help, often a casual remark may determine a seemingly vital situation, when perhaps the remark, of all the palaver, was the least important one breathed forth. In all questions men are frequently influenced by some statement which, spoken at the eventful time, determines fate. The most unforeseen, accidental meetings sometimes result in seemingly new and strangely fateful family lines. In fact, all that occurs in life is an endless sequence of events resulting from the wildest chance.

Amongst the twelve in a jury box, are all degrees of alertness, all sorts of ideas, and a variety of emotions; and the lawyers, too, are important factors in the outcome. They are closely observed by the jurors. They are liked, or disliked. Mayhap because of what they say, or how they speak, or pronounce their words, or part their hair. It may be that a lawyer is disliked because he talks too little, or too much; more often the latter. But a lawyer of subtlety should know when to stop, and when to go on, and how far to go. As a rule, he must not seem to be above the juror, nor below him. He must not too obviously strive for effect. He often meets baffling situations not easily explained. Sometimes it is better for him to talk of something else. Explanations must not be too fantastic, or ridiculous. It does no harm to admit the difficulty of the situation, to acknowledge that this circumstance or that seems against him. Many facts point to guilt, but in another light these facts may appear harmless.

Lawyers are apt to interpret deeds and motives as they wish them to appear. As a matter of fact, most actions are subject to various inferences, sometimes quite improbable, but nonetheless true. Identifications show common examples of mistakes. Many men are in prison and some are sent to death through mistaken identifications. One needs but recall the countless errors he, himself, has made. How many have met some person whom they believed to be an old-time friend, and have found themselves greeting a total stranger? This is a common mistake made in restaurants and other public places. Many identifications in court are made from having seen a person but once, and under conditions not critical. Many are made from descriptions and photographs, and urged on by detectives, lawyers, and others vitally interested in the results. From all of this it is easy to see that many are convicted who are guiltless of crime. In situations of strong agitation, acquittals are rare, and sentences made long and barbarous and inhuman.

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THE PLACE TO STAY IN
Philadelphia

The judge is, of course, an important part of the machinery and administration of the court. Like carpenters, and lawyers, bricklayers, and saloon-keepers, they are not all alike. No two of them have the same fitness for their positions. No two have the same education; no two have the same natural understanding of themselves and their fellowman, or are gifted with the same discernment and balance. Not that judges are lacking in knowledge of law. The ordinary rules for the administration of law are rather simple and not difficult to follow. But judges should be students of life, even more than of law. Biology and psychology, which form the basis of understanding human conduct, should be taken into account. Without a fair knowledge of the mechanism of man, and the motives and urges that govern his life, it is idle to venture to fathom a situation; but, with some knowledge, officers and the public can be most useful in preserving and protecting those who most need such help. The life of almost any unfortunate, if rightly understood, can be readjusted to some plan of order and system, instead of left to drift on to ruin, the victim of ignorance, hatred and chance.

If the physician so completely ignored natural causes as the lawyers and judges, the treatment of disease would be relegated to witchcraft and magic, and the dungeon and rack would once more hold high carnival in driving devils out of the sick and afflicted. Many of the incurable victims of crime are like those who once were incurable victims of disease; they are the product of vicious and incompetent soothsayers who control their destinies. Every human being, whether parent, teacher, physician, or prosecutor, should make the comfort and happiness of their dependents their first concern. Now and then some learned courts take a big view of life, but scarcely do they make an impression until some public brainstorm drives them back in their treatment of crime to the methods of sorcery and conjury.

No scientific attitude toward crime can be adopted until lawyers, like physicians and scientists, recognize that cause and effect determine the conduct of men.

When lawyers and courts, and laymen, accept the scientific theory which the physicians forced upon the world long years ago, then men will examine each so-called delinquency until they discover its cause, and then learn how to remove the cause. This requires sympathy, humanity, love of one's fellowman, and a strong faith in the power of knowledge and experience to conquer the maladies of men. The Forum of the lawyers may then grow smaller, the court house may lose its spell, but the world will profit a thousandfold by a kindlier and more understanding relation toward all humankind. ⁜

## Death at Daggah Bur

*Continued from page 42*

as normally crazy as boys in any war before their first taste of blood.

All six of them proudly displayed the *Disperata* emblem of skull and bones tattooed in red and black across their chests. They wore wide leather straps on both wrists, *a la* Tarzan; drank a great deal of raw brandy and generally swanked around the camp in the best Hollywood-pilot manner, to the intense disgust of the footsore Infantrymen, who rolled their eyes and made effeminate gestures whenever they passed.

But nothing dismayed Zing and his blithe companions. Striding arm-in-arm through the crowded camp they might have been promenading in St. Mark's Square, instead of being surrounded by thousands of sick, hollow-eyed men who lay naked on their straw mats streaming sweat and tossing with fever.

It was not that Zing's crowd didn't care. They were really very gentle and considerate fellows. They simply refused to see. They were flyers and therefore a race apart. For them this war was merely a great game of checkers with themselves as the free-roving kings. If the dusty foot-slogging troops must scramble through rocky ravines and thorny jungles while guerilla snipers took pot-shots from every bush, that was just their tough luck.

Such was the general tone of their conversation with us. They had heard rumors, yes, but no one they knew had been killed. A few Eritreans, perhaps. Their own job was safe and simple enough, *signore*. No danger at all. Each morning they went out and dropped their "eggs" on some designated village as casually as if they were delivering papers. They were like school-children on a holiday, refusing to recognize even the possibility of death or disease lest it spoil their pleasure. But meanwhile beneath all their bluster and bravado they were scared, oh so pitifully scared!

On the morning that they attacked Radowa little Zing called me outside the tent and gave me two letters "in case anything—well, you know," and he had never asked for them back. Both Conybeare and Agnew held similar letters of Tusco's and D'Ancona's. Also, each one owned some charm, medallion, coin or crucifix, which never left his person except at night. One morning Concara mislaid his jade cross and tore the tent inside out, his lean face white as a ghost, until he found it.

But these brief glimpses were very rare. Usually they ripped about in high spirits, wrestling,

*Continued on page 214*

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Stuarts

# Death at Daggah Bur

*Continued from pages 42-213*

singing, arguing or rumpling Zing's hair. This latter sport was a great favorite, since Zing's head was our infallible barometer. When his black hair was tightly curled, rain always followed. When it relaxed into soft strands a spell of fine weather could be expected. An extraordinary thing, but it never failed. Whenever he came in from a flight someone would pull off his helmet, grab his hair and yell out the weather-report.

Lieutenant Cesare Zingarelli stood only five feet four in his cordovan flying boots, and coming from Rhodes it was perhaps only natural that they should call him "The Colossus." But "Zing" was shorter and described him perfectly, for *zing* was precisely the tempo of his life.

Twice since we joined the camp he had been grounded with demerits for hazardous low-flying over the enemy lines. "But damn it, sir, I can't *see* what I'm shooting at from up there!" he explained to Colonel Canello. In appearance he was very dark with that warm olive skin of the islanders, and a smile like a floodlight. On the inside of his locker-door were tacked several pictures of his father's stone house at Lindo, surrounded by hibiscus and orange trees in blossom; another of the spring festival at Malpasso, and one of Zing and a very pretty girl leaning on a sea-wall. Merely listening to him rag the others about their girls back home, or their planes, or whose bombs hit which hut, reminded you somehow of yourself at twenty—eager and romantic, forever laughing merely to be alive.

Certainly so far as Conybeare, Agnew and I are concerned, Zing made life bearable for six months in this Hell-hole of Harrar. All three of us had—and still have—occasional attacks of the *cafard*, a form of the blues which produces violent tempers, remorse and not infrequently madness. It is the most prevalent disease among the troops here. Each night some poor devil, screaming or crying after attacking his tent-mates, is led away by the sentries, with the whole camp awake and listening.

As for the three of us, living together for months in deadly fear of heat-stroke, cholera and amoebic dysentery; holding our noses to swallow the brackish, nauseous slime which they dole out to us for drinking and washing; at last sick of the very sight and sound of each other, I am now quite sure that sooner or later we would have been at each other's throat but for Zing's saving sanity of nonsense. Hence this gratitude and detailed description of the boy.

So now on that night as we sat waiting for him and Concara before starting our gala "Victory-Christmas" dinner, it was again painfully clear to everyone that Zing was the missing soul of the party. While we talked at random of this and that, pretending to be at ease, some one of us would glance up casually above the rim of his glass at the sky in the west and strain to catch the familiar drone of his little Hispano Hawk zooming up the valley. Five o'clock passed, then six. By six-thirty we were all silent, staring at Mussolini's words on a sign above the telegraph desk in the corner: *Better one day as a lion than a hundred years as a lamb!* The camp was full of such signs, but somehow we had never really noticed them until now.

Twice the big Somali cook started to serve dinner and twice we glared him back into his kitchen. The sun's red ball bounced along the blue Radowa hills and finally sank out of sight. Almost immediately a fresh breeze swung out of the North and the brief equatorial twilight slid quickly into darkness. We started nervously as the lights came on, and then far across the camp we saw the beacon begin its thirty-second flash at the landing field.

There was still no real cause for concern, we argued lightly. Though Zing's patrol ended at five, it was frequently much later when he checked in. Riccoboni guessed that he was probably watching the bombers from Makale wreck the railroad, and in fact a few minutes later Rao, the telegraph operator, handed us a message saying that three miles of the track had just been destroyed near Dire-Dawa.

This news infuriated our four friends of the *Disperata*, who had already attacked the railroad at that point without success. Also it gave Conybeare another golden chance to ride them about it, which he did with that supine, maddening nonchalance of the British. But there was always a method in Conybeare's tactless prying, which could at times be very cruel but was nearly always conclusive.

"Well, my pigeons, so you let those blokes from Makale bowl your wicket again," he grinned and lit his pipe. "I heard an Infantry officer say today that you boys couldn't hit a straw hut if you were sitting on the roof."

D'Ancona rose beautifully to the bait. "Tell him to climb up on one some time and find out," he muttered, and then added proudly: "We've wiped out twenty-seven villages in twelve days. Play *that* tune on your typewriter."

"Very well, say twenty-seven. Now look," Conybeare leaned forward, "—those native villages cost about two hundred lira to build. Right? But *you* need two hundred thousand worth to destroy them. Now there are roughly thirty thousand villages in Ethiopia. Figure it out for yourselves. In three more months Italy will be broke buying eggs for you boys to play with. And

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THAT'S JUST HOW ALKA-SELTZER SCARES MY OLD HEAD-ACHES AWAY
HEADACHE
SPRING SHOWERS QUICKLY COME AND GO, ABOUT THIS TIME OF YEAR
WE'VE HAD OUR ALKA-SELTZER AND OF COLDS WE HAVE NO FEAR
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besides," he kicked my ankle, "those villages are always empty of soldiers when you call."

"Who says so?" demanded Tusco, sitting up. "I suppose all those white bundles we left on the ground at Deidei were just the week's wash, eh?"

"N-no," the *Times* man admitted with a shrug,"—they were all very dead women and children who ran out to look at the pretty planes. Now if they'd only stayed inside their huts they'd have been perfectly safe. We hear the blacks are claiming that your bombs won't go through a *tamil* roof, but *I* say that's still a question."

Tusco laughed shortly. "It won't be any question to those inside. We hit where we aim."

"Oh now come, come, gentlemen. Remember you're among friends. We've watched you work," Conybeare smiled provokingly. "You've really never come down close enough to hit anything on the nail. Zing might, but then of course Zing is slightly mad. . . . No, you wouldn't have a Chinaman's chance if you ever got in range of their snipers. They'd carve you into several very small bits, like the crew of that Caproni they shot down last week at Adi-Kaie. I suppose you've heard what they did to those poor fellows? No? Well, it seems that first they—"

"*Shut up, Inglesi!*" Riccoboni shouted angrily, and suddenly we noticed with surprise that the faces of all four of them were as white as the tablecloth.

Conybeare grinned and made no reply, calmly tamping his pipe. We exchanged glances across the table, and I think I have never despised any man as much as I did then. But Riccoboni apologized very decently, shoved back his chair and strode over to the telegraph desk.

"Get Daggah Bur," he ordered the operator. "Zing may possibly sit down there for petrol or something." Now he turned to the telephone and rang the field. . . . No, there had been no reports, no word at all. He hung up, bit his lower lip thoughtfully for a second and poured out a drink from the cooler. There was no other sound in the tent but the gurgling water and the low chatter of Rao's key, calling Daggah Bur.

I think we all knew what had happened to Zing and Concara. Planes "three hours overdue and unreported" means only one thing in this sector. They were down somewhere in that sniper-infested jungle west of Harrar. Perhaps a search at daylight, if they were still alive . . .

Very carefully now our friends avoided each other's eyes, staring down at their wet, cold hands; and Tusco slowly buttoned the undershirt over his tattooed chest. Their frightened boyish faces, stripped of all the bluff and bravado by the shadow of death, shone pale with sweat in the harsh white light. Behind them in the kitchen doorway our black Somali cook stood listening, as if he too sensed the thing which had crossed our tent.

As we sat on in an agony of silence broken only by the spasms of the telegraph, my gaze roamed to Zing's locker where his red wool sock hung gaily from the handle; then across to our forgotten Christmas tree with its queer ornaments which an hour ago had seemed so bright and festive, but which now gleamed back with a hideous irony.

Suddenly Sergeant Rao hitched his chair closer to the desk and began to write. We all turned to stare at the tiny steel hammer spelling out the message, and at Rao's pencil moving rapidly across the yellow pad. Opposite me the blue vein at Tusco's temple seemed ready to burst and the knuckles were a white row in his bronze fists. When finally the clicking ceased, Riccoboni lifted the pad from Rao's hands, read it through very slowly and brought it over to us at the table.

Riccoboni's blue eyes narrowed to steel points as he looked past our heads. Then one by one we read the brief message and passed it on:

*D-7 was shot down six miles north of Daggah Bur at 5 P.M. today by an unidentified Ethiopian plane, said to be Wodajo's. D-24 arrived here alone at 6:44 P.M. with pilot Concara badly wounded. Latter reports seeing Zingarelli beheaded by enemy troops after landing. Details to follow.*

*Major Del Campo-DB-7:20*

Then without a word Lieutenant Riccoboni picked up his half-filled tumbler from the table and hurled it against the official portrait of *Il Duce* which hung above the lockers. The thick glass ripped a jagged hole through that broad, scowling face; and behind it the water spread in a dark ring against the tent.

"Better—one day—as a lion," said Riccoboni quietly, and his words fell upon the quiet like the chips from an axe, each one a bitter wedge of contempt for the smug, empty phrase.

No one spoke. Somehow the mutinous outrage seemed very fitting and proper. Even Rao was silent, but the horrified cook's eyes were white balls in the shadow of the doorway.

Now very calmly sobered by the act and relieved of their tension, the four young pilots pulled on their gray tunics and went out; as we learned later to demand the morning patrol in search of Wodajo.

After they had gone I arose, put on my coat, leaving Conybeare and Agnew slowly turning their empty wineglasses between their palms, and walked out to where the dark street of tents ends in the desert.

I felt in my pocket for his letters, and then looked up at the low clouds scudding across the moon. Tomorrow, I reflected, it would rain. And so little Zing's hair must be curly now, lying close against his forehead. ⌗

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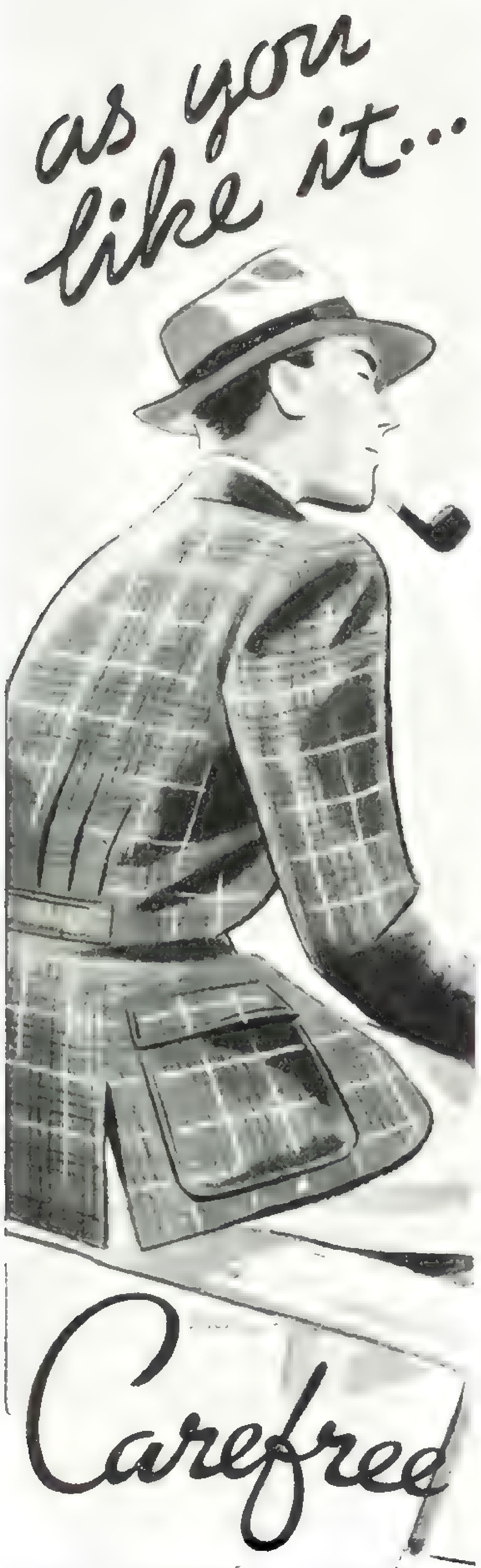

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# The Music-Box Review

*Continued from page 116*

ensemble, perfect. Even if the music were ordinary, and it isn't, this playing would fool you into thinking you were listening to an art work. I have heard Strawinsky conduct the *Firebird* suite but it didn't sound like this album. Perhaps all composers are too close to their scores to see the notes.

Thank you, Philadelphia; thank you, Mr. Stokowski; thank you, Victor; and all of you may thank Mr. Strawinsky.

*Strawinsky's Suite from "The Firebird." Played by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra.*

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* * *

Mr. Berlin, Irving Berlin, don't you ever miss? You first were the ragtime emperor, then the waltz-ballad king; you wrote jazz (what is it?) better than anyone else; you composed music for the theatre that has never been forgotten, and after everyone thought your little dwarf had died, you wrote the score for the Astaire and Rogers picture, *Top Hat.* Even the members of the professional "Envy Society" had to change the subject when the conversation happened to light on your *Top Hat.* Don't you ever write a flop tune?

Now, you serve notice that the fleet's in, and you write seven tunes, six of which could be hits in any language except, perhaps, the Eskimo, and even they might be thawed out by a number like *I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket.* They would probably think it referred to penguins.

Now that I've established the fact that you're a successful writer of songs, whether it be for movies or anything else, let's go a trifle further and talk about the *Follow the Fleet* music. The picture does not do justice to your music, the songs are not projected with the same "sock" as the *Top Hat* numbers. There is a something between the screen and the audience; I think the orchestra takes something away from the singers; the scoring has too much of the same color throughout; the orchestra is the wrong combination for the vocalists and too loud. However, your tunes will become popular even with that handicap, because they are the kind that all the band leaders are sobbing for.

All the phonograph companies climb on the band-wagon when a new score of yours appears, and below I've listed them all. Freddy Astaire's, of course, is the authentic and true version, but glance at the orchestra names on the others and you'll find that it's a toss-up:

Ray Noble and his Orchestra—
*Let's Face the Music and Dance*
*Let Yourself Go*
VICTOR—No. 25241

Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians—
*I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket*
*But Where Are You?*
VICTOR—No. 25242

Ray Noble and his Orchestra—
*We Saw the Sea*
*If You Love Me*
VICTOR—No. 25240

Richard Himber and his Ritz-Carlton Orchestra—
*I'd Rather Lead a Band*
*Get Thee Behind Me, Satan*
VICTOR—No. 25243

Louis Armstrong's Orchestra—
*I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket*
DECCA—No. 698

Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra—
*I'd Rather Lead a Band*
*Let Yourself Go*
DECCA—No. 696

Jan Garber and his Orchestra—
*I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket*
*But Where Are You?*
DECCA—No. 699

Ted Fio Rito and his Orchestra—
*Let's Face the Music and Dance*
DECCA—No. 697

Fred Astaire with Johnny Green and his Orchestra
*Let's Face the Music and Dance*
*Let Yourself Go*
BRUNSWICK—No. 7608

Fred Astaire with Johnny Green and his Orchestra—
*I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket*
*We Saw the Sea*
BRUNSWICK—No. 7609

Fred Astaire with Johnny Green and his Orchestra—
*I'd Rather Lead a Band*
BRUNSWICK—No. 7610

Harriet Hilliard with Ozzie Nelson and his Orchestra—
*But Where Are You?*
*Get Thee Behind Me, Satan*
BRUNSWICK—No. 7607

Irving Berlin, may the little dwarf who writes your tunes live on and on. Someone told me you nicknamed him "Inspiration."

RECOMMENDED RECORDINGS:

Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra—
*Gotta Go to Work Again*
*Every Minute of the Hour*
VICTOR—No. 25256

Jack Hylton and his Orchestra—
*Song of the 'Cello*
*You Give Me Ideas*
VICTOR—No. 25257

"Fats" Waller and his Rhythm—
*That Never-to-be-forgotten Night*
*Oooh! Look-a There, Ain't She Pretty?*
VICTOR—No. 25255

"Fats" Waller and his Rhythm—
*West Wind*
*Sing An Old Fashioned Song*
VICTOR—No. 25253

Paul Whiteman's Orchestra—
*Wah-hoo*
*What's the Name of That Song?*
VICTOR—No. 25252

Paul Whiteman's Orchestra—
*Saddle Your Blues to a Wind Mustang*
*The Wheel of the Wagon Is Broken*
VICTOR—No. 25251

Louis Armstrong's Orchestra—
*I Hope Gabriel Likes My Music*
*Shoe Shine Boy*
DECCA—No. 672

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Harry Richman—
*Life Begins When You're In Love*
*Let's Go*
DECCA—No. 700

Harry Richman—
*Suzannah*
*There'll Be No South*
DECCA—No. 701

Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra—
*My Heart and I*
*Moonburn*
DECCA—No. 688

Harry Richman—
*Alone*
*If I Should Lose You*
DECCA—No. 702

Freddy Martin and his Orchestra—
*A Melody From the Sky*
*So This Is Heaven*
BRUNSWICK—No. 7604

Manny Kline and his Orchestra—
*I'm In Love*
*Ringside Table For Two*
BRUNSWICK—No. 7605

Manny Kline and his Orchestra—
*Hot Spell*
*Juba*
BRUNSWICK—No. 7606

Hal Kemp and his Orchestra—
*That Moment of Moments*
*I Can't Get Started*
BRUNSWICK—No. 7600 ##

## The Big Director

*Continued from page 50*

the back seat in his dress clothes. A set of perfect teeth shone in his long brown face when he smiled at her. Sam had gotten out to help her in. "Margo darling you take our breaths away, I knew that was the right dress," he said. His eyes were brighter than usual. "Tonight's a very important night. It is the edict of the stars. I'll tell you about it later. I've had our horoscopes cast."

Of course Margo and Rodney Cathcart had to stop at the microphone to say a few words about their new picture and their association with Sam Margolies as they went in through the beating glare of lights and eyes to the lobby. When the master of ceremonies tried to get Margolies to speak he turned his back angrily and walked into the theatre as if it was empty not looking to the right or the left. After the show they went to a restaurant and sat at a table for a while. Rodney Cathcart ordered up some kidney chops. "You mustn't eat too much Rodney," said Margolies. "The piece de resistance is at my flat."

Sure enough there was a big table set out with cold salmon and lobster salad and a Filipino butler opening champagne for just the three of them when they went back there after the restaurant had started to thin out. This time Margo tore loose and ate and drank all she could hold. Rodney Cathcart put away almost the whole salmon muttering that it was topping and even Sam, saying he was sure it would kill him, ate a plate of lobster salad.

Margo was dizzygiggly drunk when she found that the Filipino and Sam Margolies had disappeared and that she and Rodney were sitting together on the couch that had the lionskin on it.

"So you're going to marry Sam," said Rodney gulping down a glass of champagne.

She nodded.

"Good girl."

Rodney took off his coat and vest and hung them carefully on a chair.

"Hate clothes," he said. "You must come to my ranch . . . Hot stuff."

"But you wear them so beautifully," said Margo.

"Correct," said Rodney. He reached over and lifted her onto his knee.

"But Rodney we oughtn't to not on Sam's lionskin."

Rodney put his mouth to hers and kissed her. "You find me exciting? You ought to see me stripped."

"Don't don't," said Margo. She couldn't help it he was too strong.

"Oh hell I don't give a damn," she said. He went over and got her another glass of champagne. For himself he filled a bowl that had held cracked ice earlier in the evening. "As for that lion it's bloody rot. Sam shot it but the blighter shot it in a zoo. They were sellin off some old ones at one of the bloody lionfarms and they had a shoot. Couldn't miss em. It was a bloody crime." He drank down the champagne and suddenly jumped at her. She fell on the couch with his arms crushing her.

She was dizzy. She walked up and down the room trying to catch her breath.

"Good night hot sketch," Rodney said and carefully put on his coat and vest again and was gone out the door.

Margo was dizzy. Sam Margolies, staring at her with his bulging shiny eyes was back and was showing her a lot of calculations on a piece of paper. His hand was trembling. "It's tonight," he kept saying, "It's tonight that our lifelines cross . . . We are married whether we wish it or not. I don't believe in freewill. Do you darling?"

Margo was dizzy. She couldn't say anything.

"Come dear child you are tired." Margolies' voice purred soothingly in her ears. She let him lead her into the bedroom and carefully take her clothes off and lay her between the black silk sheets of the big poster bed.

It was broad daylight when Sam Margolies drove her back to the house. The detective outside touched his hat as they turned into the drive. It made her feel good to see the man's big pugface as he stood there guarding her house. Agnes was up and walking up and down in a padded flowered dressinggown in the livingroom with a newspaper in her hand. "Where have you been?" she cried. "Oh Margie you'll ruin your looks if you go on like this." ##

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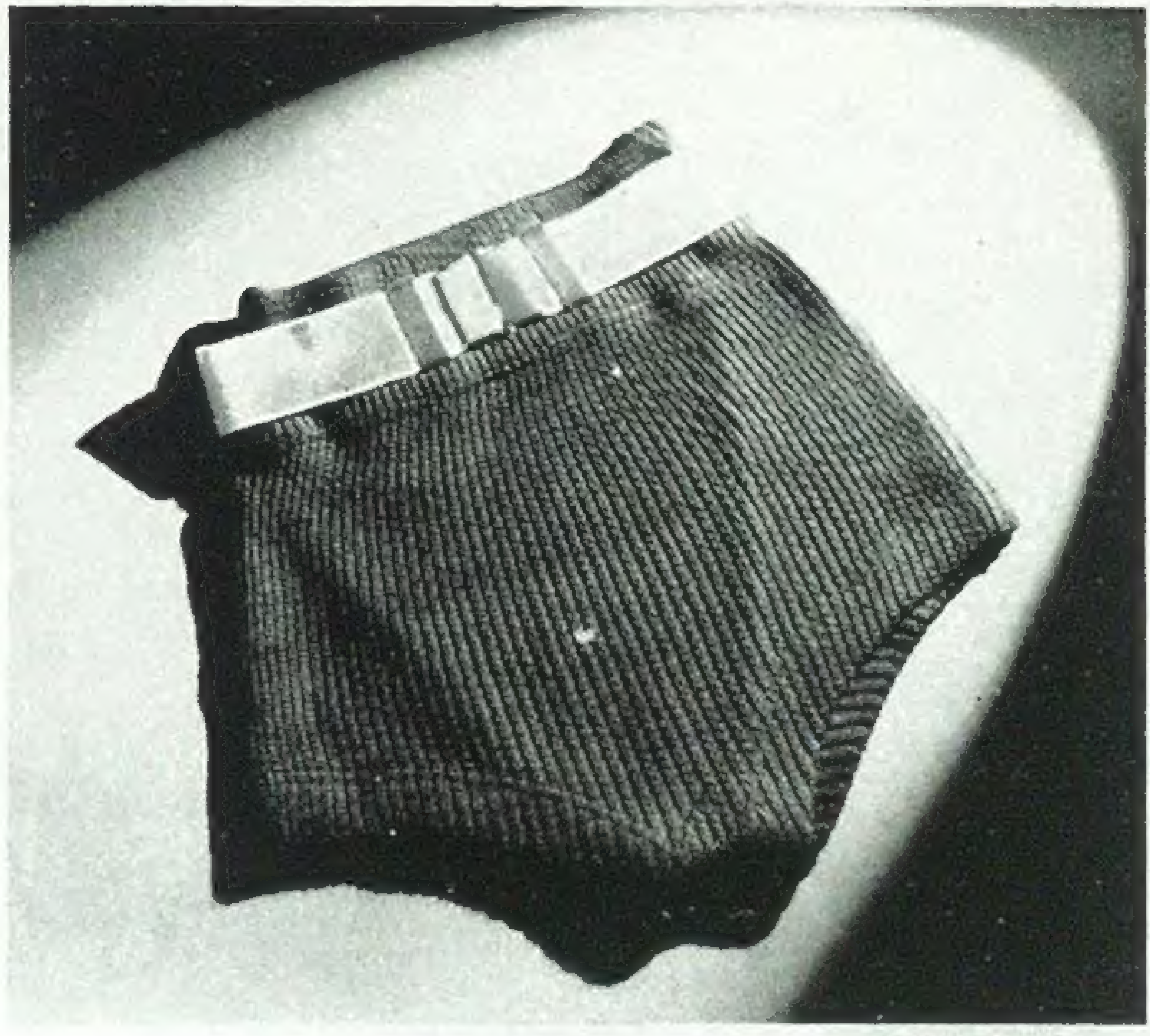

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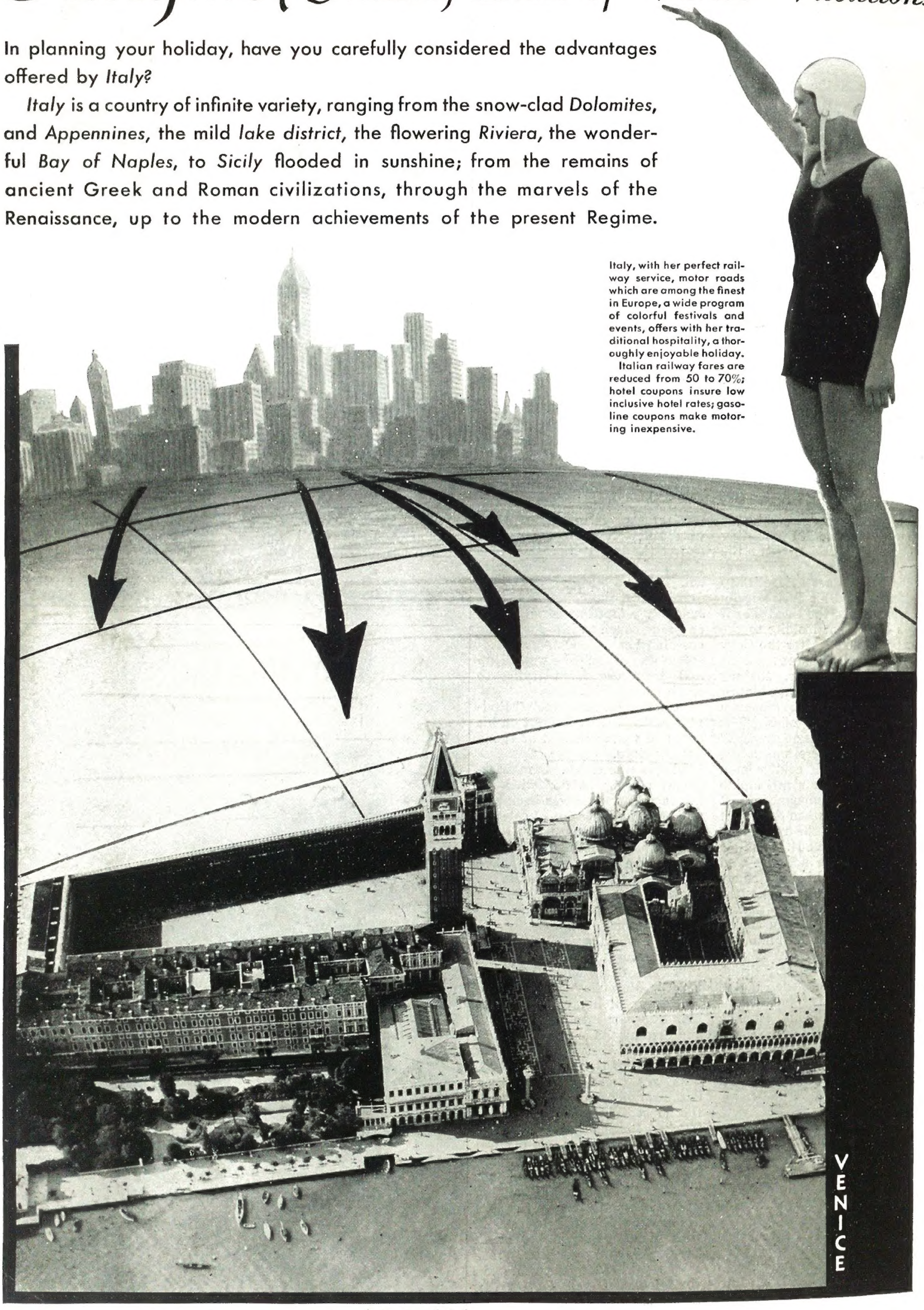
NEW YORK OFFICE: 180 MADISON AVE.

# *Italy . . . A Friendly Land of Varied Vacations*

In planning your holiday, have you carefully considered the advantages offered by *Italy?*

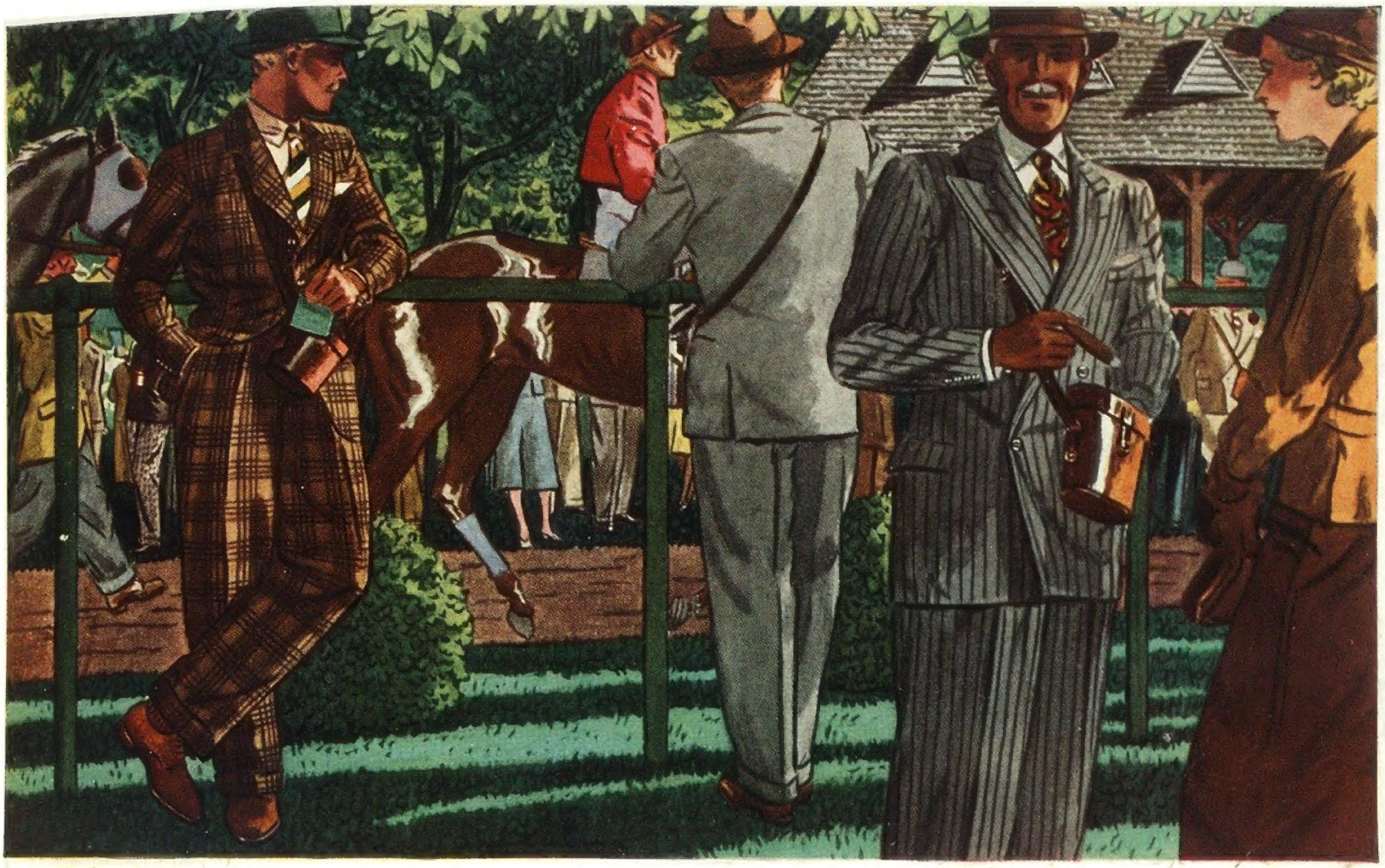
*Italy* is a country of infinite variety, ranging from the snow-clad *Dolomites,* and *Appennines,* the mild *lake district,* the flowering *Riviera,* the wonderful *Bay of Naples,* to *Sicily* flooded in sunshine; from the remains of ancient Greek and Roman civilizations, through the marvels of the Renaissance, up to the modern achievements of the present Regime.



Italy, with her perfect railway service, motor roads which are among the finest in Europe, a wide program of colorful festivals and events, offers with her traditional hospitality, a thoroughly enjoyable holiday.

Italian railway fares are reduced from 50 to 70%; hotel coupons insure low inclusive hotel rates; gasoline coupons make motoring inexpensive.

For information apply to: ALL TRAVEL AGENCIES or Italian Tourist Information Office, Rockefeller Center, Palazzo d'Italia, 626 Fifth Ave., New York; 333 North Michigan Ave., Chicago.



# CHECKS *and* PLAIDS

## *presenting the Sock Fashions worn by International Sportsmen*

Wherever men of fashion foregather . . . there you will see Interwoven Socks . . . because Interwoven styling reflects the good taste of those men whose word in fashion is law in dress. Socks in plaids and checks are high in fashion's favor, since gentlemen-sportsmen the world over prefer them. In keeping with Interwoven fashion alertness, you will find Interwoven Socks in new and authentic check and plaid designs ready this Spring at your favorite store . . . in fresh, handsome patterns suitable for both town and country. Rivalling the smartness of these socks is their traditional Interwoven ability to give long wear and solid comfort.

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**Inter woven** REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE GREATEST NAME IN SOCKS

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LINDBERGH LINE
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
20
LUCKY STRIKE
LUCKY STRIKE
CIGARETTES
Luckies – a light smoke
OF RICH, FULL-BODIED TOBACCO – "IT'S TOASTED"

Luckies are less acid!

Recent chemical tests show* that other popular brands have an excess of acidity over Lucky Strike of from 53% to 100%

* RESULTS VERIFIED BY INDEPENDENT CHEMICAL LABORATORIES AND RESEARCH GROUPS